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THE WORK OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD was predestined to seriousness of mood by the traditions and temper of her family; she has become an artist by resolute achievement. In ability of the most substantial English quality she is pre-eminent among the women of her generation who are dealing with the arts of expression; she has a high degree of concentration, that faculty which focuses all the forces of the nature on one line of endeavor; and she has the pertinacity of mind which turns these forces to the highest account and evokes their finest qualities. Her work is saturated with character in its thoroughness of structure, its firm knitting together of all the threads of story, its scrupulous care for detail, its delicate precision of diction. In all these things the Arnold ethical energy is worked out and its ethical passion expressed. The restraint and moderation of statement, the occasional elaboration of qualifying phrases, the range of allusion, the ease with which the social side of a ripe and highly developed society is conveyed: these qualities suggest without intruding the wide and generous culture which lies behind Mrs. Ward's work and gives it breadth of outlook and a quality of largeness.

These elements of possible strength and also of possible weak-

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ness have been present in Mrs. Ward's novels from the beginning; what has been uncertain has been the predominance of the artistic over the ethical instinct, the subordination of the didactic to the artistic impulse.

The problem of artistic success in Mrs. Ward's case has been further complicated by her deep interest in sociological questions and conditions. If the compulsion of duty has not led her to take a leading part in those manifold practical endeavors to secure the betterment of social conditions which show the play of the modern conscience, it is clear that her interest in these matters has been quick and sincere. Hardly less deep has been her interest in those problems and changes of thought touching the meaning of life and man's relation to the Infinite, which have tormented and stimulated the men and women of the last thirty years. Such interests reveal the elevation of Mrs. Ward's nature and the dignity and disinterestedness of her mind; but they do not settle the question of her ability to practice with high success the difficult art of fiction.

Nor, it may be added, does the favorable judgment of two men of such eminence as Mr. Gladstone and Count Tolstoi. Mr. Gladstone was a devout lover of some kinds of literature; but his interest in books was primarily that of a student, a religious thinker and a statesman. Count Tolstoi is, all things considered, the foremost man of letters now living; a great writer; and, what is more important, one of the greatest masters of fiction who have yet appeared in any literature. If Count Tolstoi had declared, while he was writing "Anna Karénina," that Mrs. Ward was "the greatest living English novelist" his judgment would have been as nearly final as the judgment of a man at the summit of his profession ever can be; but the judgment of the author of "Resurrection"—a reformer of the most ardent temper—is less weighty and decisive.

In short, there has been a good deal of uncertainty from the beginning with regard to the rank of Mrs. Ward as a novelist and the permanent value and charm of her work as literature; and the judgment of eminent men who were deeply engaged in the causes for which she cared and profoundly interested in the questions which stirred her imagination, has never been accepted as conclusive. Her ability has been frankly recognized, but many readers have reserved their judgment of the quality of her fiction

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until it should be made clear that she was writing fiction for its own sake, and not using it as a highly effective instrument of social amelioration.

It is fifteen years since the publication of "Robert Elsmere" brought Mrs. Ward into sudden prominence. A very unpretentious story for children, "Milly and Olly," and a love story, "Miss Bretherton," had attracted no attention and gave slight indication of the remarkable energy and intensity which Mrs. Ward was on the point of revealing. The translation of Amiel's "*Journal Intime,*" which appeared a little later, was of such admirable quality that it effected a real transferrence of thought and feeling from one language to another, and added a work of deep and permanent interest to the literature with which this generation lives and by which it has been deeply influenced. The introduction gave Amiel a welcome which was at once gracious and, in a rare degree, interpretative of his temper and spirit. There were moods in the meditations of the Swiss professor which were more significant of his temperament and his age than were his thoughts, and these moods Mrs. Ward divined and defined with sympathetic insight and skill.

The appearance of "Robert Elsmere" in 1888 was happily timed with a notable and deeply interesting stage of spiritual experience through which many men and women of religious temper were passing. That there was a note of spiritual autobiography in it is beyond question. That note had a vibratory quality, and in all parts of the English-speaking world its echoes were audible. Rarely has a book dealing with a purely spiritual crisis found so many readers. Such books often produce profound effects, but they usually attract the few and repel the many. "Robert Elsmere" became in a few months the most popular novel of its day. Probably no novel of recent times has been so widely and seriously discussed. The secret of its popularity was not far to seek: it translated a crisis of the mind and spirit into dramatic terms; it was a moving and deeply interesting story. To the few it was a study of a phase of contemporary thought; to the many it was a novel whose intensity of feeling laid a spell on the imagination. That intensity gave it momentary compulsion, but limited its value as a work of art. Full of sincere feeling and revealing ability of a very high order, this striking study of the psychology of the close of the nineteenth century is likely to be

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forgotten because it was too close to the experience it described to give that experience breadth and finality of expression; it was the very able book of an hour.

"David Grieve" opened with a charming picture of childhood, contained some admirably drawn portraits and was full of interesting incidents; but there were two distinct stories in it and they were not perfectly blended; they betrayed a tendency to run their separate courses independently of one another. In "Marcella" there was a deeper unity and a marked advance in dramatic power. The story had a noble lift of spirit; it lacked neither structural order nor distinction of style; but it did lack humor and lightness of touch. "Sir George Tressady," in which the fortunes of Marcella were still further related, was distinctly below the level of its predecessor in interest and power. "The Story of Bessie Costrell," which soon followed, was less ambitious and elaborate, but, up to the time of its publication, was the most successful piece of fiction Mrs. Ward had written. It was full of ease, naturalness, simplicity. It was not, however, a pleasant story, and it has not received the attention it deserves. It stands alone among Mrs. Ward's earlier novels as a piece of pure fiction; it states no problem; it simply tells a story.

In "Helbeck of Bannisdale" Mrs. Ward took up the religious problem from another side and, by a striking contrast of temperaments, brought its tremendous significance as a factor in human experience into clear light. The novel was not, however, convincing; it was full of thought and there were dramatic passages of great power in it, but it left the reader cold.

With the publication of "Eleanor" Mrs. Ward entered upon another stage in her growth as an artist. In that firmly constructed and finely written novel the didactic element is dissolved, so to speak, in a richer and more penetrating artistic impulse. The power of moral portraiture in the story is of a very high order, but it is not more subtle or convincing than the power of investing the movement of the plot and the personality of the actors with moving and compelling human interest; while the background of the story is sketched with an art which makes the exquisite Italian landscape a distinct and essential element in the story. Nowhere else has Mrs. Ward more clearly revealed the sensitiveness of her imagination and the opulence of her style; opulence in the sense of richness of resource rather than

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richness of diction; for the specific qualities of the descriptive passages in "Eleanor" are delicacy of shading, subtle uses of words of color and form, true and sensitive perceptions of light and shadow.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is, like its predecessor, a study of temperament, but it is in no sense a problem novel. The old and ever-present problem of the reaction of the individual against the over-pressure of organized social traditions, standards and laws is stated afresh; but that problem, in some form, is the substance of all drama and fiction that have any claim to be accepted as art. In ceasing to deal directly with ethical and social questions Mrs. Ward has not ceased to use her art for high purposes and in a profoundly serious spirit; she has simply brought the teacher and the artist in her own nature into true relations. There are no more profound or convincing teachers than the dramatists and novelists; but their power lies in the fact that they penetrate so deeply into the laws of life and character that the ethical facts and truths rise into view because they are uncovered, not because they are deliberately sought. There is no teacher so compelling as life if life be really seen and nobly portrayed.

In withdrawing her mind from specific problems and fastening it upon the central problem Mrs. Ward's work has gained immensely in ethical significance. The immediate ethical impression produced by a novel of artistic power may be less than that produced by a novel of definite moral propagandism, but the ultimate effect is far more profound and lasting. It is safe to predict that "Anna Karénina" will be teaching its terrible lesson long after "Resurrection" has been forgotten. It is true, as Mrs. Ward has said, that "the artist is no worse, but better, for stepping outside the limitations of his art occasionally for the sake of social service"; but it is also true that each man states the truth he sees most clearly and influences his generation most deeply by working along the line of his genius and using the language of his temperament; and the genius and temperament of the artist commit him as finally to art as his language, as the genius of the preacher commits him to the language of ethical or religious appeal. There are probably a thousand preachers to every artist, and society sorely needs the teachers whose special office is to keep alive the feeling for the beauty of truth.

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In "Lady Rose's Daughter" Mrs. Ward is not less serious than she was in "Robert Elsmere." Her seriousness is, indeed, one of her prime qualities as a writer. She has never trifled with her art nor shaped it to meet the taste of the hour. She has honored it and herself by high conscientiousness; by the self-imposed discipline of severe and exacting workmanship; by resolutely following the lead of her inspirations. A worker of such integrity of impulse and achievement deserves the most candid and searching criticism; the high character of her work evokes and compels it. She has nothing in common with the novelists who make a trade of a popular form of writing, and are content to assist the large class of readers who are bent on making as little use of time as possible.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is a serious story; but, unlike some of its predecessors, it bears slight evidence of weight of hand or sign of toil. The prime defect in Mrs. Ward's early writing was the sense of work rather than of play which pervaded it. There was an absence of that ease of mind which one feels in the earlier stories of George Eliot and of George Sand; that delightful consciousness of resources that fly to the writer's aid as the birds fly to an open window when a familiar voice calls them, and bring the spaciousness and freedom of the open sky with them. Art is work of the hardest kind in the process of accomplishment, but it must seem like the play of the mind when it comes into the hands of the reader. In Mrs. Ward's early work one was conscious of a great effort, to recall Ruskin, as well as a great power; in her later work one is conscious only of the power.

It is a matter of indifference how much or how little Mrs. Ward was aided in writing "Lady Rose's Daughter" by a record of real experience; such records have been the common property of the imagination since literature began; they belong to any who can divine their significance and breathe the breath of life into them. What is important is the reality with which Mrs. Humphry Ward has invested the central figure in her story, the skill with which she has built the facts into English life and worked out the problem in terms of English character. In no other story has she approached the brilliancy and vivacity of "Lady Rose's Daughter"; the easy touch-and-go of familiar talk, the delicate but sharply defined contrasts of character in appearance, bear-

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ing and speech; the interplay and modification of character by character. In lightness of touch, variety of mood and temperament, and in ease of mood this story marks Mrs. Ward's highest achievement. In no other novel has she given so many evidences of the possession of the original qualities of the novelist: knowledge of life, dramatic power, sympathy of imagination, humor, and the gift of pathos.

In an earlier story Mrs. Ward describes one of her characters as having worked through a very rich culture to great simplicity. Simplicity in the sense of dealing with few objects at a time and dealing with them directly Mrs. Ward has not achieved and is not likely to achieve. She deals by preference, probably by necessity, with complex situations and characters; she is attracted, as a rule, by those problems of temperament which are complicated by the presence of many and often conflicting elements; she moves easily in a society which has become highly sophisticated by reason of the long and many-sided experience of life which it represents. One looks for complexity rather than simplicity in Mrs. Ward's stories; and no small part of their interest lies in the sense of a full, rich, ripe social life which they convey; the sense of a living organism which is stored with the accumulated experiences of a long past. George Eliot dealt with this complexity of character in the most mature and elaborate of her studies of society, "Middlemarch"; and while the lines of her portraiture are more sharply defined than those of Mrs. Ward the beauty and richness of social life in an old civilization are more vividly conveyed by the author of "Lady Rose's Daughter."

Of late years three or four novelists of distinction have dealt habitually with men and women who are the products of a high degree of social or intellectual culture, and whose minds have been so overlaid with many kinds of knowledge that they have lost the power, in many cases, of moving directly to an end. This extreme sophistication induces, in the end, a kind of secondary character; it substitutes refinement of method for original force, sensitiveness for power, and the faculty of seeing all the conceivable qualifications and limitations of action for the power of acting strongly and decisively. As a rule, the novelists who have yielded to the attraction of these men and women of secondary rather than primary impulse and energy have reflected in style both the refinement and the subtlety of the highly sophisticated tempera-

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ment. They have delighted in elaborate qualifications, in the most elusive distinctions, in the obscurity produced by pressing too many things on the mind at the same time. They have gained a certain delicacy of diction and deftness of structure at the expense of clearness, vital interest and compelling power. Fiction of this kind has often been deeply interesting as psychology, but has been vexatious and irritating as literature. When the novelist cares more for processes of mind than for the play of character as it affects and is affected by events he gains refinement at the cost of vital power; and that is a price which no writer of fiction can afford to pay.

"Lady Rose's Daughter" is an admirable example of the fiction which portrays complexity of motive and temperament without loss of dramatic intensity. The study of character is subtle in its penetration and refinement of method, but the movement of the story is never impeded nor is it too heavily weighted with definition and reflection. The current runs deep but it flows steadily and, at times, swiftly; and the reader is never caught in an eddy which seems to have no outlet. There are, here and there, as the story progresses, passages which might be safely omitted, and the reader feels as if he had come upon a family tradition when he meets Marcus Aurelius at the close of the story; but the novel never relaxes its hold on the imagination, and the ending loses nothing of moral dignity by reason of the presence of the greatest of the Roman moralists.

In a word, Mrs. Ward succeeds where nearly all the psychological novelists fail: she lays bare the most complicated situations and the most highly sophisticated temperaments without sacrificing that vital interest which is the heart and soul of fiction.

Her style has always been adequate to the very considerable tasks she has imposed upon it. It has been capacious enough to receive and to express the most serious thought, and it has been sufficiently clear and distinct to register very delicate shades of meaning and to convey the impetus of deep and impetuous movements of events. As she has gone on Mrs. Ward's style has gained in distinction; it is not only firm and sure, but it is touched throughout with that fine quality, individual and artistic, which imparts both dignity and charm. It never lacks restraint and yet it is rarely cold; and there are moments when it fills with the joy of life and grows eloquent with the beauty of the world.

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If "Lady Rose's Daughter" contained no other characters the portraiture of Julie Le Breton and Lady Henry would make it a notable piece of fiction. The two women who are in a sense the heroines of the story are drawn with a skill at once delicate and firm, which fills them with life expressed in every form that marked individuality can take on; while the inevitable conflict between them is described with an insight into its moral success which gives it a tragic dignity. If Julie Le Breton be a modern rendering of Mlle. de Lespinasse the boldness and sincerity of the art which set her moving among a throng of people, attracted or repelled by her, but never indifferent to her, is as impressive and convincing as if she had been fashioned out of hand. To draw successfully a woman so circumstanced and of such temperamental force there was needed the very unusual woman who is neither afraid of the passional side of life nor blind to its tremendous ethical significance. That she was equal to such a task shows how well equipped Mrs. Ward is in clear objective vision as well as in subjective feeling; how admirably poised she is between the power of impulse and the claims of reason. No woman whose moral standards were primarily conventional could have understood the temperament of Julie Le Breton, and no woman whose perception of moral values was uncertain or blurred could have solved the problem of such a temperament. A woman of uncertain moral insight might have stated the problem; only a woman of clear moral insight could have solved it.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

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SHIPPING AND SUBSIDIES.

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

At no time within living memory have the conditions and international aspects of merchant shipping attracted more consideration than they are receiving just now on both sides of the Atlantic. At no time since the abrogation of the old Navigation Laws have the questions of subsidies for shipping, and of the reservation of coasting trade to national vessels, been so freely discussed in Great Britain. And the report by the Select Parliamentary Committee appointed "to enquire into the subsidies to steamship companies and sailing vessels under foreign governments, and the effect thereby produced on British trade," has a particular interest for America because of the persistent movement there to organize the greatest system of ship subsidies ever attempted. It is not the purpose of the present article to deal exhaustively with that report, but incidentally, with relation to the conditions of British and American shipping. Certain articles by Mr. Charles H. Cramp in recent numbers of The North American Review reiterate and enlarge on the astonishing fallacy, that British maritime supremacy has been built up on a system of subsidies.

In the December number of this Review Mr. Cramp writes:

> "The real fact is, that Great Britain is and always has been the greatest subsidizer in the world, and it is also true that her policy in that direction is and has been the principal cause of the supremacy in the ocean-carrying trade, which, in the general average, she has maintained since 1860."

Now, I want to show American readers how thoroughly mistaken is Mr. Cramp.

No subsidies are granted by Great Britain in the sense to which the word "subsidy" properly applies,—that is to say, as

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bounty, premium for privilege, or grant in aid. The British government pays mail subventions and naval subventions to certain merchant steamers. The mail subventions are purely and simply freight remuneration for mail cargo carried on fixed dates, within prescribed periods, to positive destinations. For the performance of these freight-mail contracts, special vessels have to be provided at a cost superior to that of freight and passenger liners: they have to be kept up at the most perfect point of efficiency: they must depart and arrive on time, whether they are full or empty of freight and passengers: and they are liable to heavy penalties for default in contract. As to the amounts so paid, we shall presently see; but, as the competition for ocean mail contracts, even among the large and suitably equipped steamship companies, is extremely limited, the conclusion is irresistible, that mail subventions are not in themselves very profitable. In other words, they are not subsidies, because they exact from the ship-owner as much as, if not more than, they bestow upon him. The naval subventions are annual payments by the Admiralty in respect of certain merchant vessels being built to suit naval requirements, being maintained at an Admiralty standard and of high rate of speed, and of being held absolutely at the disposal of the Admiralty, when required, for naval purposes. To fulfil these obligations large expenditure has to be incurred by the owners. The subventions are to partially compensate this expenditure, and are in the nature of payment for services rendered. There is no mercantile profit to the ship-owner in a naval subvention.

Now, in connection with postal and naval subventions, two remarks are to be made. The first is, that the companies receiving them are not among the most remunerative of British shipping enterprises. The second is, that the companies receiving them convey a small fraction of British ocean trade. It seems a common error among American writers and speakers on this subject, that they confine their attention to the Transatlantic trade and to the operations of liners. But, as the writer pointed out long before the Select Committee took up the consideration of shipping subsidies, the liners conduct but a small portion of the world's sea-carriage. The "tramp" is the main instrument of ocean traffic. There were in 1902, according to Lloyd's Register, 8,352 steamers of over 100 tons each under the British flag, of a gross tonnage

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of 13,652,455 tons. Of these, about 1,300 were liners, and the remainder, say 7,052, tramps. These are the "busy bees" of the sea, seeking traffic in every clime and familiar with every port. These ships receive not a penny of mail or naval subvention, but are subject to rigorous Board of Trade regulations as to load line, manning, boat accommodation, etc., from which foreign vessels are free. It is with these vessels—not the supposititiously subsidized liners — that the British maritime supremacy lies. They roam the world from hemisphere to hemisphere, from sea to sea, from island to island, from continent to continent, as occasion offers, or even promises; and they carry every kind of commodity under the sun. Eighty per cent. of the world's sea trade is done by the British tramps, snubbed by their own Government and worried and "bled" by foreign governments. The whole fleet of liners on the Atlantic might be swept away without affecting the trade of the tramps, (beyond giving them more employment), which are the cheapest as well as the most ubiquitous carriers in the world. This vast fleet of British steam tramps represents an invested capital of something like £130,000,000 sterling. The liners represent, perhaps, other £70,000,000, and the companies whose steamers receive mail and naval subventions represent invested capital to the amount of about £20,000,000. The entire amount of mail and naval subventions paid by the British and British-Colonial Governments is under £1,000,000 per annum. It is under one-half of one-per-cent. of the value of British shipping. It is less than one-twelfth of one-per-cent. of the annual value of the traffic carried by our shipping. And a trumpery trifle like that is said to have promoted and preserved the maritime supremacy of Great Britain!

With regard to possible causes which might contribute with foreign subsidies to affect British trade, the Parliamentary Committee took sufficient evidence to satisfy themselves that such causes do exist and are contributory in various degrees. They comprise among other things, Board of Trade regulations, the imposition of light dues, the reservation by foreign nations of their coasting trade to their own ships, and, possibly, the fact that British manufacturers do not pay adequate attention to the character and pattern of goods required oversea.

As to the Board of Trade regulations, complaints are made that in home ports great interference is practised with British

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ships, while foreign ships competing with British ships are subjected to less searching inspection, and thereby have a very distinct advantage. This applies especially to the load-line (Plimsoll) regulation. An illustration was given of a British ship, the carrying capacity of which, as a British ship, was 1,825 tons. She was sold to the Germans at a very heavy depreciation on her cost, and under the German flag she came to Liverpool actually carrying about 2,100 tons; therefore, under the German flag she carried about 275 tons more than she was allowed to do when British-owned; and she carried a smaller crew at less wages. The Board of Trade has no power to insist upon a foreign ship being marked with a load-line mark; the most it can do is to stop a foreign ship which is overloaded and unseaworthy, although any surveyor may have difficulty in judging by the eye whether a ship is overloaded or not. Many foreign ships have voluntarily introduced a load-line of their own, but much depends on where the load-line is placed. There is no real dissatisfaction with the load-line regulation, but the desire rather is that it, and other British regulations, should be enforced against foreign ships in British ports equally with British ships.

French measurement gives an advantage to French over English ships in the deductions from the gross tonnage upon which the ship pays dues. As regards some of the legislative conditions under which British shipping is handicapped, take the Passenger Act. German and other foreign ships do not come under that Act, as the agents for foreign steamers send the third-class passengers, starting from England for America, over to Hamburg to embark there. The steamers then bring them back again to an English port, where they take on saloon passengers. The steamers thus escape the regulations of the Board of Trade as to space, accommodation, inspection of stores, life-saving arrangements and minimum crews, because that Act only applies to third-class passengers. There are also ways in which foreign nations handicap British shipping. If, for instance, a vessel brings from America a cargo part of which is for France, and transhipps the consignment for France at Southampton, the goods so transhipped are liable to extra duties on arriving in France. On the other hand, a steamer landing at a French port is allowed to tranship goods for England at a lower rate.

Sir Thomas Sutherland, at the last meeting of the P. & O.

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Company, described the evolution of the mail service during the last thirty years. Thirty years ago, the Company received nearly double the amount of the present mail subsidy. At that time, the subsidy was one-fourth of the total amount of the revenue; to-day, it is only one-tenth of that total revenue, and the mail service has become vastly more extensive, more rapid and more costly. Sir Thomas stated before the Select Committee of Parliament, that the mail matter carried by his company measured no less than 100,000 cubic tons in the course of the year. They are carrying that mail matter for half of the subsidy that the mail matter was carried for thirty years ago, and probably only one-quarter of the present mail work was actually then done.

The following tables show the principal subventions and payments made by the British Government, and the shipping tonnage of the country now and twelve years ago:

	1890-1. Tons.	1902-3. Tons.
Steam tonnage	7,774,644	12,897,592
Sailing tonnage	2,467,212	1,533,480
Total	10,241,856	14,431,072

There is a yearly subsidy of £40,000 for a fortnightly service between Jamaica and Bristol, contributed equally by the Government and the Colony. With the exception of a subsidy of £27,000 paid by Canada and the Home Government equally to develop trade from Canada to the West Indies, this is the only real subsidy paid by the British Government.

The following are payments for services rendered:

Yearly Payments for Carriage of Mails.

P. & O. Steam Navigation Company	£330,000
Orient Steam Navigation Company	85,000
Royal Mail Steam Packet Company	80,000
Canadian Pacific Railway Company	60,000
Pacific Steam Navigation Company	32,500
London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company	25,000
British India Steam Navigation Company	9,000
Total yearly payment for the carriage of mails	£621,500

In addition, Cape Colony and Natal pay the Union-Castle Steamship Company £135,000 annually for the South-African Mail Service. For the carriage of mails from the United Kingdom to New York, three shillings per pound on letters and postcards up to a certain weight is paid, and two shillings per pound

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above that weight, and three pence per pound on newspapers, etc. The British Government claims and exercises the right conferred by statute of obliging a ship-owner to carry any quantity of mail matter at an arbitrary rate fixed by statute.

The Admiralty Payments are as under:

Payments Yearly for Call of Eighteen Merchant Steamers for Use as Armed Cruisers:

1. To White Star Line	£28,000
2. To Cunard Steamship Company	28,000
3. To P. and O. Company	18,000
4. To Orient Steam Navigation Company	9,000
5. To Royal Mail Steam Packet Company	6,500
6. To Pacific Steam Navigation Company	4,500
7. To Canadian Pacific Railway Company	9,750
Total	£103,750

A deduction of 25 per cent. is made from steamers which carry mails. In consideration of these payments the several companies give the Government the call of 31 additional steamers for service as armed cruisers in time of war, and they carry an agreed number of Naval Reserve seamen.

A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the alleged degeneracy of the British Mercantile Marine, because the Germans have now steamers able to cross the Atlantic in a shorter number of hours than British steamers. British ship-builders could build steamers even faster than these German liners, but such steamers are unprofitable, and in a very short time become a heavy burden to the company running them. The Cunard Company is going to build faster steamers, but with the assistance of the Government to pay for the sentimental (or precautionary) speed, over and beyond the passenger requirements. Germany has been free to make use of all the knowledge and facilities which Great Britain gained by experience. There has been an open door; and if at times those who have profited by British knowledge have gone a step further in size or speed of ships, it does not follow that the British hand has lost its cunning. Great Britain does not seek business *pour la gloire.*

The cheapening of industrial production in America has been largely the result of multiple manufacture, but that, it seems, will not apply in ship-building. The Atlantic Transport Line recently had four new ships built—two in Belfast and two in Philadelphia. The American-built ships cost £380,000 each,

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while the Belfast ones cost £292,000. Smaller vessels building for the same line cost £100,000 in Great Britain and £150,000 in America. Mr. Cramp, the builder of the "St. Paul" and "St. Louis," himself places the cost of American-built ships at from thirty to forty per cent. above foreign prices. America once held a commanding position on the seas, and is reasonably ambitious to regain her lost prestige; but at present she is invading the markets of the world—in foreign bottoms. Senator Frye says that the country pays £100,000 a day to foreign ships for carrying American products. This cuts £36,500,000 a year out of the visible "balance of trade," about which there is a good deal of discursive talk. In the trade between Europe and the United States, not one American vessel goes to or from Germany, Russia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, Italy, Austria-Hungary, Greece or Turkey. The record of grain clearances from New York in one year showed over 1,200 ships laden with American produce sailing for foreign ports, and only seven under the American flag. The total output in America of iron and steel ships for the foreign trade does not equal that of a small British yard. Ten years ago, the British built Inman Liners, "New York" and "Paris," were admitted to American registry by a special Act of Congress, which stipulated that two ships of equal tonnage should be built in America. It was believed that this step marked the restoration of the American flag to the seas. But while the country's foreign trade has developed enormously, its carrying trade has been dormant.

One great contributory cause, with foreign subsidies, affecting British trade is the reservation by foreign nations of their coasting trade to their own ships. This may be regarded as an indirect subvention or subsidy. Although British coasting trade is absolutely open to vessels of all nations, many nations reserve the trade between their own ports to their own vessels. The United States extend the doctrine so as to declare a voyage from New York round Cape Horn to San Francisco, or from San Francisco to Honolulu, a "coasting voyage," and as such they restrict it to vessels carrying the United States flag. France refuses to allow any but French vessels to trade between French ports and Algeria. Russia, in reserving its coasting trade to its own flag, includes in this restriction the navigation between Russian ports in the Baltic and the Black Sea, and between all

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Russian ports and Vladivostok in the far east of Siberia. Such restrictions do seriously affect British trade. What would be the effect of reserving to all British ships the Imperial "coasting" trade within the British Empire? Several witnesses have spoken in favor of it, but the general idea is that reciprocal advantages should be given to those countries whose "coastwise" trade is open to British shipping. It was stated by Sir Robert Ropner that, as the tonnage of British vessels trading between British ports is ninety-one per cent., and the tonnage of foreign vessels trading between British ports is only nine per cent., a section of ship-owners did not think that the gain of this nine per cent. by British vessels was worth the risk of reprisals by foreign countries. But Sir Robert Giffen replied that nine or ten per cent. was a considerable advantage, that we need not fear reprisals, and that as foreigners already reserved their coasting trade they would have no cause of complaint. Sir R. Giffen suggests that (1) either foreign ships, and especially foreign subsidized ships, should be altogether excluded from the coasting trade of the British Empire; or (2) that such ships should only be admitted to these trades on condition of their complying with the same rules as to construction, equipment, and inspection as English ships, and paying a fine for the privilege of coasting equal to and exceeding any subsidy they receive. This second suggestion would not prevent foreign ships coming to British ports from abroad or going to foreign ports from British shores, which is all the privilege most foreign countries give to our ships in their waters. It would only prevent foreign ships doing coasting trade or inter-provincial trade within the British Empire itself, or would prevent them doing it except upon equitable terms. The Select Committee point out that as the coast-line of the British Empire is the greatest of any country in the world, Great Britain need not fear effective retaliation.

The recommendation of the Subsidies Committee which has occasioned most comment runs as follows:

"Means should be taken to obtain the removal of foreign laws and regulations which exclude the British ship-owners from the trades appropriated by various foreign Powers to their own shipping as 'coasting-trade,' and that, if need be, regulations for the admission of foreign vessels to the British and Colonial trade of this Empire should be used with the object of securing reciprocal advantages for British ship-owners abroad."

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The British Empire, with its enormous coast-line, affords immense scope for retaliation if the colonies choose to make common cause with the Imperial Government in the matter. The Committee merely recommends the question for practical consideration. It says:

"What Great Britain has to face is really an attack on a vital industry of the country in time of peace, carried on, directly or indirectly, not by ordinary competitors, but by foreign governments, though not always proved to be to their own advantage. Your Committee think that the occasion has come when the question of the qualified reservation of British Imperial coasting trade on the lines above indicated should be considered by His Majesty's Government with a view to reserving the British and Colonial coastwise trades, and the Imperial 'coasting' trade within the British Empire, to British and Colonial ships, and to vessels of those nations who throw open their coasting trade to British and Colonial ships."

It is not correct, however, to say that all vessels under foreign flags are excluded from the coasting trade of Germany. The matter is put clearly enough by a recent writer in the *Neue Hamburgische Börsenhalle.* He points out that the law of May 22nd, 1881, provides that:

"The right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and convey it to another German seaport (the coastwise-carrying trade) is reserved exclusively for German ships."

But it is followed by this:

"This privilege may be granted to foreign ships by a State treaty or by an Imperial ordinance, with the sanction of the Federal Council."

An Imperial ordinance of this kind was issued on the 29th of December, 1881, of which the following was the text:

"The right to ship merchandise at a German seaport and carry it to another German seaport (the coastwise-carrying trade) is granted to the vessels of Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, Great Britain, Italy, Sweden, and Norway."

This German writer goes on to say that, of all the nations concerned in the matter, only Russia and Holland were excluded, and this was done for the reason that those countries denied the same right to the German flag. As far as British vessels are concerned, Germany has by no means reserved the coastwise-carry-

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ing trade to the national flag. Germany has not gained much, he says, by the coasting-trade law.

"It was in its inception a measure unfavorable to the interests of large ship-owners. The Government and the Protectionist party were seeking at the time to win supporters among the small ship-owners against the Free-traders. And it must be said that the demand for reciprocity is to a certain extent fair and just. At the same time, it would have been better, in view of the question (an insignificant one for Germany) of foreign competition in the coasting trade, not to have left any opening for reprisals. The danger of provoking the adoption of measures in answer to the enactment of a law of little value was always present. . . . We are quite willing to admit that the British coasting trade is open to German ships, but we think also that the fact should be substantiated that Germany grants the same right to the British flag. . . . It is much to be regretted that the German Imperial Government has remained silent in view of the erroneous statement made, because the Government must be well aware that with this false asseveration is coupled the possibility of the closing of the British coasting trade to German vessels. And this is a very serious matter, not merely in respect of the British Isles themselves, but on account of the trade between the mother country and the colonies."

In this REVIEW for December last, Mr. Charles H. Cramp calls attention to three epochs in the maritime competition between Great Britain and the United States. The first, he asserts, was when the British Government subsidized Samuel Cunard and enabled him to found the line which bears his name, as well as to compete with and destroy the American Collins Line. The second was in 1871-72, when Great Britain met the competition of the old American Line by increasing the Cunard subsidies for mail service, and by the payment of a naval subvention for options upon certain ships to be used in case of war. The third is the present action of the British Government in still further subsidizing the Cunard Line, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the Morgan merger and to meet its competition. Mr. Cramp states that the original Cunard subsidy was made for the purpose of not only meeting the competition of the Collins Line, but also to destroy it. The Collins Line, he says, was originally subsidized by the United States Government, and had that subsidy not been withdrawn the Company would doubtless exist to-day as powerful, as respected, and as much of a pride to the United States, as the Cunard Line is to England. He says that both of the two earlier subsidies to the Cunard Line were in

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the nature of offensive measures, while the present subsidy is defensive and to prevent that line from falling into American hands. And his article tries to show how far Great Britain has gone to maintain its supremacy, even to the extent of practically presenting to the Cunard Line two of the best ships in the world. He adds:

"Doubtless, if any American ship-owner or ship-builder should propose a subsidy of that nature to our Congress, there would be among our free-ship statesmen an epidemic of nervous prostration."

Mr. Cramp, I fear, has allowed his impressions to obscure his memory in reference to the Collins Line. He says:

"The British Government subsidized Samuel Cunard, and enabled him to found the great Transatlantic line which bears his name. This was done to combat and destroy the American Collins Line."

The contract with the Cunard Company was negotiated in 1838, and the first Cunard steamer to convey mails, under the contract with the British Government, sailed in July, 1840. The Collins Line was not started until 1850, by which time the Cunard Company had regular sailings and an established trade. The reverse of what Mr. Cramp alleges was the fact. The Collins Line was subsidized by the American Government to combat and destroy the Cunard Line, its elder by ten years. Down to 1848, the American Government were opposed in principle to all subsidies, and Congress only consented to subsidize the Collins Line on the urgent, though fallacious, representation that the commercial interests of the United States would suffer if the conveyance of the ocean mails was left to British steamers. On a promise of a grant of $19,250 per voyage, E. K. Collins and his co-partners agreed to provide five first-class steamers to be ready in 1850 to perform twenty voyages a year. They could not find the money for five, and the four boats they built,—the "Arctic," "Baltic," "Atlantic," and "Pacific,"—each cost such an enormous sum that the United States Government had to make advances to the Company, to cancel the obligation for a fifth vessel, and to increase the subsidy from $19,250 to $33,000 per voyage, or $858,000 a year. This was, say, £171,600 of an American subsidy against £80,000 which was the subsidy at that time given to the Cunard Company. Ten years *after* the Cunard Company was established, the Collins Company was started with *double*

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the subsidy to *create* a business which Mr. Cramp says the Cunard Company was subsidized to destroy! We need not stop here to inquire why the Collins boats cost so much more money to build than the Cunard Company's, but the initial cost was the prime cause of failure. The next cause was the enormous working expenditure, for nothing was spared in the amiable effort to run the Cunard off the Atlantic, and get rid of what was regarded as a foreign monopoly. A third cause was a heavy drop in ocean freight, from seven pounds ten shillings per ton in the exclusive days of the Cunarders, to four pounds per ton soon after the Collins boats came into the swim. And the final cause was the series of unhappy disasters that afflicted the Collins Company and their unfortunate vessels. Even with the heavy subsidy, the Collins Line was worked at an enormous loss, and all the time the Cunard Company were building new boats to outsail them (out of capital, not out of Government subventions or loans). It is true that the Collins Company subsisted until Congress withdrew the grant in 1858, but it was ruined in any case; and, as far as one can judge now, it could not have carried on the competition at a profit had the subsidy been doubled instead of cancelled. In all the circumstances, no one familiar with maritime history will agree with Mr. Cramp's denunciation of Government and Congress for refusing to bolster up a mismanaged and losing concern.

The second of the "distinct epochs" claimed by Mr. Cramp was, he says, when in 1871-3 on the starting of an American Line, the British Government met this renewed American effort by the increase of subsidies for mail-carrying in its own ships, and also by what is known as the "naval subventions." The Line referred to is presumably the Pennsylvania Steamship Company, which started a service of steamers in 1873 between Philadelphia and Liverpool. These boats cost each about £20,000 more than if they had been built in Great Britain; consequently, the concern began at a great disadvantage. It had no subsidy, but it had the backing of a great Railway Company, which wanted the steamers, not for ocean freight profit, but as feeders to the railway system. If the British mail subventions were increased during the lifetime of this American Company, it was for increased service, not to meet the competition of that company. The "naval subventions" to which Mr. Cramp refers, were not

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granted by the Admiralty until 1887, and some of the subventions were paid to steamers of the Inman Line, which absorbed the Philadelphia business. This Line, and the Guion, the National and others under the British flag, fell out of the race because they could not develop with the times. They were left behind, and the American Line was no more slain by British subsidies than they were.

Mr. Cramp says:

"Germany has practically taken the first place in the ocean-carrying trade, and Great Britain has been relegated to the second place. Of course, there is a great deal more British tonnage than German tonnage, but the German ships are nearly all of modern types, many of them new, and in the total average superior in capacity and performance to the total average of British tonnage in the ratio of more than two to one."

Thus Mr. Cramp in these pages in July last, with further reference to the "desperate condition" of the British merchant marine, which he had just been describing as flourishing under and because of the beneficent sun of subsidies. Let us look into this matter a little, but let us first clear our minds of cant. The hysteria of a certain section of the British (especially the London) press over the Morgan Combine only amused the business community. The most remarkable feature in the controversy over that Combine has been the profound ignorance of shipping matters displayed by the most confident of the journalistic commentators. As a deal, the Morgan merger neither increases the mercantile marine of America nor diminishes that of Britain. It may or may not be a good speculation, but that is another question. It does not affect either British ship-owners or British ship-builders, who are as ready to own and to build vessels to suit the conditions of the times as they always have been and always will be. No doubt, German vessels are nearly all modern (including the new and second-hand ships bought from Britain), but so also are British vessels. Britain is adding about a million tons per annum to her shipping, all being the latest products of ship-builder's skill. Germany does not build altogether more than 250,000 tons or so a year, including war-ships and what she builds for foreigners. It is true that Germany has two or three faster steamers than Britain in the Transatlantic trade. But the Transatlantic trade is only a small portion of the British ocean trade, and fast steamers are not "good business" if they

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do not pay. Nor are very large steamers the best form of investment in shipping, because the area of their employment is limited by the number of the ports which can accommodate them.

The ship-owners of Great Britain do not ask for bounties and doles. They know very well that there is a wide difference between bounties and profits; and that the conditions under which bounties are paid create disadvantages equal to or greater than the money value of the bounty. All they want is the application of business principles to shipping in common with other industries. They claim a recognition on the part of the British Government that the Merchant Navy is the product of private enterprise, and that the proprietary rights of the ship-owner should be suitably remembered. They demand that the Light Dues, which entail disadvantages upon British shipping in foreign waters, should be made a national charge, and they desire the extension of the Board of Trade regulations on loading and manning, etc., and now enforced against British shipping in British ports, to the tonnage of all flags visiting Great Britain.

Mr. Cramp's "third epoch" was the formation of the Morgan Steamship Merger, followed by what he calls the re-subsidizing of the Cunard Line in order to keep it out of that Merger. There is much difference of opinion in Great Britain as to the wisdom, or necessity, or expediency, of the new Agreement entered into in September last between the Cunard Company and the British Government. The terms are quoted in Mr. Cramp's December article, but they do *not* constitute "a repetition of the arrangement made with Samuel Cunard at the time when he was aided for the purpose of crushing the Collins Line in the early fifties." The position is simply this. According to the view of the British Government, right or wrong, it is necessary to the interest of British commerce to have a British Transatlantic mail service by steamers somewhat faster than the fastest now afloat. And it is desirable to have mercantile cruisers larger and swifter than any now existing brought under the control of the Admiralty. Both designs are beyond the limit of profitable investment of private capital. Therefore, regarding the enterprise as a national one, the Government agree to advance the money to build the swift boats and to receive it back, with two and three-quarters per cent. interest, in instalments divided over twenty years, during which period the vessels will become obsolete. But even when

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built at so low a capital charge, the steamers (which will consume about 1,000 tons of coal per day) cannot be run at a commercial profit on current freights and fares. In order to provide a margin, therefore, and to enable the owners to keep the vessels up to Admiralty standard for naval use, if and when required, the Government will allow the Company a naval subvention of £150,000 a year. But this has nothing to do with the advance of capital to build the boats. The subvention is irrespective of the cost, and is not to be measured as a percentage of the interest thereof. This subvention is for upkeep and maintenance, and, in so far as there may be any margin, for remuneration to the Company for conducting an unprofitable enterprise in the national interests. Mr. Cramp says that this is "the most tremendous effort" of the kind ever put forth by the British Government:

> "It lends at two and three-quarters per cent. per annum interest, and it requires repayment of the loan in twenty years; but at the same time it gives the Cunard Line a subsidy sufficient to repay the loan in twenty years."

This is an ingenious way of putting it. But if the debits on the voyage-accounts of the steamers, including the interest on the advance, equal or exceed the amount of the "subsidy," what becomes of Mr. Cramp's figuring? The Admiralty Committee on Merchant Cruisers estimated that to build a 25-knot boat of 52,000 i.h.p. would cost over a million sterling, and that to cover expenses and leave a working profit would require a subsidy of £149,000. That is for a single boat, and the Cunard Company are to get only £150,000 for sailing two such boats. The project may or may not be a wise one for the Government. It will not be a highly lucrative one for the Company. It will not have the effect of encouraging the supply of a class of vessel that cannot be self-supporting. It will do nothing to increase the maritime trade of the British Empire. The stately liners do the shop-walking and window-dressing with elegance and picturesque effect, but the sturdy tramps do all the business. Great Britain likes her "Lines" but does not live by them.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

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MRS. EDDY IN ERROR.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

I FEEL almost sure that Mrs. Eddy's inspiration-works are getting out of repair. I think so because they made some errors in a statement which she uttered through the press on the 17th of January. Not large ones, perhaps, still it is a friend's duty to straighten such things out and get them right when he can. Therefore I will put my other duties aside for a moment and undertake this helpful service. She said as follows:

"In view of the circulation of certain criticisms from the pen of Mark Twain, I submit the following statement:

"It is a fact, well understood, that I begged the students who first gave me the endearing appellative 'mother' not to name me thus. But, without my consent, that word spread like wildfire. I still must think the name is not applicable to me. I stand in relation to this century as a Christian discoverer, founder, and leader. I regard self-deification as blasphemous; I may be more loved, but I am less lauded, pampered, provided for, and cheered than others before me—and wherefore? Because Christian Science is not yet popular, and I refuse adulation.

"My visit to the Mother Church after it was built and dedicated pleased me, and the situation was satisfactory. The dear members wanted to greet me with escort and the ringing of bells, but I declined, and went alone in my carriage to the church, entered it, and knelt in thanks upon the steps of its altar. There the foresplendor of the beginnings of truth fell mysteriously upon my spirit. I believe in one Christ, teach one Christ, know of but one Christ. I believe in but one incarnation, one Mother Mary, and know I am not that one, and never claimed to be. It suffices me to learn the Science of the Scriptures relative to this subject.

"Christian Scientists have no quarrel with Protestants, Catholics, or any other sect. They need to be understood as following the divine Principle—God, Love—and not imagined to be unscientific worshippers of a human being.

"In the aforesaid article, of which I have seen only extracts, Mark

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Twain's wit was not wasted in certain directions. Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings. If the individual governed human consciousness, my statement of Christian Science would be disproved, but to understand the spiritual idea is essential to demonstrate Science and its pure monotheism—one God, one Christ, no idolatry, no human propaganda. Jesus taught and proved that what feeds a few feeds all. His life-work subordinated the material to the spiritual, and he left this legacy of truth to mankind. His metaphysics is not the sport of philosophy, religion, or Science; rather it is the pith and finale of them all.

"I have not the inspiration or aspiration to be a first or second Virgin-Mother—her duplicate, antecedent or subsequent. What I am remains to be proved by the good I do. We need much humility, wisdom, and love to perform the functions of foreshadowing and foretasting heaven within us. This glory is molten in the furnace of affliction."

She still thinks the name of Our Mother not applicable to her; and she is also able to remember that it distressed her when it was conferred upon her, and that she begged to have it suppressed. Her memory is at fault here. If she will take her By-laws, and refer to Section 1 of Article XXII., written with her own hand—she will find that she has reserved that title to herself, and is so pleased with it, and so—may we say jealous?—about it, that she threatens with excommunication any sister Scientist who shall call herself by it. This is that Section 1:

"*The Title of Mother.* In the year 1895 loyal Christian Scientists had given to the author of their text-book, the Founder of Christian Science, the individual, endearing term of Mother. Therefore, if a student of Christian Science shall apply this title, either to herself or to others, except as the term for kinship according to the flesh, it shall be regarded by the Church as an indication of disrespect for their Pastor Emeritus, and unfitness to be a member of the Mother Church."

Mrs. Eddy is herself the Mother Church—its powers and authorities are in her possession solely—and she can abolish that title whenever it may please her to do so. She has only to command her people, wherever they may be in the earth, to use it no more, and it will never be uttered again. She is aware of this.

It may be that she "refuses adulation" when she is not awake, but when she is awake she encourages it and propagates it in that museum called "Our Mother's Room," in her Church in Boston. She could abolish that institution with a word, if she wanted to. She is aware of that. I will say a further word about the museum presently.

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Further down the column, her memory is unfaithful again:

"I believe in . . . but one Mother Mary, and know I am not that one, and never claimed to be."

At a session of the National Christian Science Association, held in the city of New York on the 27th of May, 1890, the secretary was "instructed to send to our Mother greetings and words of affection from her assembled children."*

Her telegraphic response was read to the Association at next day's meeting:

"All hail! He hath filled the hungry with good things and the sick hath He not sent empty away.—MOTHER MARY."†

Which Mother Mary is this one? Are there two? If so, she is both of them; for, when she signed this telegram in this satisfied and unprotesting way, the Mother-title which she was going to so strenuously object to, and put from her with humility, and seize with both hands, and reserve as her sole property, and protect her monopoly of it with a stern By-Law, while recognizing with diffidence that it was "not applicable" to her (then and to-day),—*that* Mother-title was not yet born, and would not be offered to her until five years later. The date of the above "Mother Mary" is 1890; the "individual, endearing title of Mother" was given her "in 1895"—according to her own testimony. See her By-Law, quoted above.

In his opening Address to that Convention of 1890, the President recognized this Mary—our Mary—and abolished all previous ones. He said:

"There was but one Moses, one Jesus; and there is but one Mary."‡

There had *been* a Moses at one time, and only one; there had *been* a Jesus at one time, and only one; there *is* a Mary and "only one." She is not a Has Been, she is an Is—the "Author of Science and Health; and we cannot ignore her."§

The confusions being now dispersed, we have this clarified result:

1. In 1890, there was but one Mother Mary. The President said so.

2. Mrs. Eddy was that one. She said so, in signing the telegram.

* Page 24, Official Report.
† Page 24, Official Report.
‡ Page 13, Official Report.
§ Page 13, Official Report.

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3. Mrs. Eddy was not that one—for she says so, in her Associated Press utterance of January 17th.

4. And has "never claimed to be" that one—unless the signature to the telegram is a claim.

Thus it stands proven and established that she is that Mary and isn't, and thought she was and knows she wasn't. That much is clear.

She is also "The Mother," by the election of 1895, and did not want the title, and thinks it is not applicable to her, and will excommunicate any one that tries to take it away from her. So that is clear.

I think that the only really troublesome confusion connected with these particular matters has arisen from the name—Mary. Much vexation, much misunderstanding, could have been avoided if Mrs. Eddy had used some of her other names in place of that one. "Mother Mary" was certain to stir up discussion. It would have been much better if she had signed the telegram "Mother Baker"; then there would have been no Biblical competition, and, of course, that is a thing to avoid. But it is not too late, yet.

I wish to break in here with a parenthesis, and then take up this examination of Mrs. Eddy's Claim* of January 17th again.

The history of her "Mother Mary" telegram—as told to me by one who ought to be a very good authority—is curious and interesting. The telegram ostensibly quotes verse 53 from the "Magnificat," but really makes some pretty formidable changes in it. This is St. Luke's version:

"He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the *rich* he hath sent empty away."

This is "Mother Mary's" telegraphed version:

"He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the *sick* hath He *not* sent empty away,"†

To judge by the Official Report, the bursting of this bombshell in that massed convention of trained Christians created no astonishment, since it caused no remark, and the business of the

* "*Claim.*" In Christian Science terminology, "Claims" are errors of mortal mind, fictions of the imagination.

† Page 24, Official Report.

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convention went tranquilly on, thereafter, as if nothing had happened.

Did those people detect those changes? We cannot know. I think they must have noticed them, the wording of St. Luke's verse being as familiar to all Christians as is the wording of the Beatitudes; and I think that the reason the new version provoked no surprise and no comment was, that the assemblage took it for a "Key"—a spiritualized explanation of verse 53, newly sent down from heaven through Mrs. Eddy. For all Scientists study their Bibles diligently, and they know their Magnificat. I believe that their confidence in the authenticity of Mrs. Eddy's inspirations is so limitless and so firmly established that no change, however violent, which she might make in a Bible text could disturb their composure or provoke from them a protest.

Her improved rendition of verse 53 went into the convention's report and appeared in a New York paper the next day. The (at that time) Scientist whom I mentioned a minute ago, and who had not been present at the convention, saw it and marvelled; marvelled and was indignant—indignant with the printer or the telegrapher, for making so careless and so dreadful an error. And greatly distressed, too; for, of course, the newspaper people would fall foul of it, and be sarcastic, and make fun of it and have a blithe time over it, and be properly thankful for the chance. It shows how innocent he was; it shows that he did not know the limitations of newspaper men in the matter of Biblical knowledge. The new verse 53 raised no insurrection in the press; in fact, it was not even remarked upon; I could have told him the boys would not know there was anything the matter with it. I have been a newspaper man myself, and in those days I had my limitations like the others.

The Scientist hastened to Concord and told Mrs. Eddy what a disastrous mistake had been made, but he found to his bewilderment that she was tranquil about it, and was not proposing to correct it. He was not able to get her to promise to make a correction. He asked her secretary if he had heard aright when the telegram was dictated to him; the secretary said he had, and took the filed copy of it and verified its authenticity by comparing it with the stenographic notes.

Mrs. Eddy did make the correction, two months later, in her official organ. It attracted no attention among the Scientists;

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and, naturally, none elsewhere, for that periodical's circulation was practically confined to disciples of the cult.

That is the tale as it was told to me by an ex-Scientist. Verse 53—renovated and spiritualized—had a narrow escape from a tremendous celebrity. The newspaper men would have made it as famous as the assassination of Cæsar, but for their limitations.

To return to the Claim. I find myself greatly embarrassed by Mrs. Eddy's remark: "I regard self-deification as blasphemous." If she is right about that, I have written a half-ream of manuscript this past week which I must not print, either in the book which I am writing, or elsewhere: for it goes into that very matter with extensive elaboration, citing, in detail, words and acts of Mrs. Eddy's which seem to me to prove that she is a faithful and untiring worshipper of herself, and has carried self-deification to a length which has not before been ventured in ages. If ever. There is not room enough in this magazine for that Survey, but I can epitomize a portion of it here.

With her own untaught and untrained mind, and without outside help, she has erected upon a firm and lasting foundation the most minutely perfect, and wonderful, and smoothly and exactly working, and best safe-guarded system of government that has yet been devised in the world, as I believe, and as I am sure I could prove if I had room for my documentary evidences here.

It is a despotism (on this democratic soil); a sovereignty more absolute than the Roman Papacy, more absolute than the Russian Czarship; it has not a single power, not a shred of authority, legislative or executive, which is not lodged solely in the sovereign; all its dreams, its functions, its energies, have a single object, a single reason for existing, and only the one—to build to the sky the glory of the sovereign, and keep it bright to the end of time.

Mrs. Eddy is the sovereign; she devised that great place for herself, she occupies that throne.

In 1895, she wrote a little primer, a little body of autocratic laws, called the "Manual of The First Church of Christ, Scientist," and put those laws in force, in permanence. Her government is all there; all in that deceptively innocent-looking little book, that cunning little devilish book, that slumbering little brown volcano, with hell in its bowels. In that book she has planned out her system, and classified and defined its purposes and powers.

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First Members (of the Supreme Church).
Members of the Supreme Church.

It looks fair, it looks real, but it is all a fiction. Even the title "Pastor Emeritus" is a fiction. Instead of being merely an honorary and ornamental official, Mrs. Eddy is the only official in the entire body that has the slightest power. In her Manual, she has provided a prodigality of ways and forms whereby she can rid herself of any functionary in the government whenever she wants to. The officials are all shadows, save herself; she is the

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only reality. She allows no one to hold office more than a year—no one gets a chance to become over-popular or over-useful, and dangerous. "Excommunication" is the favorite penalty—it is threatened at every turn. It is evidently the pet dread and terror of the Church's membership.

The member who *thinks,* without getting his thought from Mrs. Eddy before uttering it, is banished *permanently.* One or two kinds of sinners can plead their way back into the fold, but this one, never. To *think*—in the Supreme Church—is the New Unpardonable Sin.

To nearly every severe and fierce rule, Mrs. Eddy adds this rivet: *"This By-Law shall not be changed without the consent of the Pastor Emeritus."*

Mrs. Eddy is the entire Supreme Church, in her own person, in the matter of powers and authorities.

Although she has provided so many ways of getting rid of unsatisfactory members and officials, she was still afraid she might have left a life-preserver lying around somewhere, therefore she devised a rule to cover that defect. By applying it, she can excommunicate (and *this* is perpetual again) every functionary connected with the Supreme Church, and every one of the 25,000 members of that Church, at an hour's notice—and *do it all by herself without anybody's help.*

By authority of this astonishing By-Law, she has only to *say* a person connected with that Church is secretly practising hypnotism or mesmerism: whereupon, immediate excommunication, without a hearing, is his portion! She does not have to order a trial and produce evidence—her *accusation* is all that is necessary.

Where is the Pope? and where the Czar? As the ballad says:

> "Ask of the winds that far away
> With fragments strewed the sea."

The Branch Church's pulpit is occupied by two "Readers." Without them the Branch Church is as dead as if its throat had been cut. To have control, then, of the Readers, is to have control of the Branch Churches. Mrs. Eddy has that control—a control wholly without limit, a control shared with no one.

1. No Reader can be appointed to any Church in the Christian Science world without her *express* approval.

2. She can summarily expel from his or her place any Reader,

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at home or abroad, by a mere *letter* of dismissal, over her signature, and without furnishing any reason for it, to either the congregation or the Reader.

Thus she has as absolute control over all Branch Churches as she has over the Supreme Church. This power exceeds the Pope's.

In simple truth, *she is the only absolute sovereign in all Christendom.* The authority of the other sovereigns has limits, hers has none. None whatever. And her yoke does not fret, does not offend. Many of the subjects of the other monarchs feel their yoke, and are restive under it; their loyalty is insincere. It is not so with this one's human property; their loyalty is genuine, earnest, sincere, enthusiastic. The sentiment which they feel for her is one which goes out in sheer perfection to no other occupant of a throne; for it is love, pure from doubt, envy, exaction, fault-seeking, a love whose sun has no spot—that form of love, strong, great, uplifting, limitless, whose vast proportions are compassable by no word but one, the prodigious word, *Worship.* And it is not as a human being that her subjects worship her, but as a supernatural one, a divine one, one who has comradeship with God, and speaks by His voice.

Mrs. Eddy has herself created all these personal grandeurs and autocracies—with others which I have not (in this article) mentioned. They place her upon an Alpine solitude and supremacy of power and spectacular show not hitherto attained by any other self-seeking enslaver disguised in the Christian name, and they persuade me that, although she may regard "self-deification as blasphemous," she is as fond of it as I am of pie.

She knows about "Our Mother's Room" in the Supreme Church in Boston,—above referred to—for she has been in it. In a recently published NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article (written four years ago), I quoted a lady as saying Mrs. Eddy's portrait could be seen there in a shrine, lit by always-burning lights, and that C. S. disciples came there and worshipped it. That remark hurt the feelings of more than one Scientist. They said it was not true, and asked me to correct it. I comply with pleasure. Whether the portrait was there four years ago or not, it is not there now, for I have inquired. The only object in the shrine now, and lit by electrics,—and worshipped,—is an oil portrait of the horse-hair *chair* Mrs. Eddy used to sit in when she was writing "Science and Health!" It seems to me that adulation has struck bottom, here.

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Mrs. Eddy knows about that. She has been there, she has seen it, she has seen the worshippers. She could abolish that sarcasm with a word. She withholds the word. Once more I seem to recognize in her exactly the same appetite for self-deification that I have for pie. We seem to be curiously alike; for the love of self-deification is really only the spiritual form of the material appetite for pie, and nothing could be more strikingly Christian-Scientifically "harmonious."

I note this phrase:

"Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings."

"Rights" is vague; I do not know what it means there. Mrs. Eddy is not well acquainted with the English language, and she is seldom able to say in it what she is trying to say. She has no ear for the exact word, and does not often get it. "Rights." Does she mean "honors?" "attributes?"

"Eschews." This is another umbrella where there should be a torch; it does not illumine the sentence, it only deepens the shadows. Does she mean "denies?" "refuses?" "forbids?"—or something in that line? Does she mean:

"Christian Science denies divine honors to human beings?" Or:

"Christian Science refuses to recognize divine attributes in human beings?" Or:

"Christian Science forbids the worship of human beings?"

The bulk of the succeeding sentence is to me a tunnel, but, when I emerge at this end of it, I seem to come into daylight. Then I seem to understand both sentences—with this result:

"Christian Science recognizes but one God, forbids the worship of human beings, and refuses to recognize the possession of divine attributes by any member of the race."

I am subject to correction, but I think that that is about what Mrs. Eddy was intending to convey. Has her English—which is always difficult to me—beguiled me into misunderstanding the following remark, which she makes (calling herself "we," after an old regal fashion of hers) in her preface to her "Miscellaneous Writings"?*

"While we entertain decided views as to the best method for elevating the race physically, morally, and spiritually, and shall

* Page 3.

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express these views as duty demands, we shall claim no especial gift from our divine origin, no supernatural power."

Was she meaning to say:

"Although I am of divine origin and gifted with supernatural power, I shall not draw upon these resources in determining the best method of elevating the race?"

If she had left out the word "our," she might then seem to say:

"I claim no especial or unusual degree of divine origin—"

Which is awkward—most awkward; for one either has *a* divine origin or hasn't; shares in it, degrees of it, are surely impossible. The idea of crossed breeds in cattle is a thing we can entertain, for we are used to it, and it is possible; but the idea of a divine mongrel is unthinkable.

Well, then, what does she mean? I am sure I do not know, for certain. It is the word "our" that makes all the trouble. With the "our" in, she is plainly saying "*my* divine origin." The word "from" seems to be intended to mean "on account of." It has to mean that or nothing, if "our" is allowed to stay. The clause then says:

"I shall claim no especial gift on account of my divine origin."

And I think that the full sentence was intended to mean what I have already suggested:

"Although I am of divine origin, and gifted with supernatural power, I shall not draw upon these resources in determining the best method of elevating the race."

When Mrs. Eddy copyrighted that Preface seven years ago, she had long been used to regarding herself as a divine personage. I quote from Mr. F. W. Peabody's book:*

"In the 'Christian Science Journal' for April, 1889, when it was her property, and published by her, it was claimed for her, and *with her sanction*, that she was equal with Jesus, and elaborate effort was made to establish the claim."

"Mrs. Eddy has distinctly *authorized* the claim in her behalf, that she herself was the chosen successor to and equal of Jesus."

The following remark in that April number, quoted by Mr. Peabody, indicates that the claim had been previously made, and had excited "horror" among some "good people":

* Boston: 15 Court Square.

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"Now, a word about the horror many good people have of our making the Author of 'Science and Health' 'equal with Jesus.'"

Surely, if it had excited horror in Mrs. Eddy also, she would have published a disclaimer. She owned the paper; she could say what she pleased in its columns. Instead of rebuking her editor, she lets him rebuke those "good people" for objecting to the claim.

These things seem to throw light upon those words, "our [my] divine origin."

It may be that "Christian Science eschews divine rights in human beings," and forbids worship of any but "one God, one Christ;" but, if that is the case, it looks as if Mrs. Eddy is a very unsound Christian Scientist, and needs disciplining. I believe she has a serious malady—"self-deification"; and that it will be well to have one of the experts demonstrate over it.

Meantime, let her go on living—for my sake. Closely examined, painstakingly studied, she is easily the most interesting person on the planet, and, in several ways, as easily the most extraordinary woman that was ever born upon it.

MARK TWAIN.

P. S.—Since I wrote the foregoing, Mr. McCrackan's article has appeared (in the last number of this REVIEW). Before his article appeared—that is to say, during December, January, and February—I had written a new book, a character-portrait of Mrs. Eddy, drawn from her own acts and words, and it was then—together with the three brief articles previously published in the REVIEW—ready to be delivered to the printer for issue in book form. In that book, by accident and good luck, I have answered the objections made by Mr. McCrackan to my views, and therefore do not need to add an answer here. Also, in it I have corrected certain misstatements of mine which he has noticed, and several others which he has not referred to. There are one or two important matters of opinion upon which he and I are not in disagreement; but there are others upon which we must continue to disagree, I suppose; indeed, I know we must; for instance, he believes Mrs. Eddy wrote "Science and Health," whereas I am quite sure I can convince a person unhampered by predilections that she did not.

As concerns one considerable matter I hope to convert him.

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He believes Mrs. Eddy's word; in his article he cites her as a witness, and takes her testimony at par; but if he will make an excursion through my book when it comes out, and will dispassionately examine her testimonies as there accumulated, I think he will in candor concede that she is by a large percentage the most erratic and contradictory and untrustworthy witness that has occupied the stand since the days of the lamented Ananias.

M. T.

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IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE A BAR TO CIVILIZATION?

BY AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.

THERE is probably no doctrine or principle on which the American people are more unanimously agreed, without respect of party, than the Monroe Doctrine; and if a general vote were taken on the subject, it is more than likely that ninety-nine Americans out of every one hundred would declare in favor of defending the Monroe Doctrine everywhere, under all circumstances, and without reference to the consequences. Yet, of our fifteen million voters, I wonder if there is one per cent.—that is, one hundred and fifty thousand—who have an accurate and definite idea as to what the Monroe Doctrine in fact is. And of this one hundred and fifty thousand voters, if there be so many, I wonder if there is ten per cent., or fifteen thousand, who have an accurate notion, from personal observation, or reliable information, as to the precise effect which this famous Doctrine has had and is having on the civilization and commerce of the world, and particularly of Central and South America.

I seriously doubt it.

In order to understand thoroughly the effect which this Doctrine has upon civilization, the rights which it involves, and the dangers which it invites, it is necessary that we should carefully examine into the institutions, customs and character of the people who are most directly affected by it.

As one journeys towards South America, one longs to believe that the Star of Liberty, like that of Bethlehem, leads the way, and that one will find our brethren to be animated by high ambitions and noble resolves, struggling upward like ourselves.

This pleasant anticipation appears to be in a fair way towards realization when one picks up the constitution and laws of one

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of these countries, and reads the somewhat ornate, but sufficiently profuse, declarations in favor of liberty, justice and equality. The Bill of Rights is scarcely shorter than the Moral Law, but the traveller soon learns that it is most apt to be vociferously preached from the house tops in those communities where anarchy and despotism reign supreme.

The visions of constitutions, with their sacred guarantees of personal liberty, and of laws with their well-rounded periods of equity, soon fade away; and the observer finds in their stead the decrees of dictators and military despots.

True, these decrees, by whatever military despot issued, are mostly interlarded with soul-inspiring protestations of undying patriotism, with references to the sacred will of the people, and with appeals to the Deity, in every form of canting phrase, in testimony of the purity of intention and spotless nobility of character of the promulgators.

All this does not deceive the intelligent observer. He is not long on Latin-American soil, when he discovers that he is outside the bounds of civilization. For every move he makes, he must first obtain a passport from the military Jefe. Everywhere he goes, he is confronted by a soldier or a policeman who demands his name and his business. If he sends a telegram, he must first get the approval of the government censor. If he writes a letter, a hundred chances to one it is broken open and read by the postal authorities before it is sent. If he walks along the sidewalk, he knows not what moment a soldier will bring him to halt with a "*Quien viva?*" and a Mauser levelled at him, and an order that he walk in the street. He soon finds out that he, himself, is liable to be locked up in jail on any trivial pretext, or none at all. It does not matter what may be his social or business standing, if he makes protest at the acts of these tyrants he may be expelled from the country without redress, or incarcerated in a jail. If he appeals to the American Consul for aid, the chances are seven to one that the mouth of that dignitary has long been stopped by government concessions, or that he is an actual party to the intrigues. But our traveller has by this time only commenced his initiation. He has only learned what any intelligent man would certainly ascertain to be true within forty-eight hours after setting foot on the soil of any Latin-American country, with the exception of Mexico, Chile, and the Argentine Republic.

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It does not take the observer long to ascertain that there is not in any of these countries such a thing as a legally constituted government. The constitutions prescribe that elections shall be held at stated periods, and in a certain manner, for the election of the President and other officials of the government. But no elections are ever held. Occasionally a newspaper correspondent, some disciple of Mark Twain, as a huge joke writes about an election in Venezuela or Colombia, the same as he might about a sea serpent. But not within the memory of any living man has there been a real election in those countries.

The constitutions of those countries provide how the members of the Legislatures and of Congress shall be elected, but not since they were separated from Spain has there been one single Congress or Legislature elected in the manner prescribed. An honest ballot and a fair count, such as we understand them, are so strange and foreign to these countries that, in the wildest dreams of fancy, no one of them ever imagined such a thing. One might have greater hope of success in attempting to explain the Australian ballot system to a Chinese peasant in the centre of Manchuria than to any of those people.

The constitutions provide that the laws shall be passed by the legislatures of the several states, or by the Congress for the Federal Union. Yet ninety-five laws out of every hundred are edicts of the dictators, pure and simple; and no pretence is made that any legislative body ever read them, let alone passed them or engrossed them. Read the daily or weekly issues of the respective *Gazeta Officials* of these countries, and you will see that they are almost wholly composed of laws in the shape of *decretas* of the dictator. It would appear that the respective dictators, and in this they all seem to be alike, spend their odd moments thinking up schemes for robbing the people, and keep their typewriters busy in formulating these into *decretas,* which their courts are obliged to interpret as law, and which in fact form the law and the only law that there is.

The constitutions describe how they may be amended, and their regulations are so precise and formal that a foreign jurist might be inclined to take them seriously. As a matter of fact, a dictator abolishes a constitution or amends it, or adopts a new one, with as little ceremony as he would use in ordering his breakfast. True, changes of this character are sometimes made by a so-called

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provisional Congress; but, as the members of such a body are always appointed by the dictator and selected to do his bidding, a little thing like amending the constitution or abolishing it, or making a new one, is such a trifling affair that it may be done almost any afternoon. Indeed, the constitution, in whole or in part, is suspended at the whim of the dictator, without consulting any body, and whenever it suits his convenience.

Having learned the novel and easy method by which laws are made and unmade, one will not be surprised to know that the methods of their interpretation and enforcement are no less unique. There are in these countries many able scholars and fine lawyers, who constitute the material for a creditable judiciary; but, unfortunately, even this department of the government is at the mercy of these brutal, ignorant, corrupt, vicious and wholly intolerable despots. Lawyers of character and ability are not wanted as judges, and they would fear to accept such positions, if tendered to them. In fact, the better element shun politics as it would a pestilence.

It may be asked whether the travesty on government herein described is not abnormal and temporary. The reply is, that this condition of anarchy, for it is nothing else, is and has been the normal and ordinary condition of Venezuela and Colombia, and most of the other Latin-American countries, ever since Spain lost its dominion over them, with the exception of brief intervals, when some dictator more powerful than the rest has succeeded by force of arms in maintaining his authority.

For one period of about twenty years, Guzman Blanco, the greatest dictator Venezuela ever had, succeeded in overawing opposition, although it was necessary for him to use the most high-handed methods, and finally murder his chief opponent, contrary to the constitution, which forbade capital punishment.

As to the character of the people in these countries, I shall now describe and analyze it, so that it can be readily understood why there is not and never has been any thing but anarchy and disorder in South America, so long as present conditions prevail.

The people of those countries, and they are all practically the same, aside from the foreigners, naturally fall into four groups:

(1.) The Spaniards of pure blood, who do not form perhaps more than ten per cent. of the total population. These people as a class are cultured, highly civilized, religious, hospitable, many

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of them of literary attainments and scholarly pursuits. This class contains many families of distinction. They do not take any part in politics, nor desire positions under the government. They are among the chief sufferers from the numerous predatory excursions, both of the government troops and of the revolutionists. The story of the outrages committed on the women of this class by the military chieftains would make a chapter of horrors, which would shock mankind. These people remain in constant terror, not only of the revolutionists, but more particularly of the government itself, which confiscates their property, commits nameless outrages upon them, and renders life a burden to them. It is no uncommon thing for a military chief who desires the daughter of one of these families for his mistress, to imprison the father or brothers, and hold the daughter's virtue as the price of their ransom. This class fervently desires and earnestly hopes that some foreign nation will eventually take hold of these countries and establish law, order and civilization.

(2.) This class comprises the peons who do farming, the laboring men, the small traders, cattlemen, fishermen, woodsmen, mechanics, etc., or perhaps more than eighty per cent. of the total population. As a rule, these people are exceedingly simple-minded, honest, kind-hearted peasants, fairly industrious, and much more intelligent than the peonage of most other countries. They dread war, take to the woods at the slightest intimation of trouble, have nothing to do with politics, and pray to be left alone to live in peace. In habits these people are simple, in manners polite and hospitable, and but little drunkenness and crime are found among them. They are the most docile and easily managed people in the world. They are respectful to their superiors, they seldom fight, and they are so easily managed and governed that the semi-brigands who constitute the governing class can do just what they please with them, and handle them as a man would handle pieces on a checker-board. These people are descendants from the Spaniards and native Indians, a mixed breed, and comprise almost all shades from very near pure Indian to pure Spaniard.

(3.) This class comprises the pure Indians who are comparatively few in number and unimportant to this discussion.

(4.) This is the ruling class. It will not comprise more than ten per cent. of the total population in any Latin-American country, but it makes all the trouble, is responsible for the rapine,

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bloodshed, murders, revolutions and anarchy, which have so long disgraced Latin America. This class, as a rule, represents a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, oftentimes with a heavy sprinkling of negro, and sometimes of other elements. He who originated the formula for the composition of this class must have laughed grimly when he finished his work; for one might study chemistry for a thousand years without being able to devise such an atrocious composition. It is true that a small number of good men are always to be found in this class. Why, no one knows, unless it be for the same reason that leads a good woman to carry bouquets of flowers to a brutal murderer. Occasionally, an able lawyer, or a good doctor, or a responsible business man becomes ambitious to hold office, infatuated with the glamor of politics, or falls in love with the music of the drums or the clash of the swords, and he joins this class much to the consternation of his friends, as well as of his enemies. As a rule, this class is composed of adventurers, ambitious and unprincipled military men, many outright criminals, others whose lives have been devoted to intrigue and to the machinations for which these countries are noted; and, taken altogether, it is the most aggressive, pretentious, good-for-nothing, nondescript, villainous, treacherous set of semi-banditti which was ever organized on the face of the earth, held together by the cohesive power of public plunder, and by the ambition to tyrannize over others. It is of this class that the so-called "governments" of these countries are formed. One faction of it is always in power, looting the public funds, living in Oriental splendor off the forced contributions from foreign merchants, or off the receipts of custom-houses, running things generally in that high and mighty way which only a Latin-American can emulate, while the other faction is trying to get into power, so that it may have the good things;—and there is where the revolutions originate. There is not enough for all. Foreign merchants have been plucked until they have become few in number. Great foreign syndicates under Guzman Blanco loaned millions to the government, nearly all of it to be stolen by corrupt officials; and they invested other millions in railroads and other enterprises, most of which have been ruined or confiscated by one military despot or another. Now the influx of foreign capital is small, and the pie for these dictators contains so few plums that it behooves them to fight royally over what few there are.

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The outrages which are committed by the faction of this fourth class which is in power, and concurrently by the faction which is out of power and consequently in revolution, cannot be properly described within the limits of a magazine article. It must suffice to say that no foreign house or company doing business in one of these countries has ever been able to escape destruction unless continuously backed by its government, and that in most cases heretofore that has been unavailing. In every case, without exception, the foreigner has been systematically looted and robbed by the officials of the government, and their political henchmen. Usually he has been ruined financially in the end, and often he has lost his liberty and his life, and always without redress. South America, from one end to the other, is strewn with the wrecks of American and European investments. But to the dictators of these countries the financial outcome has been considerable. Guzman Blanco, a sort of a decent dictator, accumulated only about forty million dollars in twenty years, while Crespo managed by strict economy to lay up something over twenty million dollars in four years. Andrade played in harder luck. He had to divide up with Crespo, so he came out with a little less than ten millions. Castro, who was a mule driver five years ago, started out with the intention of beating Crespo's record. It is supposed that he has now about ten million dollars laid up in the Bank of France.

There is a large class of professional blatherskites in the United States who are always talking about the necessity of creating friendly relations with our "Sister Republics" of South America. To an American who understands the situation, there could be nothing more disgusting. After half a century of such twaddle, our total commerce in Venezuela and Colombia now amounts to probably half as much as the business of one big New York dry-goods house, and at least nine-tenths of the business that we have with them is done through German houses. There are not seven American concerns doing business in either of these countries, and among them there is not one which has not been made the subject of continuous blackmail by the party in power. If the German houses were taken out of Venezuela and Colombia, those countries would become infinitely more barbarous than the negroes in the centre of Africa, or the North-American Indians. Nothing except capital invested in these countries by American, Eng-

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lish and German business men stands between them and the utter blackness of barbarism. The Germans in particular deserve the greatest possible credit, not only for their enterprise, but for their great tenacity in enduring the hardships of the climate, and maintaining themselves against the almost inconceivable obstacles which surround them. They are the true pioneers of commerce. Without them our business with these countries would be of no importance, and practically every American Company doing business in those countries does its banking through some one of these German houses.

Prophetic appear to have been the words of the great Bolivar near the end of his long and marvellous career. He learned three-quarters of a century ago what our North-American officials seem never to have learned; and that is that the people of Latin America are helplessly and hopelessly incapable of self-government. He said:

"In America there is no such thing as good faith, neither among nations nor among men. Our constitutions are books, our laws are papers, our elections are combats and life itself is a torment. We shall arrive at such a state that there is no foreign nation which will condescend to return and conquer us, and we shall be governed by petty tyrants."

There is no passage in Holy Writ containing a truer prophecy than these memorable words of Bolivar.

That the Monroe Doctrine has been the mightiest force in bringing about the unhappy conditions predicted by Bolivar there can be no shadow of doubt.

Whatever construction may be placed on the Monroe Doctrine in official circles of the United States and Europe, there is but one view of it among the dictators of South America. To them it means that, however shameless may be their disregard of international rights, or of the obligations of civilization, they have one strong arm on which they can rely for defence, one great Power which will protect them from the consequences of their wrong-doing. Their intrigues, to which the world affords no parallel, are founded on the idea that the United States may be relied upon to aid and abet them. To that end, the mouths of most American consuls are stopped by one species of favoritism or other, usually in the form of worthless government concessions, and the chief occupation of many of these worthies is, apparently, to palm off such green goods on those of their countrymen who come within

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the sphere of their influence. When an able and conscientious representative of the United States is appointed to one of these countries, a man who looks after the interest of his country fearlessly, and does his duty as the law provides, and refuses to take part in intrigues, concessions, or affairs which do not concern him, it is only a question of a short time until he receives his passports as a *persona non grata.*

Having seized the avenues of communication with our government in this manner, the military Jefe knows that, whatever atrocities he may commit, there will be no mention made of them in Washington. Every other government among the great Powers has incomparably more accurate information in regard to the affairs of those countries than our own. American citizens in those countries are very few, and if one of them gets into serious trouble he usually applies to the English or German Consul, rather than to his own, for aid. And, while official circles in those countries (that is, dictators' circles), think it is the bounden duty of the United States to help them under all circumstances, they teach their followers to be more jealous of Americans, if possible, than of any other class of foreigners. They do this by claiming that the Monroe Doctrine means "America for Americans," which, being interpreted, imports that the United States intends ultimately to take possession of their territory. Every effort to revive the old alliance among the countries which formerly constituted New Granada is based on the doctrine of final hostilities to the United States. So it will be seen that, while their hostility to an Englishman or a German is in proportion to the difficulty which they experience in extorting money out of him by blackmail, their opposition to an American is more fundamental.

The extravagant ideas, and consequent demands, of the average military Jefe are past belief, and the sums of money he squanders are limited only by his ability to squeeze the English or German merchant. Even a barefooted colonel (a man is not supposed to wear shoes until he becomes a general) would not condescend to talk about anything less than thousands of dollars. The boss dictator never imagines himself to be other than a second Napoleon, with the treasures of the world lying at his feet and Paris, dressed in gay attire, waiting to receive him.

To the unpoetic, plodding German or English merchant, all this seems foolishness. When His Mightiness, the military Jefe,

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with his gang of ragged, starving, half-breed soldiers, who are held to the performance of their patriotic duty mostly through the persuasive influence of *aguardiente* and the hope of loot, demands a forced loan of a few thousands or hundreds of thousands, as the case may be, there is often muttering and grumbling. Sometimes, after having paid tribute repeatedly, the foreigner finds his credit impaired, or he becomes stubborn and refuses to pay. Then there is trouble.

Such insolence on his part must be wiped out in blood, or at least he must be locked up in jail, his property confiscated, his house of business closed, his family insulted and terrified, and such other pleasantries practised upon him as a mixture of Spanish, Indian and negro blood may devise. Ordinarily, this calls forth a protest from the English or German consul. For a consideration, the American consul will also sometimes use his good influence. Usually, the merchant by this time is willing to pay up and apologize, and that international incident is closed. Of course, that is the best way to settle the affair, for any other method might threaten infringement of the Monroe Doctrine.

Are there not good and patriotic citizens who say:

"It would seem only reasonable that if an Englishman or a German should deliberately choose to take speculative chances in a South-American Republic of notoriously revolutionary proclivities, he ought to carry his own risk—provide his own insurance, so to speak."*

Occasionally, however, England and Germany decide "to provide the insurance," and protect their own citizens, as every government worthy the name ought to do. Then you will find the American newspapers, with prominent headlines, shouting "Monroe Doctrine," followed by a horde of cheap politicians; while every American business man in South America hangs his head in shame at the ignorance and assininity of his fellow-countrymen.

That the United States, magnificent exponent of modern civilization, should throw itself as the mightiest barrier which the world has ever known across the stream of human progress; that it should condemn the great continent of South America to everlasting barbarism, is a pity!

Ourselves refusing to maintain or establish law and decency in

* Albert Shaw, "American Monthly Review of Reviews," January, 1903, page 21.

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South America, refusing to protect the life and property of those pioneers of commerce who are doing more to civilize the world than all the creeds and jarring sects combined, refusing to interfere to mitigate the anarchy and desolation which environ and envelop that great continent, we stand with our mighty force and defy the world to move its finger in an effort to stanch the stream of blood. Surely God does not love South America, or somewhere, somehow, through the black clouds of turbulence, disorder, revolution, bloodshed and crime, He would make a rift through which might come to it a ray of hope for the future!

Rich in resources beyond the dreams of avarice, its tinted mountains filled with priceless gems and precious metals of untold worth, its vast prairies and mighty forests one unending panorama of nature's most stupendous effort, its shores indented by a thousand harbors wherein might ride secure the commerce of the world, a land of beauty comparable to no other in its myriad pictures formed by nature's whims, capable of containing the population of the earth and housing it all in luxury and splendor, this Queen of Continents is held in slavery and blood, in the blackness of intrigue and hate, at the mercy of brutal violence, perfidy and anarchy.

How long, in good conscience, can America permit herself to remain the *confrère* of thieves and brigands, in the attempt to protect these violent, dangerous, and wholly irresponsible dictatorships from the punishment they so richly deserve at the hands of an outraged world. If the United States would assume the responsibility of intervention for the maintenance of law and order in those countries—in other words, if it would police all of Latin America, and prevent the perpetration of outrages, not only against foreigners, but also against their own helpless population, then it could with some show of dignity and good faith say to Europe, "Hands off."

To talk of our becoming involved in war with Germany, as many newspapers have done, because of the Venezuelan affair is utterly indefensible. Such a war would be the mightiest crime of all history, in which the United States would be in eternal and unextenuated wrong. No higher, nobler, grander service could be done to humanity, to the Latin Americans themselves, and to civilization for all time, than for Germany, England and the United States to take joint possession and control of all Latin-

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American countries, except the three previously mentioned, and govern them in the same manner as these nations govern their dependencies. Until this is done, there will be no peace in the Western Hemisphere. Mr. Bowen may succeed in patching up the differences now existing, and satisfying the monetary demands, but the effect of his success can be only temporary. Just as surely as leprosy permeates the whole body, and breaks out again, although some local ulcer may have been healed, just so certainly will the anarchy of Venezuela, Colombia and the other Latin-American countries constitute an everlasting menace to the peace of the world, until such time as civilization may rise in its might and put an end to it.

The United States should adopt a sane and practical policy, consonant with the requirements of modern civilization. Whether it acts alone, or in conjunction with other Powers, is immaterial. The important thing is that stability and security should take the place of anarchy, desolation and destruction. Until that is done, there can be no permanent peace upon the earth. Every session of Congress will witness calls for additional naval appropriations, with the undisguised intention of making common cause with the banditti of South America against those great and civilized Powers with whom we chiefly trade, who are related to us by ties of blood, literature, religion and commerce, and whose friendship we ought not lightly throw away. Such a war would cover with eternal infamy the administration responsible for it, and would make a blot on the fair page of American history which time could never efface. That sane and intelligent Americans can talk of possible war with England or Germany on such an issue, is one of those disquieting things which can only be explained on the hypothesis of inexcusable and criminal ignorance. It is inconceivable that any respectable American, conversant with the facts, could do other than applaud the German Emperor, who is doing so much towards making it possible for a white man to exist in these countries, without the necessity of having a squadron of war-ships, or an army, at hand to protect him from plunder or assassination. I only voice the sentiments of every American business man who has ever invested a dollar in these countries, when I fervently say: "More power to his strong right arm!"

AN AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN.

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A GALLERY OF PORTRAITS.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

MR. A. F. POLLARD has given us, in the form of a very sumptuous quarto volume,* a series of portraits of the period of Henry VIII., with an illustrative narrative—to which description, rather than to that of a regular history, the letter-press seems to correspond. The period is one of marked personalities, favorable, therefore, to presentment by portraiture, and Holbein was the painter. The engravings in this work are exquisite.

The spirit of the narrative appears in some of the writer's concluding remarks. He says:

"The devotion paid to the state in Tudor times inevitably made expediency, and not justice or morality, the supreme test of public acts. The dictates of expediency were, indeed, clothed in legal forms; but laws are primarily intended to secure neither justice nor morality, but the interests of the state; and the highest penalty known to the law is inflicted for high treason, a legal and political crime which does not necessarily involve any breach whatever of the code of morals."

It is curious that we should be going back, as apparently we are, to the moral meridian of Macchiavelli. But it is not to be assumed that there were not, even in the age of Macchiavelli, witnesses to morality. Sir Thomas More unquestionably was one.

I.

The full-length portrait of that "majestic lord who broke the bonds of Rome" is, in look and attitude, the incarnation, not of majesty, but of arrogant self-esteem, with which intense selfishness was pretty sure to be combined. Real majesty was not likely to appear in the face or port of one who was habitually guilty

* "Henry VIII." By A. F. Pollard, M.A. Goupil & Co. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Uniform with other publications by the same firms.

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not only of the greatest but of the meanest crimes; of fraud, lying and robbery, as well as of tyranny and judicial murder. There is, withal, an appearance of force, mental as well as physical; and there is an air of bluff good nature, such as would make a young King popular with the masses, to whom, in the days before popular education and the newspaper, the criminal mysteries of government were little known. Physical force the figure clearly bespeaks, and an element of Henry's early popularity probably was his reputation as an athlete; though he would have been a bold man who should have unhorsed the King in a joust or beaten him in shooting with a longbow. Besides, after the gloomy and penurious reign of the father, the brilliant opening of that of the son came like springtide after winter. The people, as usual, failed to see that the money so magnificently scattered in the splendors of the Court, and in such pageantry as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, of which we have a contemporary picture in this volume, was their bread.

Mr. Pollard speaks of Henry VIII. as the King who had raised the personal power of the monarchy to a height which it had never before attained. But the credit or discredit of this feat belongs to one whose sombre and sagacious statecraft, depicted in his portrait, made him a worthy counterpart of Louis XI. and Ferdinand of Spain. The founder of the Tudor despotism was Henry VII., though its origin was more due to circumstance than to any founder. "Approximate justice," says Carlyle, "is always struggling to assert itself." It seldom fails. Jingoism in the age of the Plantagenets paid its penalty, as, some think, will the Jingoism of our time. The brilliant buccaneering of Henry V. in France not only ended in utter defeat and shame; it bred in the English aristocracy and people the spirit of violence and rapine which brought on the Wars of the Roses. Exhaustion, prostration, and Tudor despotism were the natural result. The first of the Tudor despots was on the whole and for the time beneficent; he quelled aristocratic turbulence and conspiracy, restored order, fostered commerce, and made commercial treaties. In virtue of his treaties, he might almost be deemed the English father of free trade. Naturally, he called no more Parliaments than he could help. He left his son a tranquillized kingdom, and, as a means of supporting the government, an enormous treasure, accumulated, it is true, largely by chicanery and ex-

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tortion, the heads of his instruments in which, Empson and Dudley, the new Sultan threw to the people. To his kingcraft, and to the state in which England was left after the Civil War, rather than to the policy of Henry VIII., the exaltation of the monarchy was due.

The fact that Henry VIII. was able to do without any standing force except the Yeomen of his Guard, has been cited, and seems to be regarded by Mr. Pollard, as a proof that his government was popular. It is difficult to say what was the real feeling of the people at a time when there was little communication among them and no newspapers gave expression to their sentiments. But the reason why the government was strong without a standing army was, that the Civil War had destroyed the heads and extinguished the forces of resistance. Of the feudal nobility a large part had perished in the war. The remnant, the despotism sedulously decimated and suppressed, while it brought forward new men, an aristocracy of placemen owing everything to the Crown. No Percy or Neville was left with power to invest a host of followers with his badge and enroll them under his banner. The Crown had by far the greatest facilities for levying troops at need. It had no great difficulty in raising armies, raw and undisciplined though they were, for foreign service. Alone, since the downfall of Warwick, it had a park of artillery. Besides the Yeomen of the Guard, it had the garrison of Calais. In the last resort, it could hire mercenaries, like the troopers of Martin Schwartz, or those who were brought over by the Regency in the next reign. But the Government probably found its strongest support in the bitter memory of the Civil Wars, and dread of their recurrence, especially among the commercial classes, the importance of which had been increased by the sage policy of the last King. The antagonism between the Catholic and the Protestant parties, developed as the reign went on, was a further bar, at least in the more advanced portions of the country, to any combination against the Crown. The dissolution of villenage consequent on the Black Death and the insurrection of the Serfs, has been named as another cause of the collapse of feudal power and the increase of the power of the Crown; but this had not prevented the levying by Warwick and other feudal lords of armies for the Civil War.

Henry was cultivated. He had a feeling for literature, which,

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however, he did not very liberally indulge. He had a taste for art, which he displayed principally in rewarding painters of his own portrait. He was a good musician. He had read theology, his knowledge of which he showed in his attack on Luther, and afterwards displayed in a public disputation with a poor heretic before a grand audience in Westminster Hall, of course confounding his humble opponent, whom he then, with his usual chivalry, sent to the stake. He might have been not unfitted to conduct a religious revolution if religion were a mere matter of the intellect, and if the spiritual life of a nation could be happily regulated, as possibly its administration may, by a ruler personally steeped in vice and crime.

One of the most curious products of the stir caused by the Oxford Movement was the literary career of James Anthony Froude. Both the brothers, Hurrell and James Anthony, were men of genius. Hurrell's ecclesiasticizing and mediævalizing fancy was almost as important a factor in Tractarianism as Newman's theological speculation. Its chief product was a highly sympathetic Life of Becket, to which the other brother afterwards produced a direct counter-blast. Hurrell died a Tractarian before Newman's secession. His brother bore a part, though what part seems disputed, with Newman in the "Lives of the English Saints." But, when Newman went over to Rome, Anthony, like Mark Pattison, missed the train. He soon boarded the train running in the very opposite direction, and published "The Nemesis of Faith," a free-thinking novelette, scandalous in those orthodox days, which compelled him to resign his clerical Fellowship at Exeter College. Presently, he took another turn and embraced Carlylism, though he never exchanged his remarkably graceful style for Carlylese. Carlyle having pretty well used up all recognized heroes, Froude was fain to go far afield and discover a hero, before unrecognized, in Henry VIII. The result was about the most paradoxical history ever penned. As to Froude's character as a critical historian, it is enough to say that he takes the Statutes of Laborers for impartial settlements of the labor question characteristic of a nobler age than ours; the preambles of Tudor Acts of Parliament for unbiassed and veracious accounts of the matters to which they relate; and the debasement of the coin as a loan from the Mint. As a writer he is always charming.

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Mr. Pollard notes that Froude fails to give us any account of the early part of the reign. But, had Froude done this, he would have had to disclose the early papalism of his anti-papal hero. It is right to say that the later volumes of Froude's History are far more historical than the early volumes, while the grace of style and the picturesqueness do not fail.

The narrative of the divorce of Henry VIII. from Catherine of Aragon is about as dirty an episode as can be found in history. The morality of the Macchiavellian era is here at its acme. The only respectable motive that Henry had for a change of wives was his desire of a male heir to the Crown, which was not unnatural at a time when the succession had recently been disputed in the field of civil war, and when the only precedent for a female sovereign was the very doubtful one of Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. That conscience had little to do with the matter is surely proved by Henry's whole conduct throughout the affair; by the tricks which he played, the lies which he told, the foul means which he employed to obtain opinion in his favor; by his attempt to steal an important document, above all, by his brutal behavior to his wife in openly installing his mistress as Queen designate at her side. His pretended uneasiness because Catherine of Aragon had been his brother's wife assumes a curious aspect when it is known, as it certainly is, that Anne Boleyn's sister had been his mistress; so that his conscience was impelling him to fly from canonical irregularity into the bosom of incest. His worshipper has desperately committed himself on this point. Says Mr. Froude:

"If Henry had really debauched Anne Boleyn's sister, his demand to the Pope for his divorce, and his arguments in urging it, were of amazing effrontery. His own and his minister's language in Parliament and in Convocation, the peremptory haughtiness with which he insisted to all foreign courts on 'the justice of his cause,' exhibit a hardy insolence without parallel in history. So monstrous appears his conduct, that it would be in vain to attempt to understand the character of the person who could be guilty of it, or of the Parliament and the clergy who consented to be his instruments. Persons so little scrupulous as, on this hypothesis, were both prince and people, could have discovered some less tortuous means of escaping from the difficulty of a wife."*

The fact publicly stated by Cardinal Pole at the time was proved beyond doubt by the words of the draft dispensation for

* "History of England," IV., 539, 540.

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a second marriage presented by Henry's envoys at Rome. It is further proved by a piece of evidence hitherto apparently unnoticed by historians. In the Act of Parliament (28 Hen. VIII., *cap.* 7.) re-settling the Crown, after the divorce from Anne Boleyn, there is strangely and significantly inserted a table of prohibited degrees for marriage, and in this appear these ominous words:

"And, furthermore, to dilate, and declare the meaning of these prohibitions, it is to be understood, that if it chance any man to know carnally any woman, that then all and singular persons being in any degree of consanguinity or affinity, as is above written, to any of the parties so carnally offending, shall be deemed and adjudged to be within the cases and limits of the said prohibitions of marriage."

These words were evidently dictated by no general necessity. They are aimed at a particular case.

Mr. Froude thinks it strange that, when the fact appeared, it should have appeared unofficially in a private libel. How could it have appeared officially? By Pole it was published in the face of all Europe. To the argument that it was not published in England the answer is, that any one who published it there would have lost his head.

This probably was the cause or pretended cause of the divorce of Anne Boleyn secretly confessed by her to Cranmer, and for the best of reasons not divulged.

"Divorce," the separation of Henry from Catherine of Aragon is always called; but it should be borne in mind that it was not for a divorce that Henry applied to the Pope; it was for an avoidance of the marriage on the ground that marriage with a brother's wife was prohibited by the word of God, and that the Papal dispensation authorizing it had been null. Marriage, being a sacrament in the Roman Catholic Church, is indissoluble, and to grant a divorce is beyond the power of the Pope. On the grounds of affinity and pre-contract marriages were frequently dissolved at the instance of those who had money to pay the Papal court; and among the wealthier classes a great license of divorce was thus practically introduced. But divorce, in the strict sense of the term, was and is beyond the Papal power.

II.

The portrait of Wolsey is, as we should expect, that of a dignified ecclesiastic with a sense of his power. It is seen with

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most pleasure in the noble Hall of the great College which the Cardinal founded, while the King, having almost wrecked the foundation, usurped the founder's place. The beautiful tower of Magdalen College and the old Quadrangle of Hampton Court show that Wolsey's taste for art was not less strong than his sympathy with learning. As a Cardinal, he was, of course, orthodox and theologically conservative; he opposed the translation of the Scriptures; but he was intellectually liberal; a dissolver of monasteries; and apparently inclined to Church reform. As an ecclesiastical statesman, he might have done something to make the past slide as smoothly as it could into the future. Of his foreign policy, with its shiftings between the Imperial and the French connection, it seems difficult to say how much was his own and based on a theory of the balance of power, how much was the caprice of the King. He could hardly fail to be influenced by his connection, as Cardinal, with the Papacy, and by his hope, unfounded though it always was, of the triple crown. "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs." In those words, if they were really spoken, Wolsey justly summed up his own history. The fatal rock on which the barque of his ambition split at last was the divorce. After his fall, Henry, who was a moral coward, still feared him and flattered him with perfidious marks of sympathy. But he was afterwards entangled in the meshes of a plot such as Henry's satellites were adepts at weaving; and he was probably on the road to the scaffold of judicial murder when he was arrested by the kind hand of death.

III.

Of the two portraits of Anne Boleyn given us by Mr. Pollard, that taken from a picture in the National Portrait Gallery strikes us with surprise. We wonder how all this commotion could have been made about such a face. The other, from a miniature by Hoskins, possibly after Holbein, is better looking. But even if the miniature is true, Henry's heart must be supposed to have been won rather by piquancy and address, than by beauty. Anne's charms, however, whatever they were, soon wore off; she failed to give birth to a male heir, and was supplanted in the King's affections by Jane Seymour. If she prompted the execution of Fisher and More, her own fate was deserved, still more if she had any-

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thing to do with the death of Catherine. But she had not a fair trial; nothing was proved against her beyond light passages with some of the youths of the Court with whom she amused herself, probably when she had begun to feel neglected by her husband, and saw that he was making love to another woman. Of the charge of incest with her brother, Lord Rochfort, no evidence whatever was produced. There can be no doubt that it was a hideous lie; though, to give color to it, Rochfort was judicially murdered. While Anne's trial was going on, riotous festivity reigned at Court. If love could be felt by a human tiger, Henry had loved this woman. She had laid her head upon his breast and had borne him a daughter. Yet, on the day following her execution, he contracted a marriage with another woman on whom he had for some months been looking with lust. "It is a pity," says Froude, "that Henry did not live in a world without women." The women might well have seconded that motion. Would Mr. Froude have found it a very pleasant world?

IV.

The portrait of Catherine of Aragon, taken from the picture in the National Portrait Gallery, represents a commonplace and probably worthy woman. Henry's marriage with her had been diplomatic or rather financial, not one of love, the great object of the old King having been to keep Catherine's marriage portion. But she had been a true wife to him and had borne him several children, though only one of them lived, and that one was a daughter. Her conduct throughout the proceedings about the divorce was not less proper and dignified than that of her husband's, both to her and her daughter, was brutal. It seems there is reason to believe that Henry even thought of putting his daughter to death for her resolute refusal to betray her mother's cause. When Catherine died, very opportunely, Henry celebrated the happy event by a Court festival, at which he appeared in the gayest attire carrying his little daughter Elizabeth round the circle. There have been bloodier tyrants, no doubt, than Henry VIII.—Nero, Domitian, Commodus, Eccelino, were among the number; but was there ever a greater brute?

V.

The portraits of Henry's other four wives; Jane Seymour by Holbein; Anne of Cleves by Holbein; Catherine Howard from a

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painting in the National Portrait Gallery and a miniature at Windsor Castle; and Catherine Parr from a private collection, do not indicate that His Majesty's taste for beauty was very keen. Jane Seymour looks meek, amiable, and domestic; perhaps she was a pillow after the aspiring and exacting Anne. The best-looking of the set is Catherine Howard, who may even be called handsome. She had undoubtedly been unchaste before marriage; but only unchastity as Queen-Consort, which she denied, could have legally qualified her for the block, to which, perhaps, in any case, a high-bred gentleman would hardly like to send his wife. In the portrait of Anne of Cleves there is reason to suspect that the artist played up to the diplomatic hand of Cromwell. Henry, who had been pleased with the portrait, found in the reality a "Flanders mare." His first meeting with her foreshadowed that of George IV. with Caroline of Brunswick, when the destined, perhaps it might be said the doomed, bridegroom stepped aside after the embrace and whispered to Lord Malmesbury to get him a glass of brandy.

VI.

The portrait of Sir Thomas More by Holbein is expressive of beauty of character, as well as of refinement of mind. Indeed, the character of More is one of the most beautiful in history. He had once been on very familiar terms with Henry, whom he had aided in bringing out his work against Luther. The King at that time had treated him very lovingly, putting his arm round More's neck as they walked together. But the tie of friendship no more bound the tyrant's heart than did that of conjugal love. Even in those days, More had read aright the character of his royal friend. "The King," he had said, "was a very good lord to him—but if his head could buy a fortress in France, it would go." That he and Fisher were judicially murdered is unquestionable. Their alleged crime was their refusal to take an oath to a revolutionary measure investing with the supreme headship of the Church a brutal despot and gross voluptuary, who had earned the title of "Defender of the Faith" by publicly defending the supremacy of the Pope. Only by the most infamous treachery on the part of the Court parasite Rich, Solicitor-General, had even such an apology for evidence as there was against More been procured. Both Fisher and More did all that could possibly be required of them as subjects; they were

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willing to swear to the succession, though not to the King's supremacy over the Church. It was for treason that Fisher and More were put to death, not for heresy; so that Mr. Pollard is mistaken if he thinks that More fell a victim to a principle of persecution for religious opinion upheld by himself. The King completed the exhibition of his character by seizing the goods of his murdered friend and turning More's widow out of her home.

Very repulsive is the artfulness with which Froude labors to blacken the character of More, in order to disarm our pity for him and our indignation against his murderer. It is not true that when More became Chancellor the stake resumed its activity. The statement of Erasmus, made before all Europe, that no one suffered death for heresy while More was Chancellor, was true. The only doubtful case, that of Baynard, dated by Fox in April, really took place in May, on the 16th day of which month More formally resigned, having probably ceased to act some days before. Besides, the judge is not responsible for the law; Lord Mansfield was not responsible for the hanging of sheep-stealers or people guilty of petty thefts. The story of More's torturing heretics rests on no foundation save a manifestly lying manifesto of Cromwell, who was himself fiendishly torturing as well as murdering the good monks of the Charter House. The writer of "Utopia" was a Liberal in his general tendencies, though the violence of the Revolution had repelled him and led him to engage in controversy on the Conservative side, and thus to include *Haereticis Molestus* among the titles which he gives himself in his epitaph.

Froude's attempt to excuse these murders on the ground that "the nation was standing with its sword half drawn in the face of an armed Europe," is mere rhodomontade. The Emperor was offended by the treatment of his aunt; but he showed no serious intention of attacking England. Henry was on good enough terms with the King of France, still more with the Protestants of Germany. More repulsive even than rhodomontade is the attempt to represent the shedding of the blood of Fisher and More as righteous retribution for the blood of Raymond of Toulouse (who, as it happened, died in his bed), and other victims of Roman Catholic persecution. What confidence can be placed in the integrity of a historian who thus perverts sentiment in the

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interest of injustice? The suggestion that, had an invasion taken place, More and Fisher would have been on the side of the invader needs no comment. On the other hand, nothing could be more likely to expose the country to dangerous enmities than the murder of men respected by all Europe, which filled even Protestant Germany with indignation.

Reginald Pole, luckily for himself, happened to be abroad, or he would have shared the fate of Fisher and More. Attempts to decoy, kidnap, or assassinate him failed. So the King had to be content with murdering the Cardinal's aged mother, the Countess of Salisbury, and some of his relatives. Pole is another enemy of Froude's hero whose reputation the worshipper strives diligently to blast. Pole was not the narrow and odious fanatic that Froude represents him as being. As a theologian he was a member of the liberal circle called the Oratory of Divine Love, of which Contarini was the chief, and which aimed at reconciliation with the Protestants on the broad basis of Justification by Faith. His work, "*De Unitate Ecclesiae,*" was called forth by Henry's usurpation of the headship of the Church; and, surely, without any narrow fanaticism a religious man might well object to seeing the Church, the unity of which all Christians prized, rent in twain in order to gratify a tyrant's lust, and spiritual supremacy assumed by such a representative of Christian morality as Henry VIII. Pole was actually deposed from his legateship in England by the fanatical Pope Paul IV., for not being sufficiently zealous in the cause of persecution. Macaulay has called Reginald Pole the best, as well as the last, of the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury, forgetting perhaps that there had been such Archbishops as Anselm and Stephen Langton. The suggestion that Pole had Cranmer burned to open the way to the Archbishopric for himself is baseless. Cranmer, having been attainted both for heresy and treason, was civilly and ecclesiastically dead. His mere physical life could not stand between Pole and the See.

VII.

In Cranmer's portrait (by Fliccius) we should not look for force or decision, and we do not find them. As a boy, he had been under a very severe schoolmaster, which had perhaps served to break his spirit. The face is heavy, rather commonplace, but guileless. Cranmer at the outset put himself in a fatally weak

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position as a priest secretly married, whom Henry and Cromwell, if he refused to do their will, could have unfrocked for breach of his vows. His whole course shows that he was good at heart and in easy times would probably have done well. The worst stain on his memory is the burning of Jean Bocher for heresy; and in this case again it is apparent that his hand was forced, and that he did what he wished to avoid. He did his utmost to get the heretic to recant. In lighting the pile for Jean Bocher, he was lighting it for himself. Whither had Christendom drifted, when these things, and things much worse than these, could be done in the name of the Teacher of Galilee? To the policy of the Protectorate, and afterwards to that of Northumberland, Cranmer bent like a reed. He lent himself to the attempt to set aside Mary in favor of Jane Grey. The attempt was desperate. But to those who severely blame Cranmer for his share in it, it may be answered that he was sincere though not firm in his Protestantism, while to the Protestant cause the accession of Mary meant ruin. The Primate's religious temperament qualified him for being, as he was, the chief founder of Anglicanism, that curious compromise between Catholicism and Protestantism, the spirit of which is strikingly embodied in the double set of words for the administration of the Eucharist. It has been truly said that Cranmer's wavering at the last, and the pathetic struggle between his conscience and the fear of death, were likely to move the special pity of the people and to increase the impressiveness of his martyrdom.

VIII.

The portrait of Thomas Cromwell by Holbein shows character, but is probably a softened version of the subject. It is so at least if we may trust the description of the original given in the "Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell," for which we are indebted to the diligent research of Mr. Merriman.* "Cromwell," Mr. Merriman says, "was a short, stoutly built man, with a large face, smooth shaven, with close-cropped hair, and a heavy double chin, with a small and cruel mouth, an extraordinary long upper lip, and a pair of gray eyes set closely together, and moving restlessly under his light eyebrows."

Nature seems, therefore, to have warned the beholder. In

* "Life and Letters of Thomas Cromwell." By Roger Bigelow Merriman. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1902. 2 vols.

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thorough-paced villainy Thomas Cromwell has had few peers. Who beside him has ever deliberately set down his criminal intentions in his memorandum book?—

"*Item*, The Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, and also to be executed there with his complices."

"*Item*, To see that the evidence be well sorted and the indictments well drawn against the said Abbots and their complices."

"*Item*, To remember specially the Lady of Sar [Salisbury]."

"*Item*, What the King will have done with the Lady of Sarum."

"*Item*, To send Gendon to the Tower to be racked."

"*Item*, To appoint preachers to go through this realm to preach the Gospel and true word of God."

Thomas Cromwell may be said to have had something like a precursor and counterpart in William of Nogaret, the tool of Philip the Fair in the infamous proceedings against the Templars. But it does not appear that William of Nogaret kept such a notebook as that of Thomas Cromwell.

Cromwell openly professed his belief in Macchiavelli and his contempt for ordinary morality. His ability and address, his powers of insinuation especially, were on a par with his unscrupulousness. We are told, as a redeeming feature, that he was fond of literature and art. So were many of the worst men of the Renaissance. His early history is obscure. But it seems that he was a hired trooper in Italy, where he probably imbibed Macchiavelli's ideas. Afterwards, returning to England, he became a scrivener, and combined the chicane of the law with the ferocity of a mercenary camp. Of real religion he was totally devoid. To make the Crown absolute and himself, as its Vizier, omnipotent, was the aim which he most skilfully and unscrupulously pursued. If he took the side of Protestantism, it was that he might crush the independence of the Church, and transfer her power and wealth to the Crown. Henry seems to have felt that he had in Thomas Cromwell a low, though most useful, tool. He not only "beknaved" him frequently, but boxed his ears.

Wolsey had tried to rule without Parliaments. Cromwell's policy was to rule through an enslaved Parliament. Mr. Pollard seems to question the fact that Parliament in Henry's reign was servile. Parliament passed, at the dictation of the Crown, Acts for putting the victims of royal displeasure to death without a trial; it passed an Act authorizing the King to repudiate his

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debts and compelling those who had been repaid to refund the payments; it betrayed its own trust as a legislature by giving the King's proclamations the force of law; it enabled him to dispose of the succession to the Crown, like a private inheritance, by his personal will. It also enabled a King on reaching the age of twenty-four to cancel Acts of Parliament made before his attainment of that age. What greater proofs of servility could it give? But we are not left to mere inference; we have the correspondence between Cromwell and the Mayor of a town, in which Cromwell commands the Mayor to set aside representatives who had been duly elected, and to elect others more pleasing to the Crown in their place; an order which is at once and without opposition obeyed. Hall tells us that a Parliament which passed a repudiation Act was packed with the King's servants. Hallam truly says that the Peers were not less servile than the Commons. Acts of Attainder were always hanging over their heads. Juries were, if possible, more servile still. The trial of a Crown victim was a farce. It was the mere registration of the decree of death.

It is almost needless to add that Cromwell was corrupt and accumulated wealth by foul means. As ecclesiastical Vicar-General, he was the worthy Vizier of a Church of which his master was the Sultan. At last, he made a false step in diplomacy, in which he seems to have been less skilful than in home administration, and he thus delivered himself into the hands of his enemies, the Catholic and reactionary party in the King's Council, to whom, as they were also representatives of the ancient nobility, the omnipotent scrivener was supremely hateful. He had committed no offence against the King, none at least except that of betraying Henry into a marriage with a Flanders mare. But he fell, and to fall in those councils was death, for the King feared those under whose influence he had been and could not bear to let them live. Cromwell begged abjectly for life, but in vain. His head fell under his own guillotine, an Act of Attainder without trial.

The dissolution of the monasteries was Cromwell's work. Wolsey had broken the spell and paved the way by the dissolution of some of the smaller houses to provide funds for his foundations at Ipswich and Oxford. The end of monasticism had, no doubt, come. In the last reign, Bishop Foxe, intending to found a mon-

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astery, had been advised by a shrewd brother bishop, Oldham, of Exeter, to found a college instead:

> "What, my lord," Oldham is represented as saying, "shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing [praying] monks, whose end and fall we ourselves may live to see? No, no; it is more meet, a great deal, that we should have care to provide for the increase of learning, and for such as by their learning shall do good in the church and commonwealth."

But there ought to have been gentleness in the process of dissolution, and discrimination ought to have been used. The monasteries were far dearer to the people in the intellectually backward North than they were in the more advanced South; and in the North they were the only hostels. The consequence of indiscriminate rapacity and violence was a great rebellion in the North, in the suppression of which the King showed his usual ferocity, mendacity, and perfidy. That vice abounded among the monks is undoubted. But it seems to have prevailed less in the greater than in the smaller houses. Cromwell's commissioners of inquiry were rogues, whose mission was simply to find warrants for rapine. Of the immense mass of wealth thus confiscated, a small part was devoted to public objects;—the foundation of new bishoprics and the building of forts to guard the country against the invasion to the danger of which the King's policy had now exposed it. But far the greater part was either squandered by Henry himself in Court luxury, ostentation, and the gambling to which he was greatly addicted, or lavished on the satellites of the Court, who formed a new peerage of servility and rapine, the real fountain-head of what fancy paints as the ancient aristocracy of England. Among the spoils of the monasteries were the tithes of parishes which had been held as cures and served by the monks. Even these, instead of being restored to the parishes, were swept into the general plunder.

The same violence characteristic of marauders rather than of statesmen marked the whole course of the revolution, while the oscillations caused by the King's caprice and the alternating ascendency of parties in his Council, were enough to produce total instability of religious faith and degradation of spiritual life among the people. The fruits of this policy were religious risings, first in Henry's reign, then under the Protectorate, and afterwards the counter-revolution under Mary.

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IX.

Among the last portraits are those of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in the collection of the Duke of Norfolk, and Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the Protector. Surrey and his father, the Duke of Norfolk, represent the remnant of the old nobility and the Catholic and reactionary party in the Council. Surrey is a poet and represents the revival of gentler pursuits after the iron age of the civil wars. He is a harbinger of the Elizabethan era. Seymour represents the new oligarchy of placemen and the policy of religious revolution. He was the brother of Jane Seymour and uncle of the infant heir to the throne. The old tyrant was now sinking into bloated decrepitude, and the end of his career of crime was near. The Seymours were looking forward to a minority, a regency, and a concentration of power and plunder in their own hands. The judicial murder of their possible rivals, Norfolk and his son, was entirely in accordance with the customs of that Court. Surrey's head fell. Norfolk, doomed to die, was saved by the death of the King. The chief witness against Surrey was his own sister. Norfolk had borne a conspicuous part in the judicial murder of his own niece. In that Court, ambition and greed trampled not only on justice and humanity, but on natural affection.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE SULTAN AND THE CALIPHATE: A SIDE-LIGHT ON TURKISH POLICY.

BY LLOYD SANDERS.

A TREATISE on the public law of Islam may not seem a likely foundation upon which to reconstruct international relations with the Porte, at present as unsatisfactory as they can be. Yet Count Léon Ostrorog, in his recently published edition of the work of the famous jurist, Ali-ibn-Mohammed el-Mawerdi* has emphasized that possibility for those capable of drawing conclusions from well-established premises. *"El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya"* ("The Book of the Rules of Sovereign Power") will serve, as he points out, to guide Christian administrators over countries inhabited by the followers of the Prophet, like the British in India and the French in Algeria. If used with discretion, however, it should prove invaluable, as he hints rather than openly asserts, to the Foreign Offices and Constantinople Embassies as well.

El-Mawerdi flourished in the first half of the Eleventh Century, A.D., when the Caliphate, under the earlier Abbassides, contrived with consummate skill to curb the violence of the mercenary captains by the assertion of its sacred prerogatives. Thanks to his reputation as Judge of Judges at Bagdad, he was sent on more than one mission to arrogant princes and Sultans. Above all, he was intrusted by the Caliph el-Quaim (or el-Káim) with the composition of "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya," as a manifesto to establish, against the rule of adventurers, the true and pure principles of the government of Islam.

"El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya" purports to be a treatise of practical law, ignoring the science of method on which all Mussulman

* "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya: Traité de Droit Public Musulman" Traiduit et annoté d'après les sources Orientales par le Comte Léon Ostrorog (Paris: Ernest Leroux).

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law is established. Count Ostrorog has supplied that deficiency in an erudite preface, with which, however, an inquiry into present Turkish politics need not concern itself. From that point of view, the importance of the book begins with the second volume, containing the translation and annotation of El-Mawerdi's text.

Since its identification with the present line of Sultans, the Caliphate has become a very different institution from what it was as set forth by El-Mawerdi, though of none of his numerous functions does the present holder of that office make more effusive parade than of his succession as Messenger of Allah. Abdul Hamid finds countenance, no doubt, in the shadow of authority which Selim I. extorted from the last of the puppet Abbassides in 1517, long after the Mongols had extinguished the Caliphate as a governing theocracy. Whatever the force of that delegation may have been, however, the Commandership of the Faithful was never intended to be confined to a single family. El-Mawerdi holds by the orthodox opinion, quoting the sayings of the Prophet, "The Caliph must be of the tribe of Koreish," and again "Give the chieftainship to the Koreish, and do not pretend to it yourselves." Within the tribe, moreover, he regarded the succession as determined, not by relationship—it was considered highly irregular, indeed, for a Caliph to nominate his father or his son—but by the possession of certain qualifications. The limitation to the Koreish makes, in any case, against the house of Othman, since a far more direct descent could be discovered without difficulty among the Sheikhs living about Mecca. Even if a pure pedigree is no longer held necessary—and the lay Mohammedans could hardly be persuaded to regard the Sultans from Selim downwards as usurpers—El-Mawerdi states in the plainest terms that those capable of holding the Caliphate must possess six other virtues. They are:

(1) Justice in all the fulness of its conditions;

(2) The amount of knowledge necessary to practise the *idjtihâd* (the Scripture and the Tradition) in making decisions and pronouncing sentences;

(3) Full enjoyment of the senses of hearing and sight, and of the gift of speech;

(4) Health of limb and body, so that they may be exempt from all failings which can hinder freedom and quickness of movement;

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(5) The amount of wisdom necessary for the government of subjects and the direction of affairs;

(6) The amount of valor and courage sufficient to protect the land of Islam and to conduct the Holy War against the enemy.

The Caliph, now identical with the Sultan, must be, in brief, a man at the outset of tried capacity. More than that, El-Mawerdi plainly regards him as holding his sacred office subject to continued capacity and good behavior. Appointed, in theory, by the free choice of the Moslems, he has nevertheless been mostly nominated by his predecessor. El-Mawerdi cites the precedents, and declares that "the disposition emanating from the antecedent Caliph has become, by the consent of the nation, a regular method of entering into the contract of the Caliphate." If he fixes on a particular person, in all respects eligible, who is not his son or his father, the Caliph can by his personal authority cause homage to be paid to that person, even though none of the electors have been consulted. "Controversy always exists," adds El-Mawerdi, "on the point whether the validity of the homage does or does not depend upon the consent of the electors," but he decides against the democratic theory. Still, election by a limited Conclave was recognized by the author of "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya" as of equal validity with designation by the reigning Caliph. He discusses the formation of that committee at some length, but with much obscurity. The doctors differed; and nomination was the general rule. Yet the elective system, though in an attenuated shape, has survived, even in these last days, for employment on occasions of doubt and difficulty. When, in 1876, the deposition of the weakling Murad became imperative, Abdul Hamid is known to have taken the advice of three of the Ulema before he ascended the throne. He recognized that he would reign under conditions, but he overlooked the inevitable corollary that, those conditions once broken, the law justified his subjects in rebelling against him. El-Mawerdi insists strongly upon the bond uniting Sovereign and subjects: "It is a contract depending upon the free consent of the parties, admitting neither of violence nor constraint."

The present Sultan, upon the most favorable construction of his actions, has by no means maintained the high level of conduct prescribed for him by El-Mawerdi. Next to the maintenance of true doctrine and the suppression of heresy, comes, according

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to that optimist, the duty of administering justice. He must "execute judicial decisions and regulate trials, so that the idea of justice may become general, the strong may not commit abuses, and the weak are not to be ill-used." Again, "Life, honor, and goods must be protected against all aggression, so that the peoples may live freely and as they please, and travel afar in safety from all danger to their persons and their goods." Even the slaves were to be guaranteed against any attempt on their rights, and the Confederates—the Christians or Jews who had made act of allegiance—against bloodshed and the dishonor of their women at the hands of the enemy. The exactions both from the Confederates (otherwise, the Protected) and the Faithful were to be made with moderation; safe men and of good counsel were to be set over finance. Finally, the Caliph must not hand over the cares of government to another, while surrendering himself to pleasure or devotion, "because the faithful man may turn traitor and the true man a deceiver."

El-Mawerdi elaborates these principles with much eloquence in chapter after chapter, but it seems unnecessary to follow him further. He has been quoted sufficiently to show that the Caliph is no tyrant unbound by any stipulations; but that he undertakes, on the contrary, a solemn contract to rule justly and mercifully. He can be deposed not only for physical imperfections, but for those moral obliquities which come under the comprehensive term, "impiety," as well. The orthodox Sunnites believe that the nation is justified in balancing against each other the two evils, the wicked conduct of the Caliph and the troubles that his removal would cause, and in choosing the lesser. As a last resource, it can, as Count Ostrorog explains in a discreet note, invoke the doctrine of "necessity" and recognize the right of might. The Caliph, besides, lies under obligation to rule equitably over his subjects, irrespective of creed. The Protected, the Christians and the Jews, are, in theory, secure from unjust taxation and illegal imprisonment, no less than the Faithful. British diplomacy has, unfortunately, under the influence of an ill-informed public opinion, made reform in Turkey almost entirely a matter of religion. It has urged the redress of wrongs inflicted on Christians—wrongs admittedly grievous—while ignoring the sufferings of the Mussulman peasantry, who are quite as deserving of sympathy as the Greeks or Armenians. The only effect

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has been to harden the Sultan's heart, and to bring massacre, as in recent years, from remote provinces into the streets of his capital. Close observers of Turkish politics assert that never was Abdul Hamid's authority more absolute and British diplomacy more impotent for good, than on the collapse of the last Armenian agitation. That senseless outcry rallied to him not only the ultra-fanatics, but Mohammedans, tolerant enough in quiet times, who regarded their creed as menaced by the Unbelievers. The most cultivated Turkish gentlemen informed Englishmen of long residence in Constantinople that never within their memory had the lives of Europeans been more insecure.

The cool-headedness of the American public preserved them from starting an agitation of their own. Yet their missionaries suffered grievous things during the massacres, many having to fly for their lives, leaving ruined schools and orphanages behind them, while one intrepid minister of the gospel narrowly escaped the cannon-shot that crashed into his sitting-room. Living in the interior, they were in a position to assert that the slaughter was of official origin far more confidently than the members of the Consular Services who conducted the inquiries. They heard with their own ears the note of the bugle which gave the signal for murder let loose, and the second note which warned it to cease. This vengeance upon their converts was the more cynically calculating, because the Sultan has invariably admitted that the American missionaries have never attempted to undermine his authority, and he has paid effusive compliments to the good work done by the Roberts College at Constantinople. It must be confessed that the diplomacy directed from Washington was a good deal more effective in wresting satisfaction from the Porte than it would have been if accompanied by a popular agitation. So much most Englishmen will admit in extenuation of the failure of their own Foreign Office. The Miss Stone episode should serve, nevertheless, as a warning to the State Department at Washington that it may be embroiled at any moment, so long as the present misrule continues.

Salisbury's deliberate adoption of a withdrawal policy, as announced in his "backing-the-wrong-horse" speech, reduced British influence to less than nothing; the Germans have assumed the British pride of place commercially, the Russians and French politically. Will his successor at the Foreign Office have the

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courage to depart from this disastrous supineness, and to play in the Near East the bold game which has served him so well in the Far? It is an absolute mistake to suppose that the old Turkophile party died in England with Lord Beaconsfield. Lord Lansdowne, if he tried to re-establish his country's prestige in Constantinople, would receive plenty of backing from moderate politicians who perceive that the condition of Turkey must be a vital national interest, while Great Britain continues to be a Mediterranean Power, while it retains its occupancy of Egypt, and, above all, while it includes in its Empire millions of Mohammedans. The attitude of the averted eye cannot be considered other than an undignified denial of responsibilities which will continue to exist whether the British Foreign Office likes them or not. The alternative—a course of remonstrance, with action undisguisedly behind it—would have to be matured, of course, in concert with the rest of Europe, though the moral support of the United States could be counted upon beforehand. Despite the Kaiser's cynical professions of friendship, frugally expressed in the present of a drinking fountain, no self-respecting Government can wish the present system of terrorism by palace spies to continue. The Sultan has been warned times without number, but in respect of his duties to the Christian populations, not to his subjects irrespective of race and creed. The Sultan must be judged by the ideal of the Caliphate. "By Allah," said Omar, "he that is weakest among you shall be in my sight as the strongest, until I have vindicated for him his rights; but him that is strongest will I treat as the weakest, until he complies with the laws." That is a truly benevolent despotism, and personal rule is the only form suitable for the heterogeneous multitudes under the Sultan's sway, or indeed comprehensible by them. The Young Turk party, a mere handful of dreamers who have been miseducated in Western Universities, have shown in their paper constitutions no grasp whatever of the needs of the Ottoman Empire. Yet, short of representative assemblies, there are the safeguards of regular taxation and security for life and property. These are enjoined upon the Caliph in "El-Ahkam es-Soulthaniya"; and the Powers have only to apply that treatise, which is regarded by every pious Moslem as but little inferior in authority to the Koran.

The Sultan can always be reached through the Ulema: a body of which he stands in salutary fear, despite his attempts by fre-

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quent changes to secure a subservient Sheikh-ul-Islam. They are known to hate him cordially, but without external support they naturally, like all priestly societies, feel a timidity in moving. But their consent once obtained, the Sultan could be frightened as he has never been frightened before, provided they could feel secure against being left in the lurch. As Abdul Hamid knows very well indeed, depositions, followed in the case of Abdul Aziz by murder, are no new thing in his family. If Turkish opinion acquiesced in that decisive step when carried out by a mere layman like Midhat Pasha, it would hail a change of rulers with delight if actively promoted by the Ulema. It may be that the Sultan has become too hardened in sin to be driven, even by his terrors, into righteous courses; and, even if he had the will, he could not easily rid himself of the corrupt placemen who have identified themselves with his system. In that case, a prince could be chosen from the house of Othman who would follow the traditions of Abdul-Medjid, and promulgate another Hatti-sherif of Gülhanè, securing equal rights to his subjects without distinction of nationality or religious belief, and re-establishing taxation on an equitable basis.

To go farther, and to play off Mecca against Stamboul by reviving the Caliphate, would be an interesting, but hazardous, experiment. The tendency to schism, which, though Western Europe seems to look upon Islam as creed without sects, always exists, would receive a prodigious impetus, and that influence would be explosive. The combination of the Caliphate with the Sultanate has received the sanction of a good many centuries, after all; and the world of Islam is not prepared for its undoing. An Arab sheikh, however pure his descent might be, would be ill-qualified besides to deal with the conditions of Mussulman society, now that they have become modified by association with the West. The spirit of the Caliphate can be restored, nevertheless, even though the reality has passed away, together with other forms of Empire that have ceased to justify their existence. When it fell to Omar to nominate his successor, he rejected candidate after candidate. One was too simple, another too much of a nepotist. Pride ruled out a third, and avarice a fourth. A fifth was judged unworthy, because, though capable of leading a squadron of cavalry, he could not lead the State. Omar's choice fell finally upon Abdur Rahman because he was "firm without harshness,

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economical without being a miser, and generous without being a prodigal." Yet Abdur Rahman surrendered his claims to Othman, on condition that he would diligently seek the interests of the nation, and formed one of the conclave who elected him. "This meeting of the candidates for the Caliphate in conclave," observes El-Mawerdi, "and the recognition of the validity of that conclave by the consent of the nation, are the bases on which stand both the validity of the contract of the Caliphate by disposition, and the validity of a disposition made in favor of a certain number of persons from among whom it should be the business of the electors to appoint the Caliph." Our true policy in Turkey should consist in the promotion of a return to this selection of the wisest and best.

The regeneration of the Turkish Empire can only come from the Moslems. The creation of the Balkan States, contiguous though they lie to civilized Governments, has been by no means an unmixed advantage. Hot-beds of intrigues calculated to disturb the peace of Europe at any moment, they enjoy but a precarious independence, which may ultimately have to be ended by their partition among the Great Powers. The Christian populations of the five villayets of Eastern Asia Minor must be accounted far less capable of administering their own affairs than the Servians or the Bulgarians. They dwell as minorities among more self-reliant races, in districts too remote to be reached by external assistance. Even if the Powers forced the Porte to dole out to them some form of home-rule, it would immediately be converted into the most dismal sham. If a somewhat trivial illustration may be permitted, they resemble schoolboys, whose parents are perpetually complaining to the head master, with the only result that he heaps punishments upon them. It is their inevitable lot to be governed by the principles contained in the Koran. But the more that great book is studied, the more does its true motive appear to be not oppression, but equality. Broken daily and hourly by the tyrannies of the present degenerate holder of the Caliphate, the Koran needs a true Caliph to interpret its essentially just decrees.

LLOYD SANDERS.

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JOHN H. TWACHTMAN: AN ESTIMATION.

BY T. W. DEWING, CHILDE HASSAM, ROBERT REID,
EDWARD SIMMONS, AND J. ALDEN WEIR.

I.

By the death of John H. Twachtman, the world has lost an artist of the first rank. He was a landscape painter of what is called the more modern sort; he certainly represents the most modern spirit. He is too modern, probably, to be fully recognized or appreciated at present; but his place will be recognized in the future, and he will one day be a "classic," to use the literary term; for the public catches but slowly the professional opinion, though in the end the professional opinion becomes the public opinion.

In defining the quality of Twachtman's painting, one would say that, first of all, he was a master of "values"—as much so as Whistler. The planes in his canvases lie back in their places with wonderful accuracy, producing an unsurpassed effect of atmosphere. His style is that of all great art—the line very fine and subtle, with no trick of stiffening or straightening to give what is called "classic dignity." He never composed or arranged, in the conventional sense, to fill a space.

One of his pictures instantly arrests the eye of the connoisseur by a certain true aspect, as original as Thoreau, and sometimes curiously like him. To one familiar with American out-of-door Nature, the resemblance is striking. In one of Twachtman's representations of snow—say, for instance, his painting of a dim wood-road in February—the kind of day is given perfectly. One feels the temperature, and recalls the scream of the blue jay, the black-green leaves of the sapling pines turning gray in the wind. It is like a page from Thoreau's note books. This likeness to Thoreau is, of course, due to the fact that they were both

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original observers, observers at first hand. They were occupied with "*les choses vues.*"

He painted yellow autumn and gray spring; early morning by rivers in places where the horizon is low; and he also painted studies of the more spectacular parts of America, like the Yellowstone Park and Niagara Falls. These latter are interesting because of their point of view, as examples of the modern rendering—not as a finality, by any means. These places will probably not be finally treated in art for many centuries; but his studies of them have the same kind of interest that notes on the modern city of New York might have if written by Flaubert or De Goncourt.

It seems idle as yet to try to place Twachtman where he should be in relation to Corot, Rousseau or Daubigny. It is not the same kind of painting. As to Monet and Whistler, whom he is like, it is too soon to class him. What we do know is that he was a great artist; and we should preserve his work in museums, where it would not be subject to the danger of fire and careless handling, that we may show that we had at this time high art and respected it.

T. W. DEWING.

II.

IT is difficult to define, perhaps, what the charm is in a work of art, and in speaking here of Twachtman's work, which had so much charm and distinction, I shall probably parallel the thoughts of many of my fellow-painters, and possibly their words if they should speak of him.

The great beauty of design which is conspicuous in Twachtman's paintings is what impressed me always; and it is apparent to all who see and feel, that his works were sensitive and harmonious, strong, and at the same time delicate even to evasiveness, and always alluring in their evanescence.

His was surely the work of a painter too—a man's work. You felt the virile line. It was in his clouds and tree forms, in his stone walls and waterfalls, in his New England hillsides, and in the snow clinging to the roof of an old barn or edging the hemlock pool. His use of line was rhythmic, and the movements were always graceful. The many landscapes that these words will recall —with their simplicity and breadth of treatment, and their handling, often of great force and beauty, of brush-work and

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painter-like assurance—were amongst the very handsome modern open-air canvases. Their breadth, with the swing and sinuosity of line in his rocky pastures, and in brooks set with boulders, with the swirl of little waterfalls, had something that was very large and noble in expression. All this, with his arrangement of forms (for the pleinærist does arrange forms when working from nature), made his work most valuable and interesting—designed, and with great beauty of design. By design I mean by no means conventional composition. The definition so often given of the work of modern painters in landscape—which is, that they take a *motif* anywhere, as if looking out of an open window, and paint it just as they see it—is partly erroneous, only a half truth. These painters do try to give you frankly the aspect of the thing seen in its fundamental and essential truths; but that they do not place things as they feel they should be placed to get the balance and beauty of the whole, well seen within the frame, is a mistaken idea. Twachtman might have painted, indeed he did paint, a tree in Nutley, New Jersey, with a distance and middle distance of Gloucester Harbor, Massachusetts.

A noble and expressive line, with a joyous feeling for nature, a frank and manly directness in presenting truths, by painting, however poetic and fleeting, must give value and distinction to any work in paint—or in any other medium in which we express ourselves in what is called Art.

Twachtman was a boy in the sunlight; and Thoreau, that other remarkable landscapist and pleinærist in words, says somewhere that "the Greeks were boys in the sunlight," and to me that is a complete description of the Greek nature. His work as color had delicate refinement and truth. His color is the color of northern nature in the changing envelopes of subtle gradation. There is nothing swashbuckler about his subjects or his color, and in these days of spurious old masters, of artificiality, of rainbows and sunbursts, that is refreshing. One gets tired of Alps and sunsets, at least in literature and painting; in music they can be better done. And in this province of the painter, Twachtman has, in his small, slight sketches, these same qualities of charm of line and delicacy of vision. True to our northern nature, too! Truths well told, interestingly told, just as a few words well chosen will tell a truth that a thousand cannot!

Twachtman felt very keenly the unrelenting, constant war that

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mediocrity wages against the unusual and superior things. The public are anxious to take the word of an office-boy in any art-shop, in preference to that of an American painter of recognized ability. Art has no frontiers, to be sure, but some of the dealers (not all) will assure you that there is a frontier and that it begins right here at the New York Custom House. It is curious how stupid the public can be about this! If the Celt and the Teuton cannot paint (and they have done the best painting) on this side of the ocean, then natural laws are changed.

In the last few years, American paintings have been purchased by art museums in the United States, especially by many of the minor ones. Some of the larger ones are in the hands of people too incompetent or interested to recognize the position of the American painter to-day. If it is a question of buying an American or a foreign painting—let us say, only of equal merit—by a museum, the foreign picture is bought.

The American people can at least go on record as having respected the art of their own country, which has been fully recognized abroad. Why should not the Metropolitan Museum have a gallery devoted to the work of American painters? The Metropolitan Museum should have an American room, and Twachtman should be well represented in it. We have an art! Let us respect it!

With such an estimation of the work of this American artist, a man who was an able painter and a joyous, energetic individuality, who worked for the love of it and worked well, one must feel that he has not yet been adequately appreciated.

CHILDE HASSAM.

III.

WITH all but the few the importance of a work of art depends, naturally and perhaps rightfully, upon the degree in which its subject is familiar to them—that is, upon its resemblance to some familiar scene or object. Thus, the "speaking likeness" is commonly regarded as a "great work of art," no matter what its limitations may be as an example of the painter's work; while the most exquisitely true representation of some unusual or unfamiliar phase of nature will always be considered unnatural, and, therefore, "bad art." Take, for instance, the picture which shows the mirror of a brook, as one looks down into it on a calm and sunny

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day. Does one not see reflected there white clouds against the sky? The world would hang that picture upside down! And yet every one who has walked afield of a summer's day has seen, if not observed, this bit of heaven *below* the horizon!

Corot got up betimes in the morning and painted a waking Nature seen through the mist, but the world took many years to acknowledge that Nature "looked that way." Even those who had seen her oftenest at that hour, the shepherd or the fisherman, had only seen the flocks and the fields, or searched the stream for the deepest pools—not for the color of the glad reflections in their depths, giving back two-fold to the artist the sky and air and the green of trees, but knowing only where the fishes lay.

So it has been all these years, from Bonnington and Constable to Corot, and then, perhaps, to Monet, whose influence has been so great that landscape painting shall never be again the same.

Twachtman was of those to whom the subtler beauties of nature, which, though not hidden, have been seen only by the few, appealed most strongly, and it was the element in his nature which responded to that appeal that gave the charm to his work. Enthusiasm seems to have been the keynote of his character—a singularly gentle enthusiasm, a smiling rather than a laughing sympathy with his work, his family and his friends. In his work, it pervaded all he did, from the pastel note of a wild flower on a bit of tinted paper to his completest painting.

He painted as all men have done who have made great art; he painted the atmosphere he breathed, the atmosphere of his time.

He, perhaps as much as any one, illustrates the adage that "Art is nature seen through a temperament," and his was a temperament which gave to his work an entirety of personality, and made it represent a true and sincere and healthy-minded "seeing of things."

ROBERT REID.

IV.

IN the death of John H. Twachtman we lose one of our best landscape painters.

The question is pertinent as to just why there has always been a slight prejudice which places landscape in a subordinate position. One constantly hears the phrase, "only landscape." Why does the world consider painting which represents the human being superior, *per se,* to that which reproduces the sky, the sea,

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the hills? He who seeks information on any subject naturally turns to that which has been done, and bases his deduction upon the masterpieces of the world, as in judging a book one compares it with the work of masters of modern and ancient literature.

The acknowledged moment of highest achievement in painting was what is called the Italian Renaissance, and in speaking of the work of any man of to-day, one naturally compares it to that of Raphael, Michel Angelo, Veronese, Titian, and their great contemporaries. In seeking for the expression of that beauty which, in colloquial phrase, we call "out-of-doors," we find little or none among these men. We who love our fields, our woods, our sea beaches, and the sky over all, must conclude that they observed but casually and cared but little for these fine things. That which has so impressed us when we have seen it pictured by Corot, seems to have been neglected by them. If they were not ignorant of it, they surely neglected it. Here is possibly a distinction of some significance between mediæval and modern art.

Such things as Whistler's pictures of the Thames, Monet's sense of *plein air,* such frank and simple expression of his delight in the air we breathe as Twachtman's, exist nowhere in the records of Italian art. Why is this? To the unprejudiced mind of to-day, it seems strange that the beauty of the outside world which we bring home with us, forgetful of the people we have seen there,—beauty which must have been waiting in the hills of Italy,—it seems strange that this was not an inspiration for the great men of the Italian Renaissance. Why did it not appeal more strongly to them? Landscape for its own sake is purely modern.

We, therefore, in searching for an answer to our question, very naturally ask why we, if we had been Titian or Leonardo, should have felt so little concern for landscape, and we attempt to put ourselves in their place, to follow in their footsteps day by day, to get back to the conditions of their century.

Only in later times could a man neither conspicuously rich nor powerful live in the country in safety. The closer one gets to the life of the Middle Ages, the more one finds the human race divided into two classes, the laborer and the lord. Throughout Europe, every gathering of human dwellings, from the small village to the great city, bears pathetic evidence that it was necessary for the humble to huddle together for protection, and to bar out the world at large with a wall.

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The gentle art of landscape, with its concomitant of white umbrella, camp stool, and sandwich, must have been pursued with some difficulty with the predatory baron of the neighborhood on one hand and the city wall on the other. The accounts of every-day life of that period which we obtain from letters, constantly speak of the dangers of a trip to London, for instance——a trip which had to be undertaken with armed guards. Those who could not afford such protection did not travel.

In following the hero of "The Cloister and the Hearth" as he walks his long walk to Italy, we may, perhaps, get a more vivid view of the point we are considering.

> "For gentle Lamia judged and judged aright
> That Lycius could not love in such a fright."

Even to-day, there are places in the world where the study of the beauty of nature out-of-doors is pursued at an imminent risk of personal assault. Under such conditions, a life like that of Twachtman, passed in the absorption of the beauty of that which the earlier artist used only as a background, was a frank impossibility; and it is but logical that the first fair example of modernity in the fine arts should have sprung up in England, where the liberty and safety of the private individual first became assured. We find Delacroix and Géricault, whom the French of to-day claim as fathers of the modern movement, in their turn calling Constable their master.

All this is merely an attempt to consider, fairly and impersonally, the foundation of what has so far been a popular belief, that landscape has stood, and therefore should stand, in a subordinate position.

There is something which excites one's sense of humor in the idea of two human beings facing each other under the great sky, wreathed in the blue gauze of the atmosphere, with the spaces of the universe for a background, claiming that that part of God's creation which is not included in their own personality counts for little.

An exception to all this is the art of Japan and China. It would be interesting to learn from those who are wise in such matters how far personal safety accounts for this.

The canvases which Twachtman has left us, like all work of signally original merit, may prove for a time too fine a food for

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the general palate. Their very honesty in attempting to state no more than he knew and felt separates them from the popular commonplace. But little by little we are learning. That vagueness of detail which seemed strange to us when Corot began to teach us, the photographic camera has proved to be the truth. Trees move —something so simple that it is strange that Botticelli seemed unaware of it, and that we should have had to wait for Corot to tell it to us.

No man expresses well in any art what he does not know to the bottom. It is as necessary for him who wishes to paint landscape to live surrounded by what he loves, as for him who would paint an elephant to go and find the animal.

Some day the tendency to despise everything not to be expressed in words,—so characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon,—will be laughed away, and visual beauty, passionately felt and finely stated, such as we find in the work of Twachtman, will be ranked according to the artist's success in realizing the beauty he saw, and not according to its subject matter.

The harm which the contempt for material beauty peculiar to the Protestant creeds has done in coarsening our fibre and weakening our intellectual power shall be cured by just such bold and patient fingers as his. EDWARD SIMMONS.

V.

IT is rarely that the work of an artist such as Mr. Twachtman can be thoroughly estimated by those of his own time who stand outside the pale of art. To my mind, he was in advance of his age to the extent that, like many others, he lived ahead of his epoch. No artist was more thoroughly equipped for his work. He possessed, first and above all, a true and intimate love for nature, combined with a temperament of the most artistic and sensitive make-up; his attitude toward nature, in the eliminating of certain preconceived ideas as to what constitutes a work of art, naturally produced in him a *parti prit,* the character of the landscape, the light and atmosphere enveloping the same, being to him the great charm, and, therefore, the qualities the most vital. He was in accord with nature, winter or summer, and a day with him in the country was always a delight. The open fields with their long lines running into the landscape enticed one from the house on the hill-side to where the stream wandered through the valley,

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capable of transforming itself into a torrent at the approach of spring. Such will be recognized as the subject of many of Mr. Twachtman's canvases, in which one is made to feel the spirit of the place and the delight with which his work was done.

Strong and firm in his convictions, he stood, searching for the beauties of those truths of which he was so keen an observer, until the time came when his brushes were laid aside. So the seer, whether in religion or art, has his convictions, which he makes known—often not being understood until in some later time he is discovered as one who was an honor and credit to his age. Rare as were the qualities which Twachtman possessed, it is hard to think that they remain veiled from the public.

J. ALDEN WEIR.

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POLITICAL ECONOMY AND THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY J. H. HOLLANDER, PROFESSOR OF FINANCE IN JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

SOME twenty-three years ago, Arnold Toynbee—that beautiful soul among the social reformers of the nineteenth century—stood before an audience of working-men, in Bradford, England, and endeavored, as he said, "to dispel some of those prejudices which working-men in the past have entertained, and still, to some extent, entertain, towards Economic Science." He took for his subject the topic "Wages and Natural Law," and pointed out the natural forces which influence the position of the wage-earner for better or for worse. He must have spoken for an hour or more, but his last words have all the earnestness and pathos of a prayer:

> "In conclusion, I would entreat working-men to believe that Political Economy is no longer an instrument for the aggrandizement of the rich and the impoverishment of the poor; that, in as far as it is a science at all, it endeavors to explain the laws by which wealth is produced and distributed by men, as they are at present constituted under the existing institutions of society; that, as a theoretical science, it pronounces no judgment on these laws, nor on the conduct of laborers and employers; but that, as a practical science, it does frame precepts, not in the interests of the employers alone, but in the interests of the whole people."

Toynbee's words are valuable as evidence of the unwholesome relation which existed between political economy and the laboring class for the first three-quarters of last century. With the wage-earner, it was hatred of economic science and distrust of its exponents. With the political economist, it was discredit of labor-organization theory and opposition to trades-union practice.

The evolution of this attitude of mutual antagonism is a depressing chapter in the internal history of political economy from

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Adam Smith to John Stuart Mill. The science which Pulteney, in 1797, in the House of Commons, was able to declare would, through its chief expositor, "persuade the present generation and govern the next," and whose growth in popularity was such that, in 1822, Maria Edgeworth could note that it had become high fashion with blue ladies "to make a great jabbering on the subject," and even to require that their daughters' governesses should teach it—had become, a generation later, "the dismal science" and "the creed of mammonism."

More than in any other single circumstance, the clue to this extraordinary revulsion of feeling is found in the development of English economic thought with respect to the central point of the labor question—the law of wages.

In as far as Adam Smith had any scientific predecessor, it was the school of French economists, or physiocrats, of the latter half of the eighteenth century. Their theory of wages was a reflection of the condition of the French laborer on the eve of the French Revolution. Turgot wrote:

> "In every kind of work it cannot fail to happen, and, as a matter of fact it does happen, that the wages of the workmen are limited to what is necessary to procure him his subsistence."

But in England actual wages were much more above what was necessary to keep body and soul together than in France. Accordingly, Adam Smith, with a mind always intent upon actual conditions, promptly abandoned the theory that wages are limited to a necessary minimum. He saw that, before the industrial use of land and capital, "the produce of labor constitutes the natural recompense or wages of labor"; that, thereafter, "wages are settled by a bargain between masters and men"; that, in bargaining, the masters possessed certain strategic advantages, but that the increasing demand for labor which characterizes a progressive society causes wages to rise. Adam Smith's study of the wages question, although not without error, was a forward movement.

But the economists who succeeded Adam Smith—the Ricardians—were of very different stamp. Men of affairs, though many of them were, yet their reasoning was more abstract, more neglectful of actual conditions, than the Scotch philosopher's. Under any circumstances, this disregard of actual conditions would have been bad. But the time in which it occurred being a time of radical change, the effect was calamitous.

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Adam Smith wrote, as has so often been noted, on the eve of the great industrial revolution in English economic life. There were symptoms of approaching change; but the type of industry was still a little group of hand-workers under the direction of a successful industrialist, working with a little capital and simple appliances. But in a generation came a change that was magical. Tools were replaced by machines. Manual force gave way to motive power. The domestic system decayed, and factories and mills sprang up. Capital took on a new importance. Instead of being a mere convenience and an aid to production, it became an indispensable requisite of production. It no longer meant simple tools and raw materials only a few days removed from market and sale; but great factories and costly machinery and round-about—although in the long run economical—processes, in which a long interval elapsed between the purchase of the materials and the sale of the finished product. Labor seemed to have become dependent upon capital, not for greater efficiency, but for bare exercise and for actual employment.

This qualitative subordination naturally enough gave encouragement to a theory of quantitative relation. If the existence of capital to pay wages was necessary for the employment of labor, it was but a step to declare that the number of persons who could be employed depended upon the amount of capital; or that, at any given time, the rate of wages that could be paid to the persons actually employed depended upon the fund of capital.

Such was the natural history of the well-known wage-fund theory, to which English political economists, with but few exceptions, lent willing ear for the fifty years from 1817 to 1866, and which practically dominated English socio-economic practice during the same period. It naturally reduced the question of wages to a sum in division, in which the number of laborers was the divisor, the amount of capital was the dividend and the rate of wages was the quotient. Wages could rise only by a slower rate of increase or a positive reduction in the number of laborers, or by a more rapid growth, absolutely and relatively, in the fund of capital.

It is easy to realize the unhappy corollaries inevitably drawn from the wage-fund theory. It meant that the laborer could secure none of the benefits of social progress and economic improvement; even more, that he could hope to obtain none of the

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results of his own increased efficiency, greater dexterity and larger intelligence, except as they slowly filtered down to him through his sum in long division. It regarded trades unions as useless, strikes as mischievous, and legislative enactment, in so far as it sought to improve the conditions of employment, as visionary. None of these things either reduced the number of laborers or increased the wage-fund. The only possible way for wages to grow was for the laborer to exercise prudence and restraint in the increase of his numbers and thereafter to sit still and be good; in which case the profits of the capitalist-employer would increase, a part thereof would be saved and added to the wage-fund, and the laborer thus ultimately benefited.

By 1850, the mischief had been done. Since the political economist at every turn and corner seemed ever to be against the working-man, the working-man would have none of the political economist. Political radicalism and socialistic agitation intensified the antipathy; until, to the laboring class, economic theories seemed mere devices of capitalistic exploitation.

The wage-fund theory held sway in English political economy, with at best inarticulate and unavailing dissent, for the two generations following Ricardo. A reaction was inevitable, and in the decade from 1866 to 1875 it came. Longe's formal indictment in 1866 was followed by Cliffe-Leslie's criticism in 1868, by Thornton's attack in 1869, and by Mill's ponderous recantation in the same year. Whatever new life was given by "patched and revamped" versions thereafter, was formally extinguished by the powerful assault of our own brilliant soldier-economist, the late Francis A. Walker—first, in a remarkable essay on "The Wage Fund Theory," in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in January, 1875; a year later, with convincing detail in a treatise on "The Wages Question."

The noteworthy circumstance in this reaction is that, just as the Ricardian economists went astray by a neglect of that wholesome method of economic investigation employed by Adam Smith, so a healthy tendency again emerged when careful observation displaced mere assumption in economic study. General Walker was too familiar with the actual facts of American industrial life to assent for a moment to the corollaries of the wage-fund. What he did, therefore, was first to overthrow the theoretical basis of the wage-fund theory, and then to describe the status of the labor-

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ing class in economic production and distribution, as revealed by careful observation of positive conditions.

The service which he rendered to the study of the labor question was thus one of method even more than of content. The so-called residual theory of wages, with which his name is associated, was naturally enough a tremendous advance over the wage-fund theory. Yet after all, the range of observation upon which that theory was based was limited, and the spirit of reaction in which it was formulated was so dominant that it never attained the status of an evident, admitted law. But, on the other hand, the method employed by General Walker in the study of the labor question has been an enduring contribution to economic science. During the twenty-five years or more that have elapsed since he first wrote, political economists have been studying the position of the laborer in the economic world, not by incidental, indirect deduction from assumed premises, but as a deliberate inquiry based upon, or tested by, actual concrete details.

The attitude of political economy to the labor question might, therefore, be stated as follows: Those industrial acts which we group together under the term, "the labor question," form an organically related and vitally important part of the general field of economic activities. Any study of those economic activities—and this is the scope of political economy—must give prominent place to the study of the labor question. And such study, to be adequate and successful, must be based upon positive conditions, and not upon theoretical abstractions.

In the light of this revolution in attitude and in method, the question that now presents itself is, What should be the future relation of the labor question to political economy? The thesis that I should like to maintain here is, that the political economist, by virtue of his purpose and his method, may be expected to attain the largest and most intelligent grasp of the many-sided aspects of the labor question, and that he should be regarded by the working-man, as by the capitalist and employer, as the person best qualified to express an authoritative opinion upon any phase of the question, be it theoretical or practical.

The association of political economy and the labor question in such intimacy will be regarded by varying judgment as either a paradox or a programme. To the first class of thinking there seems as little warrant for the relation as for conjoining snakes

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with Ireland. Of all the mischievous phases of that heresy of heresies, "the scholar in politics," this dabbling of a book-worm in matter of work-a-day concern is deemed the most dangerous — bad for the political economist, worse for the labor question.

Pressed for a bill of particulars, such sentiment undertakes to show that the political economist is primarily a student; that he lives in a world of assumption and abstraction; that the conclusions which he reaches are correct only in relation to the conditions which he assumes, and that these are imaginary, artificial and unreal; that he knows nothing of the infinite detail, the countless friction, the recurrent disturbance of the world of affairs; in short, that he deals with figments and fancies, while the issue is with men and things. Within his limited area, he fulfils a certain useful function—even though Walter Bagehot did say that no English gentleman in his secret soul ever felt really sorry at hearing that a political economist had died. If left in quiet to spin his intellectual cob-webs, he does no positive harm, and perhaps as much good, in developing mental acumen and in sounding psychological depths, as many another learned academician. But, above all things, let him stick to his last and keep aloof from affairs. He may study the structure and functions of trade unions; he may investigate the workings of trade agreements; he may analyze the principles of restricted production; but he should unburden in the class-room and fulminate in the scientific journal. When it comes to the world of action, his views are theoretical, his proposals are academic, his programme is visionary.

Against such a mistaken and mischievous conception as this, earnest protest cannot be too often voiced. For it, should be substituted that truer type of the modern scientist who has exchanged the cloistered seclusion of the mediæval scholar for a lively interest in and an active co-operation with all measures that make for the betterment of mankind, and who believes that such a course, reasonably pursued, tends to heighten, rather than to reduce, his scholarship.

The rule of action which this involves in the case of the political economist is, that his voice shall be lifted and his counsel heard whenever an industrial question becomes a matter of grave public concern. In such a question, there is every reason for believing that the political economist is, of all men, qualified to

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speak, and, further, that it is, of all things, desirable that he should speak.

In advocating such a course, the objection is experienced, at the very outset, to which reference has already been made, viz., that, in dealing with the labor question, the political economist is a theorist, and consequently that his opinions are of very much less value than those of the practical man—the workman himself, the capitalist, the employer, the so-called "man of affairs." "It's all very well in theory," runs the refrain; "but it doesn't work in practice." Never was there a more complete perversion of the real facts of the case. The same thing can not be good in theory and not work in practice. The very terms are contradictory. The essence of a true theory is that it will work in practice. An unworkable theory is a false theory. It is a generalization based upon insufficient data. It is an attempt to apply the experience derived from limited observation to a wide area, the essential features of which are unknown.

With respect to the labor question, who is it that is likely to stumble into this pitfall of inadequate observation and unwarranted generalization? Is it the observer who has made careful study of the experience of many communities, at many periods, in dealing with problems similar to the one at issue; who brings to the task a mind trained to distinguish the real from the chance, the essence from the accident; and who applies the lesson of one time to the needs of another with all the caution and reserve born of historical and comparative study? Or is it the actual industrialist whose life as such has been passed in absorbed devotion to a limited, almost microscopic range of facts; who has not been able to see the forest because of the abundance of leaves; who can never lift himself out of his own atmosphere; and whose practical proposals must be but a reflex of his own limited experience? It is the man of action, not the political economist, who in matters of economic moment is the theorist, in the improper sense of the word; not a true theorist, but a would-be theorist. His mere intimacy with details makes him no safe guide. We do not turn to the gunmaker for a theory of projectiles, nor to the ship-builder for methods of navigation. There is nothing in the technique of banking which makes the financier a true prophet as to the currency needs of the country as a whole. The activities of a captain of industry are in themselves no qualification for a safe pronounce-

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ment upon the usefulness or otherwise of industrial consolidation. The manufacturer of a protected industry is, as such, of all persons, the least capable to give an intelligent verdict upon a national tariff policy. If the financier, the *entrepreneur,* and the industrialist succeed, as fortunately they often do, in giving wise, sane counsel upon the general questions, with the details of which they are concerned, it is not because they are practical men; but because they are, to that extent, political economists; because they have corrected the false perspective of detail by a comprehensive survey of aggregates, and have become true theorists.

Similarly, it may be said—and the statement is made in all respect and candor—that the working-man or the employer himself is often least qualified to give wise counsel with respect to matters that concern him most closely. The mere fact that he is performing these very things, that he is actually working, or directing, involves no endowment of knowledge. The circumstances that blood flows in our veins, and that the food that we eat disappears, do not acquaint us with the principles of circulation or the laws of digestion. Even more, when things are out of joint and an industrial conflict is threatened or has occurred, the parties to the struggle are by no means the most competent to suggest the true, lasting remedy, any more than a person who is sick, or who has suffered an injury, or is merely seeking physical betterment, can prescribe his own treatment. In such cases human experience has made it clear that the best results are obtained by having resort to, and following, the advice of him who, in pure spirit and disinterested motive—be he physiologist, physician or political economist—has consecrated his life to the search for truth and to its application to human affairs.

Day by day, the dominance of economic forces in the progress of the race is becoming more evident. To-morrow, perhaps, we shall paraphrase a scholar's dictum and speak of "history as past economics; and economics as present history." A larger production, a frictionless exchange, an equitable distribution and a well-ordered consumption—these are the aspiration and the goal of human effort in the satisfaction of material wants and in providing opportunity for the fullest life. If for the ruthless, wasteful course of social evolution is to be substituted conscious policy and deliberate leadership, it is of transcendent importance that that policy be intelligent and that leadership far-sighted. J. H. HOLLANDER.

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UNSATISFACTORY OUTCOME OF THE CHINESE NEGOTIATIONS.

BY DR. GILBERT REID.

SOME time has passed since the final Protocol of peace was signed at Peking, and we can now understand better than then the value of that document or its shortcomings and inconsistencies. The nature of the execution—or the non-execution—of the stipulations enables us to estimate through practical proofs the protracted and noteworthy negotiations.

The beginning and, to a certain extent, the continuance of the negotiations suggested the bewilderment of a kaleidoscope. Before the Allies had yet relieved the Legations, the Washington Government instructed its diplomatic representatives to sound the other Governments as to their intended future policy concerning China, and announced its own policy in the following excellent language:

> "The policy of the Government of the United States is to seek a solution which may bring about permanent safety and peace to China, preserve China's territorial and administrative entity, protect all rights guaranteed to friendly Powers by treaty and international law, and safe-guard for the world the principle of equal and impartial trade with all parts of the Chinese Empire."

Then came a Russian Note, to recognize Li Hung Chang as a proper plenipotentiary, and to facilitate his purposes of peace. Whereon the United States again sounded the other governments. While this sounding process was going on, there appeared another Russian Note, professing friendly intentions, and advocating withdrawal of ministers and the troops from Peking. Another American Note followed, favoring joint withdrawal, but recommending an important condition, namely, prior re-establishment of the Chinese Government. Then Italy came to the front,

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in proposing, first, an evacuation as soon as preliminaries to negotiation were settled; second, support to China by the Powers in contracting a loan for paying the indemnity; and, third, a collective pledge to maintain the integrity of China. Germany followed with a Note, which was the first to have a clear, ringing sound, proposing that, preliminary to diplomatic relations, the Chinese Government must deliver up the instigators of the outrages. Before the Powers had time to reply, there was issued a French Note, suggesting that such a question as the surrender of the ring-leaders of the anti-foreign outbreak should be deferred for a time, and that negotiations should begin at once on such questions as compensation and its guarantees, namely, three: first, maintenance of a Legation guard; second, razing of certain forts; and, third, temporary prohibition of the importation of arms. Again, while the Powers were still meditating a reply, came a second German Note, proposing that the Powers instruct their representatives in China to examine and report on the punishment of the offenders. Great Britain, having been unable to take the lead, had taken an insignificant though cordial position; but in a few days appeared the Anglo-German Compact, of doubtful profit to England, and this immediately went the rounds of the various Powers. All this was prior to the opening up of negotiations in Peking.

The bewilderment was increased by the dual appearance in China of the diplomatic and military on the part of each of the great Powers. Was the Commander-in-Chief commanding, or was the Minister Plenipotentiary, who was as yet unaccredited, the supreme authority? Of more importance, was it war or was it peace? Or was it a peculiar, anomalous conjunction of both? Even after the Chinese plenipotentiaries had come to Peking, and were actually negotiating peace, a military expedition of Great Britain, Germany, France and Italy left Peking and Tien-tsin for Pao-ting-fu; and, later on, all through the winter months, there was an unhappy commingling of putative expedition and friendly conference. The Generals went one way, the Ministers another; neither being responsible to the other.

Chinese, both officials and people, were impressed with the inconsistency of foreigners, and were non-plussed by their mixed policy and eccentric actions. A clear, simple case, logical and undeviating, the Chinese can understand and will always appreci-

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ate. The Chinese Imperial Government had openly and unflinchingly declared war against the world, had incorporated the Boxers as a part of the state, had employed every energy and all methods, legitimate or barbaric, to encompass the death of the "enemy," whether belligerent or non-combatant, and had, in the hour of defeat, deserted its capital, withdrawn its army and fled to the mountains. The natural and intelligible supposition would be that the foreign Powers would, in turn, declare war against the Imperial Government of China, though not against the peaceful provinces or against China as a whole; that the Powers would refuse to recognize the government that had committed such atrocities, until due and proper apology should have been made; that they would continue to advance and occupy until the capture of the court should have been accomplished, or at least until the Imperial troops with their generals in command should have laid down their arms; and that the Powers would refuse to enter on any negotiation whatever until the chief offenders should have been handed over and unconditional surrender achieved.

To do less (and it was less that was actually done) was to subject the Powers to the suspicion of cowardice and weakness, or of callous indifference to their own honor and to the safety of their nationals. Whatever might be gained through negotiation could not prevent the loss of prestige. Nations, especially the United States, which held aloof from extended and frequent expeditions, would only be looked upon at such a time as either being weak, or at best having a weak good nature. On the other hand, nations, like Germany, bringing terror into the land, and sending forth punitive expeditions while talking peace, drew upon themselves because of their severity hatred as well as fear, and because of their inconsistency contempt and disrepute. Russia had the peculiar advantage of being China's peaceful and best friend in Peking, and of being strong and relentless in Manchuria, where she could act alone.

The Powers and their representatives in China, in a most incomprehensible way, passed over the question, Is China entitled to be called a sovereignty, and, if so, who is her sovereign? Prior to the breaking off of diplomatic relations, on June 20th, 1900, the foreign Ministers had assumed that the Emperor, Kwang-hsü was sovereign, though in the *coup d'état* of 1898, the Empress Dowager had resumed the regency, through the alleged ill-health

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and disability of the Emperor. Even if the Emperor was *de jure* ruler, the Empress Dowager was so *de facto,* and as such was accountable for the policy of war, bringing in its atrocities and the awful barbarities of 1900. If she was unsatisfactory to the Powers as the *de facto* ruler, they might have made some announcement in favor of the Emperor, and promised him every moral and material support. Instead of this, there was allowed the drifting of the boat with a helm working at each end, and sitting between, and learning from both, or more probably from neither, the insurgent Heir-Apparent, notorious son of the notorious Prince Tuan. The well known friendly disposition of the Emperor to men and methods conducive to peace, deserved better treatment. The adherence of the best men in China would have been secured if a pronunciamento by the Powers had been promulgated, something like the following: "Whilst we insist on the just punishment of all offenders against law and humanity, we are inclined to believe that the Emperor regarded with deep regret the uprising of the Boxers, and the determination of his Ministers and others to drive foreigners from the country, or to seek their extermination. The Manchu dynasty, which has sunk to such depths of shamelessness, we are ready to condone, and the future integrity of all China we are glad to maintain, if the rightful Emperor, Kwang-hsü returns to the capital, if he alone appoints plenipotentiaries to confer, and if he gives proof of intention and power to govern his people in harmonious relations with other nations, and with the full obligation to observe treaties which have been or shall be enacted. We call upon his people to assist in this proposition, just to him, best for them and safe for us all."

At the close of the Siege, there was an almost universal feeling of revulsion on the part of foreign residents in China against any recognition of the Empress Dowager. Very soon, countries like Russia and France began to make excuses for her, largely because the supposed theories of the Emperor more nearly conformed to Anglo-American sentiment. Others put the question aside. And when the foreign ministers, with surprising unanimity, and their wives proceeded to recognize the ruler, strange to say, the ruler they recognized was the Empress Dowager and not the Emperor. Such mild ductility has not tended to strengthen the essential objects of the Protocol.

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After the relief of the Legations, a leading thought at home and in China was the punishment of offenders, particularly Boxer chiefs and official leaders. Germany, as was most fitting, sounded the key-note. Great Britain, and noticeably the United States, failed, at the outset, to sound the same note, though they might have sounded even a louder note in consideration of their own massacred countrymen, and so of their own national honor. American troops were instructed not to join in the expedition to Pao-ting-fu, although most of the foreigners massacred in that city were Americans. The task of avenging their deaths devolved on others. The impression that some of the Powers, and especially the United States, are indifferent to the safety of their own countrymen in China, has gradually grown among the Chinese.

To be lenient, to back down, has been construed as a sign of weakness inherent in the heterogeneous diplomacy of the concert of Powers. Even when punishment was effected by the Powers, their reputation for fairness has not been enhanced. Punishment, as distinctly proportionate to guilt, has either been regretfully given up or intentionally ignored. The Empress Dowager herself contributed one hundred thousand taels to the Boxers, after months of their glaring misdemeanors, of plunder, arson and murder. When the Governor, Yü Hsien, was removed from his post in the province of Shantung, early in 1900, through demands of five of the Powers, because of his instigation of the Boxer organization, the Empress Dowager specially honored him, and appointed him Governor in the Province of Shansi, where he afterwards perpetrated his cruel atrocities. As the China Association of London observed:

> "It may be expedient, for reasons of state, to guarantee the personal immunity of the Empress Dowager, how convincing soever the evidence of her complicity may appear. . . . The restoration of the Empress, in a word, means continued reaction, persecution and unrest. It is impossible."

And yet, we have the spectacle of our Ministers bowing to her as supreme, and our Legation ladies basking in her smiles and ecstatic over her gifts.

Three recognized leaders, not only in support of the Boxers, but in advocating attack on all foreigners, were Prince Tuan, his brother, Duke Lan (cousins of the Emperor), and General

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Tung Fu Hsiang. These three men were not visited "with the severest punishment applicable to their crimes," while officials less active and less guilty, like Ch'i Hsiu, Ying Nien, and Chao Shu Chi'ao, were sentenced to death. From position, power and responsibility, if the Empress Dowager was not the most guilty, Prince Tuan certainly was. That the Powers yielded in demanding then or afterwards his full and proper punishment, lowered them at once in the eyes of all Chinese. I know of no country where there is more respect for fair-mindedness, for the faculty of discriminating correctly between right and wrong, for logical action, for adherence to principle rather than favoritism. But if foreigners fail here, the whole character of western civilization loses its claim to supremacy.

In the Protocol, next to reparation is the stipulation as to guarantees for future security. Four of the twelve articles, and part of another, have reference to this matter. The guarantees are, first, prohibition of the importation of arms for two years; second, the fortifying and guarding of the Legation area; third, the razing of certain forts between the capital and the sea; fourth, the establishment of military posts between Peking and the sea; and, fifth, the publication throughout the Empire of an imperial prohibition of membership in any anti-foreign society, and the decree that all officials, high or low, in whose jurisdiction anti-foreign disturbances may hereafter arise shall be dismissed from service. With the exception of the last point, all the stipulations relate primarily to the well-being of the Legations, while, as an actual fact, if the guilty officials are properly punished, and Peking is made to suffer, as it certainly has suffered, the foreign Ministers are the last ones to be endangered or to have cause to fear molestation. For the crime of attacking representatives of another Government the severest punishment should be exacted; but, when the question is that of guarantees against future outrages, the ones to be considered are not merely the official representatives in Peking, but all private individuals from abroad residing in the Empire under the guardianship of sacred treaties. The greater the provision for the security of the Ministers, indeed, the less will be the security of their nationals. Foreigners, even in Peking, outside the Legation area, are less secure than they were before.

If these stipulations were intended not so much to be guarantees

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for the future as to be punishment for the past, their significance could be understood; but, even as such, there is a failure to discern when and where punishment should be inflicted. Swift, condign punishment, punishment inflicted on the reactionaries, even to the removal from office of a thousand of them, who in hating reform hated the foreigner, the rigorous following up of legitimate war, until the Imperial government should plead for peace with real submission, all this the Chinese expected, and the Allies might have effected. But as soon as peace began, the task of bringing humiliation should have ceased, and efforts at reestablishing harmonious relations should have begun. We may say that punishment has been too light, and we can also say that it has been too severe, for the reason that punishment was too often misplaced. The Powers, assuming from the first that their duty in waging warfare ended with the relief of the Legations, were naturally desirous of speedily opening peace negotiations. At the same time, the impression remained that the Chinese Imperial Government had acted in a criminal way and ought to suffer. The result was an aggravated case of "pin pricking" inflammation. China was affected with a gangrene which only the knife might relieve. Instead, it was pricked with an occasional needle and then plastered over. Most naturally, symptoms of eruption will appear elsewhere as serious as the first.

Another leading item in the negotiations relates to reparation through payment of an indemnity. If the indemnity is intended as a punishment, its *raison d'être* is easily understood. The Chinese themselves are accustomed to exact money as an equivalent for the punishment of misdeeds. Viewed in this light, the demand of the Powers for financial compensation is regarded as right, except that payment should be made by the guilty and not by the innocent. Viewed as reparation for losses, the demand is regarded as extravagant and the payment a hardship.

The hope of many has been that far-reaching benefits would result from the clause in the Preliminary Protocol which requires "the adoption of financial measures on the part of China, in order to provide for the payment of the indemnities and security for the loans." Many saw in this the beginning of fiscal reforms, which lie at the basis of Chinese future prosperity. But while the Maritime Customs is left intact under foreign management, and the native Customs at the ports is ordered to be placed under

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the same management, no provision is made for introducing reforms into other departments of the government.

During the discussion of the question as to how China could meet the new indemnity, the Russian Minister proposed that the tariffs on imports should be increased, not merely to an effective five per cent., but to ten per cent. The United States seconded the idea, but under the condition that there be compensating commercial advantages. Mr. Rockhill, in a dispatch at the time to the State Department, said:

"The Russian Minister—and, I fancy, his French colleague will side with him—is most persistent in his desire to separate the financial from the commercial question here, while the Japanese Minister and myself are equally convinced that the two must be treated together, and that, if we make tariff concessions to China without securing settlement of the commercial questions, we lose the most powerful leverage we have here, and expose ourselves to years of desultory discussion with China before we may be able to settle one of the questions which so prejudicially affect foreign trade."

The one stumbling-block at that time was the British Minister, or, more strictly speaking, the British Government. Great Britain opposed the proposition, preferring to leave it to subsequent conference by newly appointed commercial commissioners.

When tariff on foreign goods came into operation forty years ago, one Haikwan, or customs, tael of silver was worth in gold $1.66, while now it is worth only about 75 cents. By reverting to the original rate of exchange, or by increasing the tariff to ten per cent. at the present rate of exchange, China would be treated as she was forty years ago, and would be almost able, by the increased revenue, to meet the annual installment of the indemnity. As it is, the revenues set apart, as guarantee of payment, have been stated to be insufficient, and, in consequence, extortionate taxes are being forced by the Mandarins on every province, all in the name of paying the hated foreigner. Will it be a wonder to any if, through such management, Chinese Mandarins on the one hand find new opportunities for their avariciousness and peculations, and foreigners, on the other hand, become more and more objects of Chinese hatred and animosity, until new uprisings of the people shall appear, directed in part against their corrupt officials and in the main against the hated foreigner?

If action to modify and increase the tariff had been taken at the time of completing the Protocol, not only would relief have

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been given to the people from their burdens, but a *quid pro quo* in increased commercial privileges would have been secured. The following would have been the reforms: first, abolishment of the *likin,* a system detrimental to trade and the interests of foreign merchants; second, agreement to open up all the water-ways of China; third, provision for protecting foreign trade in the interior; and, fourth, arrangement for inaugurating, in all branches of revenue, a system of honest accounts and honest supervision, which in time might embrace the whole Empire in one reform.

The failure to extend commercial interests is only equalled by the total neglect of missionary interests. For the Ministers to have consented to consider such interests as these, it was not necessary to view missions from the stand-point of religion, but as legitimate interests of well-recognized societies, and even of corporations. Missionary enterprise has served to open up the country to the acceptance of new ideas, and of measures and men other than missionary. On the other hand, justly or unjustly, missionaries and their agencies have been criticised as the cause of much friction, and, in part, of the Boxer uprising. The Chinese officials, conscious of the fact that the missionary propaganda is a great enough factor to be reckoned with, have been anxious to devise methods for regulating missions in such a way as to produce harmony between Christians and non-Christians. The two Chinese plenipotentiaries in their first review of the Preliminary Protocol, made this statement:

> "The recent troubles are, of a truth, to be ascribed to lack of friendly feeling between Christians and non-Christians. While, on the one hand, these troubles afford ground for indicting past action, they, on the other, furnish a warning for the future and emphasize the necessity of framing a policy whereby permanent mutual benefit between the two classes may be insured."

The Foreign Ministers, however, would not take missionary interests into account, still less do anything to help them.

The Protocol, in several points, which at the time were deemed subsidiary but have since appeared important, was drawn up in language so obscure and indefinite that differences of interpretation would necessarily arise, and also, most naturally, a degree of friction and mutual recrimination.

In Article VI., for instance, it is stated: "By an Imperial edict, His Majesty, the Emperor of China, agreed to pay the Powers an

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indemnity of four hundred and fifty million of haikwan taels." Then, immediately after, it is stated that "these four hundred and fifty million constitute a gold debt calculated at the rate of the haikwan tael to the gold currency of each country," the calculation being then given. Now, it happened that the rate of exchange, through a great fall in silver, has had a marked alteration, increasing the burdens of China. The Chinese have contended that they were to pay four hundred and fifty millions of taels only at the rate calculated in the Protocol, and in this they have been supported by the United States Government. The other Powers have argued that payment is to be made in gold, whatever the rate of the day.

Again, under the same article, it is said; "The beds of the rivers Peiho and Whangpu shall be improved with the financial participation of China." Article XI. enlarges on this point, and in the Annex appear the minute regulations on the conservancy of the Whangpu, the more important river of the two, leading up to the city of Shanghai. This river is within the jurisdiction of the viceroy at Nanking, Liu Kun Yi. He has maintained that he must be consulted in the affairs of his jurisdiction, especially when additional expenditures are concerned. On the general principle he may be in the wrong; but, considering the important service he rendered in maintaining peace in the Yangtse valley, it was not wise or becoming to ignore or irritate him in a matter that really appertained to his authority.

Once more, in Article VII. it is stipulated that a certain area in Peking shall be set apart as a Legation quarter, "in which Chinese shall not have the right to reside," and "for each Power to maintain a permanent guard in the said quarter for the defence of its Legation." It is natural for the Chinese, under such an arrangement, to resent the intrusion of these Legation guards into the non-Legation quarter, as is likely to occur when the guard is off duty or taking military exercise, and through the establishment of saloons and brothels for the special use of foreign soldiers. For once, the Chinese, and especially the Chinese soldiery, must be commended for their forbearance under most exasperating circumstances.

Finally, in Article IX. it is stipulated that the Powers may "occupy certain points for the maintenance of open communication between the capital and the sea"—one of the places being

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Tientsin; and yet, through a peculiar kind of reasoning, foreign troops have not only occupied Tientsin as they do Peking, but for nearly a year after signing the Protocol, the Powers held on to the provisional government of Tientsin, and for a longer period the British have maintained military control of the railway from Peking to Tientsin and thence to Shan-hai-kwan, and the Russians military control of the railway from Shan-hai-kwan to New Chwang in Manchuria. The whole question of the evacuation of New Chwang and all Manchuria was purposely, and we might say fearfully, omitted from both the deliberations and the Protocol.

The outcome from these negotiations which is of deepest significance is the blow that has been struck at the sovereign independence of China. All the Powers have made haste to declare their determination to preserve the integrity of China; but of what use is the holding of China together and regarding it as a wonderful act of generosity on their part, if China is less able to govern herself, and her best attempts are handicapped by outside restrictions and ever increasing, ever tightening complications. What meaning is there in the "open door," if nothing is done to open the doors that are closed, or to make smooth the paths which lead to the doors already open? The restriction placed on the importation of arms, the dismantling of Chinese forts, the refusal to allow China to change at will her own tariff, the establishment of foreign fortifications in the capital, the rejection of propositions for settling the missionary question, and the placing of foreign military guards at points along the way from the capital to the sea, may all be necessary as considered by themselves, but they none the less weaken China's sovereignty, which being weakened anew will prove poor security in the overwhelming burdens and growing disorders of coming years.

While we may well hesitate to dogmatise on the kind of treatment best suited to China, after the awful upheaval of 1900, it can be safely said that the negotiations have failed, judged either as a policy of superior force, tending to frighten the people from a repetition of hostilities, or as a policy of magnanimity, intended to transform a nation of foreign haters into confiding friends.

GILBERT REID.

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THE FRENCH SIDE OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND DIFFICULTY.

BY JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ, PROFESSOR OF ROMANCE LANGUAGES IN VASSAR COLLEGE.

NEWFOUNDLANDERS have produced a large body of literature upon the French Shore controversy in which they complain of enduring great wrongs that England does not redress; that the aggressions of the French pass the limits of human endurance; that French rights are a monstrous imposition; that these rights are in the way of their provincial prosperity, etc. It may be peremptorily answered to all this, that France and England did not sign the treaties of Utrecht and of Versailles, upon which present Anglo-French relations in Newfoundland rest, with any regard for Newfoundlanders, but for imperial ends. Such as they are, with their manifest imperfections, these treaties must remain, until revised, the charters that determine the relations of the two peoples in Newfoundland.

Much must be forgiven these writers for their way of presenting the question. They live in an island without archives and without libraries. None of their historical writers were able to read, in the original, the document which is the basis of the decision of the points at issue; and no competent historian has, as yet, grappled with the earlier history of the island. Its cartography alone would suffice to prove that for a long time it was under the flags of France and England, just as the island of Borneo now belongs to England and Holland. Basque and French names predominate in the early maps, because the French were first in developing the fisheries. So important were they for France that, with every loss of territory in the New World, she tenaciously clung to them. The rights reserved to her by the Treaty of

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Utrecht, in 1713, were therefore not concessions of the British, but the continuance of old privileges.

To understand the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, one must have some knowledge of the conditions of the island prior to this agreement. Great Britain looked upon Newfoundland not as an island to be worked for economic ends, but as a nursery of seamen which would so strengthen her naval population as to make her invincible at sea. Accordingly, the island was considered a great fishing station where, early in the spring, British fishermen went, and from which, late in the autumn, they returned to their English homes. Monopolies, and sometimes bounties, were given to English ship-owners who were to see that a large number of "green men" were trained for sea-faring life. There is no doubt that this course contributed to the naval greatness of England; hence the indomitable spirit with which it was pursued for so long a time. The greatest care was taken to prevent any of the fishermen from remaining on the island. The few who succeeded in evading the very stringent laws became the victims of the harshest measures. None were allowed to stay after the fishing season was over; they might not claim upon the coast so much as the scaffolding which they themselves had erected during the preceding year; nor could they settle or erect permanent structures within six miles of the shore. The policy of France was different. She not only permitted but even encouraged the permanent settlement of her subjects there. She was therefore a standing menace to the British policy. The Treaty of Utrecht involved the loss to the French of that part of the coast where they had permanent establishments, and also the loss of sovereignty over the parts of the island along which they had recognized fishery rights, though these rights were curtailed to harmonize with those of British fishermen. It was understood that the rights and practices of both would be similar. French fishermen were not allowed "to erect buildings" on their shore, neither were the British on theirs; they were not permitted to winter on the coast, neither were the British; they were not allowed to establish any permanent settlement, neither were the British. Fairness demanded that when the British removed these restraints from their own subjects they should have removed them also from the French.

The Treaty of Paris, in 1763, was the renewal, in so far as the French Shore was concerned, of the Treaty of Utrecht. At

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that time, however, the British began to claim the right of fishing with the French. For that purpose they formed settlements on the coast reserved to France. This was a period of bitter controversies and quarrels between the two governments and the fishermen of both nations—a period interrupted by the American Revolution. The Treaty of Versailles, in 1783, again reasserted the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. This time France, victorious, insisted upon the loyal interpretation of the first treaty, and she requested the removal of the settlements of Newfoundlanders which had been made on the French Shore. The King, for political reasons, complied with the request in a document now known as The Declaration, which reads as follows:

*"Pour que les pêcheurs des deux nations ne fassent naître des querelles journalières Sa Majesté Britannique prendra les mesures les plus positives pour prévenir que ses sujets ne troublent en aucune manière, par leur concurrence, la pêche des Français pendant l'exercise temporaire qui leur est accordé sur les côtes de l'île de Terre-Neuve, et elle fera retirer, à cet effet, les établissements sédentaires qui y seront formés. Sa Majesté Britannique donnera des ordres pour que les pêcheurs français ne soient pas gênés dans la coupe des bois nécessaires pour la réparation de leurs échafaudages, cabanes et bâtiments de pêche."**

"It is perfectly clear," says Judge Prowse, the latest historian of Newfoundland, "that the English envoy virtually promised to give France exclusive rights from Cape John to Cape Ray." It is perfectly clear, we would add, that the King of England recognized the exclusive rights of France upon the French Shore.

English and Newfoundland writers still claim that the fishery rights of France are "concurrent." Let any one read the French text—that is, the only text, as the Declaration was not written in English—and he will find in it the obvious exclusion of British fishermen. Were the rights of the French "concurrent" the Declaration is meaningless and inexplicable. If, after the controversies and quarrels that had taken place, the fishery was to be carried on as it had been after the Treaty of Paris, what was the

*"In order that the fishermen of the two nations may not give cause for daily quarrels, His Britannic Majesty will take the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French during the temporary exercise of it which is granted to them upon the coast of Newfoundland; and he will, for this purpose, cause the fixed settlements which shall be formed there to be removed. His Britannic Majesty will give orders that the French fishermen be not incommoded in cutting the wood necessary for repairs of the scaffolds, huts, and fishing vessels."

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use of the Declaration? Then, again, if those rights were "concurrent," they would have been so stated in the Treaty of Versailles, as they had been in the American Treaty a few months before. They would have been so stated in the Treaty of 1802, and in that of 1814 and 1815, as they were again in the Anglo-American Treaty of 1818. Had such "concurrent" rights existed after the former controversies, it is not reasonable to believe that they would have been mentioned in the American treaties, the first and last of a series of six treaties, and omitted in the second, third, fourth and fifth of the same series with France. Again, in the Anglo-American Treaty of 1782, the Americans have "the liberty to take fish of every kind on such parts of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use." The expression "such parts of the coast" shows that the British fishermen did not fish on all parts of the coast, and the parts reserved are those belonging to France. A statement by Fox in the British Parliament is conclusive on this point. As he was opposing the Anglo-American Treaty, he said, "We have granted to the Americans the privilege of fishing on the only part of Newfoundland which is left to us by our cession to France."

This exclusion of the British is also demonstrated by an Act passed in 1787 forbidding British fishermen to fish on the French Shore; by an Act in 1788 empowering the King and his Officers "to remove or cause to be removed any stages, flakes, train vats, or other work whatever, for the purpose to carry on fishery erected by His Majesty's subjects" on the French Shore; by an Act passed which excluded electoral franchise from extending over any portion of the French Shore; and by instructions to Governors and by their proclamations. That Newfoundlanders were excluded from fishing on this shore is equally evident from contemporary statements of Newfoundlanders. The following is from a letter addressed to Lord Bathurst:

> "In the first place, my Lord, the garden, if I may be allowed to use the term, of Newfoundland fishing ground, extending from Cape Raye to Cape John, was given up to the French. This part of the coast had been upward of twenty years the principal resort of British fishermen, who had expended large sums in making the requisite erections; these they were compelled to abandon to their rivals without receiving the slightest remuneration; and a great portion of our fishermen have ever since been obliged to sail two or three hundred miles, passing the French Shore, to fish on the coast of Laborador."

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The exclusive rights of France are sufficiently demonstrated by the organized efforts to overthrow them. Passing over in silence the performance of Albert Gallatin, which was a plea *pro domo sua* and which led to the Treaty of 1818, we find toward the eighteen-thirties an organized effort in St. John's to invade French fisheries. In 1829, the Chamber of Commerce of that city took steps in that direction, but the Governor warned them that he could not support them. In 1830, the matter was brought before the British Parliament. The discussions assume that the French are in the exclusive possession of the fisheries of the treaty-shore. During the following year, a vessel was fitted out in England to go to the French Shore as a test case. The French ordered it out, and no diplomatic protest was entered. In the Parliamentary debates which followed the course of France was approved by the Government. French fisheries were not interrupted by the participation of any other nationality. So strong was the movement, and so great the interests by which it was backed, that the English authorities were compelled to refer the matter to the Law Officers of the Crown. In 1835, that is after over fifty years of exclusive fishery by the French, their exclusive enjoyment of the fisheries was confirmed by the following decision of these high British legal authorities:

"We are of opinion, that the subjects of France have the exclusive right of fishery on the part of the coast of Newfoundland specified in Article V. of the Definitive Treaty, signed at Versailles on the 3rd September, 1783."

Englishmen often refer with legitimate pride to the independence of their judiciary. While their record in this respect is admirable, it would be erroneous to assert that their legal experts and judges have never been affected by popular feelings, especially when the prerogatives of foreigners were at stake. So great was the protest of interested parties at this time, and so well was the agitation organized, that the case of the French Shore was recommitted to the same Officers. The decision was the same as the first, only it was stated in such a way as to yield, at least in the form, something to the opposition. It runs as follows:

"If there were really good room, within the limits of the district in question, for fishermen of both nations to fish without interfering with each other, then we do not think this country would be bound to prevent her subjects from fishing there. It appears, however, from the Re-

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port of Admiral Sir P. Halkett that this is barely practicable; and we are of opinion that, according to the true construction of the Treaty and Declaration, British subjects are precluded from fishing, if they thereby cause any interruption to the French fishery."

Newfoundlanders, usually unscrupulous in their use of texts, distorted this important document. They separated from the rest the words, "If there were really good room within the limits of the district in question for fishermen of both nations to fish without interfering with each other, then we do not think this country would be bound to prevent her subjects from fishing there." But the Law Officers, not wishing to leave the decision as to "good room" for the "fishermen of both nations" to any one else, decided themselves, basing their opinion upon the report of Sir P. Halkett, that this is not practicable, and that therefore the French are entitled to the exclusive rights. Newfoundlanders overlooked the real character of this decision and invaded French fisheries. In order to keep within the letter of the first part of the Second Decision, they were to retire as soon as the French intimated that they were in their way. When one remembers the kind of men that fishermen generally are,—no matter what their nationality—it must be clear that it was impossible to avoid the constant quarrels and feuds which the Declaration was intended to prevent. There can be no better demonstration *ab absurdo* of the untenableness of the interpretation of Newfoundlanders than the intolerable situation which they have created there. No British statesman would ever have signed, no British Parliament would ever have ratified and renewed three times, an international agreement to be thus interpreted.

Another, though a subordinate, point in the controversy is the nature of the fishery recognized in the Treaty. It is defined as "*piscaturam exercere*"—the exact equivalent of the English of the times, "to carry on fishery," and of the French "*faire la pêche.*" This French term is also the one used in the Declaration. The sense of "*piscaturam*" is to be established by the historical practice before and after the Treaty of Utrecht. We have abundant proof that the French caught herring, salmon and other fish —that in those days and upon those unpopulated and worthless shores fishermen enjoyed unlimited freedom. There were then none of our contemporary hair-splitting controversies, and fishermen caught anything which they deemed profitable. The terms

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of the Treaty allow the taking of any creature living in water—whales, lobster, etc. Newfoundlanders, instead of using a correct translation, give as the equivalent of "*piscaturam exercere*," "to catch fish." It happens that the term "fish," in Newfoundland English, means "cod-fish." There is on record, in the island, the judicial decision that a salmon is not a fish. Such being the case, they naturally concluded that the French are not allowed to catch lobsters. The words used in the Treaty, "to carry on fishery," must be construed, in reference to the lobster, in the light of the practice of fishery as conducted by the nations. Now, the lobster is included in the piscatorial nomenclature of the Newfoundland Fisheries Commission. The United States Fish Commission includes also the lobster among the sea foods to be prepared for fish markets. Even though the term of the Treaty were "to catch fish," the position of Newfoundlanders would still be untenable. In the eighteenth century, except in strict scientific parlance, the lobster was considered a fish. The Catholic Church in ember-days uses it as a fish, and even in English law terms abound which refer to the lobster as a fish. Right as their claim was, the French would not have made any great opposition to this departure of Newfoundlanders had it not been a pretext to invade still further their prerogatives. In dealing with the "lobster factories," which have been one of the grievances, one must remember that everything in Newfoundland parlance is peculiar. A factory to us suggests a great industrial establishment, with machinery and important buildings; while the French "factories," so-called, are rough sheds, with a few movable utensils for cooking and canning lobsters. A fair and generous interpretation of the Treaty would tolerate them, but no possible interpretation can be found justifying the building of a score or more lobster factories which Newfoundlanders have erected. By the Declaration, the King of England asserts that he will remove the settlements "*qui y seront formés*"—he will not only remove those existing already, but also any formed there in the future.

These conclusions may seem hard for Newfoundlanders, but, as already said, the Treaty of Utrecht treated them as a neglectable quantity, and the Declaration has no greater consideration for them. Since that time, the population has increased from four or five thousand to over two hundred thousand. It has taken the helm of the political life of the island into its hands. Some of

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the writers of this island now tell of French aggressions on their territories. This ought not to mislead intelligent readers. Which is more likely, that a small body of Frenchmen, who are there for a few months of each year, will encroach upon the privileges of the natives, or that the growing population of natives will encroach upon the rights of these few Frenchmen and try to push them out? As a matter of record it is true that upon this French Shore, which was to remain unsettled, the number of Newfoundlanders is twice or three times as large as the entire population of the island at the time of the Treaty of Utrecht. When Newfoundlanders accuse France of "aggression," and when Mr. Chamberlain speaks of her "pin-prick policy," they fail to grasp the long series of wrongs which the "wicked French" have endured at the hands of the "good British." After the Treaty of Utrecht, the English took advantage of the differences of cartographers in reference to Pointe Riche to deprive the French of nearly one-third of their Treaty Shore. The map used by the envoys at Utrecht, like many other maps of the time, had Pointe Riche where Cape Ray was supposed to be, and Cape Ray was meant in the Treaty. Even when this very map was found, the British declined to surrender the part of the coast unjustly taken. After the Treaty of Paris, the British forced upon the French the participation of British fishermen in the treaty-shore fisheries. The British claimed also the right to exercise coercive jurisdiction over the French fisheries—a claim which Lord Salisbury admitted, in a similar case in the Anglo-American controversy of 1880, to be untenable. They disturbed French fishermen by the harsh and vexatious measures of Governor Palliser. After taking from the Americans the fishery rights granted in 1782, the British accorded them rights, which did not belong to Britain, to fish along the French Shore. After the decisions of the Law Officers, the British allowed Newfoundlanders to invade French fisheries in manifest violation of those decisions. The British allowed Newfoundlanders to abuse the French on the occasions of the lobster controversies, of the Bait Act and of the burning of some of their establishments. The enumeration of these grievances of the French is useless in so far as the general issue is concerned, but it simply shows either the ignorance or bad faith of those who, in this great island, pose as the victims of their Gallic antagonists. It may be added that England has often had

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more than her share of abuse from this island. For her uniform defence of Newfoundlanders, when they could possibly be defended, she deserves something better from them than abuse.

The writers of Newfoundland have been quite eloquent in speaking of the obstacles which the French place in the way of the development of the island. The question, however, may be asked, Why have Newfoundlanders not developed the parts of the island where the French are not? As to agriculture, their poor soil and cold climate are not favorable to it. Their crops scarcely ripen. Their land is so unfertile that, whenever fire has passed, it takes a long time for vegetation to spring up. When one remembers that this island is the oldest of England's colonies, and that its farm produce is still insignificant, one can have but little faith in its agricultural possibilities. The same thing so far has been true of its forestry. While France by her treaties has exclusive rights there, she has endeavored to use them in such a way as to make them stand as little as possible in the way of the progress of the island. She has exercised a toleration whereby over twelve thousand Newfoundlanders settled upon the treaty-shore. She has shown herself ready to make important concessions. By the Ford-Pennell Convention in 1884 an agreement was made between England and France giving Newfoundlanders the absolute and unrestrained use of the straight shores, making provisions for transportation and the general commercial interests of the coast. France was to keep the exclusive rights of fishing in the bays. This was a great concession on the part of France, but the Government of Newfoundland in favor of this arrangement was overthrown and the Ford-Pennell Convention was rejected with it. The reason for this, as given to the writer by representative citizens of the island, is that the bays are the best fishing-places. They value the fisheries—and rightly too—far more than the distant mirage of the great agricultural, mining and forestal wealth of the French Shore.

Newfoundland writers have laid stress upon the insignificant value of the French Shore to France and its great importance to them. When the matter of compensation is mentioned, they almost suggest that France's treaty rights do not deserve any. To this it may be answered that, if the fishery rights on the French Shore have so much potential utility to Newfoundlanders, then they have so much value. Political economy has never measured

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the price of an article by its utility to the seller. If then these rights are so important for them, let them offer an adequate compensation. After the Treaty of Washington, authorized by the compensation clause, Newfoundlanders claimed from $120,000 to $160,000 a year from the United States for fishery privileges in Newfoundland. Now, if the United States had rights similar to those of the French upon the "Anglo-French-American Shore,"* as Mr. McGrath would have it, why did Newfoundlanders exact one million of dollars from the United States? The money was paid. When the award was announced in 1877, the Hon. A. V. Harvey, one of the most honored citizens of St. John's, found the sum too small. He said:

> "There would hardly be a disputation that the fisheries between Cape Ray and Cape John were of more worth than the combined fisheries of the neighboring colonies, and if upon that principle the award had been decided, we should have received two millions five hundred thousand dollars."

In this instance the British were making the Americans pay for rights which belonged to the Americans, so far as Great Britain was concerned, by the treaty of 1818. The strange part of it is that she granted rights where she had none; and then she allowed her subjects to ask compensation years after for the full exercise of the rights she had granted. The importance of this act of international duplicity is that, when it was perpetrated, Newfoundlanders freely and frankly expressed their minds upon the real financial value of French fishery rights.

France has all along borne the unjust and unfair attacks of Newfoundlanders in a tolerably good spirit—though not that of turning the other cheek. The speeches in the British Parliament have abundantly recognized her patience in dealing with this question. She has a large population which depends upon her fisheries. M. Louis Legasse, the delegate of St. Pierre Island to the Superior Council of French Colonies, stated in a report to the Minister, in Paris, that over 40,000 persons in France depend upon the Newfoundland fisheries. It is true that only a part of the fishermen are on the French Shore, but the fisheries cannot be disturbed in any part without disturbing the whole. Setting aside their economic importance and the little bit of historic

* See article by Mr. McGrath in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January, 1902.

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sentiment which clusters about them, they perform a national function of transcendent importance. They encourage and keep up seafaring life among the populations of the western coast of France. They furnish able, well-trained men, with sea instincts of many generations in the blood, for naval service. Therefore, regardless of economic importance, these treaty rights and their use make for the naval strength of the nation.

That the Treaty of Utrecht ought to be revised is generally admitted, but it ought to be done by men capable of gauging the old conditions and of giving corresponding values in the circumstances of our own times. France would doubtless be willing to make such a revision, or to sell her rights for an adequate compensation, but she would resent an attempt at coercion.

If the claims of France are wrong, then why should not Newfoundlanders consent to arbitrate the points at issue? Why not allow an independent court of arbitration, after the most sweeping search for evidence and the collection of all the data which bear upon the whole matter, to decide upon the contention? Newfoundlanders wish to be judges when they are only a party in the controversy. Judge Prowse says: "Most Newfoundlanders are afraid of arbitration; England is always on the losing side." The words of the Judge mean that Newfoundlanders do not dare to present their case before a competent court. Furthermore, they contain the most cruel insult which could be thrust in the face of England. Were it true that England, when she appears before the distinguished European judges selected to arbitrate, "is always on the losing side," it would seem that her contentions must always be wrong. There is not a shadow of doubt that, in this case, were England to voice the claims on the French Shore as her subjects do, she would be "on the losing side." It would be better to recognize now the evident exclusive rights of France. M. Delcassé has told the writer that the Foreign Office no longer denies them. Were it otherwise, it would be worth while for Great Britain to refer the interpretation of the treaties to the Court of Arbitration at The Hague, for then she could face France or her subjects in the island with the greater moral power.

JEAN CHARLEMAGNE BRACQ.

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THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

BY CHARLES H. STEVENSON.

UNLIKE the mineral, forestry and agricultural resources of the country, the fisheries can be appropriated and conserved by individuals only in part, and consequently must in a large measure be maintained by the Government for the use of the people in common. The term "fisheries" is here used in its broad and popular sense, signifying the exploitation of all products of the seas, rivers and lakes, including the taking of mollusks, crustaceans, sponges, aquatic mammals, etc., as well as of fish proper.

The responsibility for conserving and developing the fisheries of America is entrusted to the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries, or, as it is generally known, the United States Fish Commission. The purpose of this article is to set forth briefly the origin of this branch of the Government service, the general work which it has in hand and some of the accomplished results.

While the present organization and functions are the result of various enactments of Congress made from time to time during the last thirty years, the original enactment establishing the Commission was a joint resolution approved on January 9th, 1871. For several years immediately preceding that date, there had been a great scarcity in the supply of food-fish on the Atlantic seaboard, and especially along the coast of southern New England. The States of Massachusetts and Rhode Island were especially interested, and each appointed a legislative committee to investigate the matter. The reports of these committees differed greatly, and the controversy became so extended, that many prominent individuals and scientific associations whose intimate acquaintance with the subject entitled them to recognition urged upon Congress the necessity of a careful inquiry into the cause of the decrease, and the requisite remedial measures. In response thereto

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Congress provided for the appointment, from among the civil officers of the Government, of one person of scientific and practical acquaintance with the fishes of the coast, to be Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, to serve without additional salary, whose duty it should be to investigate and report to Congress whether any and what diminution had occurred in the quantity of food-fishes on the coast and lakes of the United States, the causes of the same, and whether any and what protective, prohibitory or precautionary measures were required.

The qualifications and restrictions relative to the appointee to the office practically limited the choice to Professor Spencer F. Baird, then assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and in charge of the National Museum. Indeed, it was to provide especially for his appointment that the bill was thus phrased. On the appropriation of $5,000 to meet the necessary expenses of the investigation, he immediately secured a corps of assistants and entered upon the inquiry.

So impressed was Congress with the importance of the work inaugurated that, in the following year, an appropriation of $5,000 was made to continue the investigations during the year 1873, and $15,000 was provided for the introduction of shad into the waters of the Pacific coast, of the Gulf States, and of the Mississippi Valley; and of salmon, white-fish, and other useful food-fishes into American waters to which they are adapted.

This was not the origin of fish-culture in America. The artificial fertilization and hatching of fish-eggs had been discovered in Germany more than a century before, but it did not attract much attention until the success of the work in France about 1850. The subject met with considerable favor in the United States; and, previous to 1872, several States maintained hatcheries for the purpose of stocking their respective waters. Most prominent among these were Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Maine and California.

The fish-hatching work of the Commission met with such popular approval and was productive of so great benefits that, in each succeeding year, the appropriations were renewed on a gradually increasing scale; and in a few years the United States Fish Commission ranked foremost among the fish-cultural organizations of the world.

The investigations of the fishery problems were likewise con-

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tinued and extended in scope from time to time. In the first ten years, these were conducted principally on the New England coast, although valuable work was done elsewhere. Headquarters were established at some point on the coast, usually at a different place each year; and the biological and economic investigations were carried on together by the Commissioner and his staff of assistants, which consisted almost entirely of volunteers, and principally of well-known specialists and advanced students from institutions of learning. In 1881, a permanent station was established at Woods Holl, Massachusetts, and since then most of the biological work on the New England coast has been conducted at that place.

While the collection of statistical data was an important part of the first work of the Commission, the inquiry was restricted to special regions and did not cover the coast in a comprehensive manner. Owing to the limited means available, it was not possible to do much work on this line until 1879, when arrangements were made with the Director of the Tenth Census whereby the Commission was financially aided in making a comprehensive investigation of the commercial fisheries of the entire country. Not only were the economic conditions canvassed, but a large amount of data was secured relative to the biology and natural history of the objects of fishery pursuit. Those data were published in seven quarto volumes, which included nearly all that was then known relative to the fisheries and fishery industries of the United States.

The work continued along these lines, gradually increasing in scope and efficiency, until the death of Professor Baird on August 19th, 1887. Dr. G. Brown Goode succeeded him in the assistant secretaryship of the Smithsonian, and at the request of the President he temporarily assumed the commissionership.

The sixteen years of Professor Baird's wise and energetic management may be regarded as the experimental and developmental period of the Commission, and a necessary preliminary step to the more practical and extensive operations of the last fifteen years. A large amount of biological and economic data had been obtained for trustworthy guidance and the culture of fish had passed from an experimental to an industrial stage. A corps of trained biologists, economists, and fish-culturists had been brought together, and the equipment secured for carrying on the work comprised

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two steamers, one schooner, and sixteen hatching stations, with the necessary outfit and appliances.

During the whole of Professor Baird's term as Commissioner, he had served as assistant secretary and later as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and he also had charge of the National Museum; and a similar condition prevailed while Dr. Goode was Commissioner. These offices, however, had grown far beyond the scope of one man's direction. Consequently, on January 20th, 1888, the law was modified to permit the appointment of a Commissioner who should give his entire and undivided attention to the work, thus freeing the office from intimate association with any other department of the Government service.

Following this enactment, Colonel Marshall McDonald was appointed Commissioner, and served until his death on September 1st, 1895. He was succeeded by the Hon. J. J. Brice, and in 1898 the latter was succeeded by the present Commissioner, the Hon. George M. Bowers. In the meantime, the work of the Commission has greatly increased, and is now more than twice as extensive as it was in 1887, a very large part of this increase, especially in fish-cultural work, having occurred within the last four years.

The origin and development of the Commission having been outlined, it now remains to describe the organization and its principal functions. Aside from the general administrative offices, which need not be noted here, there are three large divisions which correspond to the three principal functions of the service. These are (1) the Division of Inquiry respecting Food-Fishes and Fishing Grounds, (2) the Division of Fisheries, and (3) the Division of Fish-Culture. This organization is based on the different kinds of work to be performed; and while the three divisions are entirely separate and distinct, each having its responsible head and personnel, they work in harmony and mutually aid one another in forwarding the general fishery interests. The work of each of these will be set forth separately.

(1) *The Division of Inquiry respecting Food-Fishes and Fishing Grounds.* The principal work of this division is a study of the fishes and other objects of fishery pursuit, including their embryology and life history, their food, diseases, conditions of growth, methods of culture, etc., and likewise the biological and physical characteristics of the seas, lakes, and rivers in which they occur. In order to understand the various fishery problems, it is

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necessary to know the life history of all aquatic animals and plants, and it is equally important to understand the physical conditions of the water, such as density, currents, temperature, etc. These inquiries are conducted with a view to practical results and conclusions rather than the advancement of science, although it is the policy of the Commission to afford every reasonable means for advancing knowledge of aquatic biology.

The work of this division is performed by a corps of scientific naturalists and biologists, whose training qualifies them to deal with the problems involved. In addition to the regular personnel, most efficient services are rendered by volunteers, including some of the most skilful of American specialists.

A large part of the investigations are prosecuted at the marine biological stations maintained at Woods Holl, Massachusetts, and Beaufort, North Carolina. These are resorted to by eminent zoölogists from all parts of the country, who avail themselves of the facilities there afforded for studying aquatic biology; and the Commission has the benefit of the many important investigations there carried on. In addition to this, field parties are assigned to various parts of the country to study special problems, and to develop knowledge of the resources of the waters and the geographical distribution of aquatic products.

Many experiments relating particularly to extension of the fishery resources are likewise conducted. Among the special experiments in progress at the present time are those relating to the growing of sponges from cuttings, the rearing of lobsters, the cultivation of clams, and the fattening of oysters for market.

An important work of this division since 1887 has been a systematic survey of the oceanic fishing grounds, especially those not previously exploited, in order to make the present resources known to the fishery interests. This work has been performed largely by the vessels owned by the Commission. In accordance with the law, and through the courtesy of the Secretary of the Navy, naval officers have been detailed to these vessels, an arrangement which has resulted in mutual benefit to the two branches of the service.

(2) *The Division of Statistics and Methods of the Fisheries.*— For the sake of brevity this division is commonly known as the Division of Fisheries. Its function is also that of investigation; and while the work of the Division of Inquiry respecting Food-

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Fishes and that of the Division of Fisheries may overlap in certain particulars, yet in general the former relates especially to conserving and extending the aquatic resources, while the latter is concerned with the best and most extensive utilization of those resources. This division deals with the economic phases of the fisheries themselves, such as the collection of statistical data, the study of the apparatus and methods of capture with special reference to their utility and their effect on the fisheries, the best methods of utilizing the products, the effects of fishery legislation and international fishery relations, and all other matters affecting the economy of aquatic resources. The work is carried on by trained experts who visit the fishery sections to study the conditions, while in some important centres special agents are permanently located.

The collection of statistical data constituted a part of the work of the Commission from its origin. The Halifax Convention of 1877, which determined the amount of the award to be paid by the United States to the Canadian Government on account of the privileges granted by the Treaty of Washington, emphasized the necessity of having at hand accurate and comprehensive statistics of the fisheries and the impossibility of judicious legislation without them. It has been confidently asserted by persons whose experience qualifies them to speak, that the results of that convention would have been far different, and the United States would not have been called upon to pay the award of $5,500,000, if it had possessed such statistical data as are now available.

Since 1888, the small amount of funds available annually for this work has enabled the division to make a canvass of the entire country every four or five years, and thus keep a fairly continuous record of the condition in every section. These data furnish a guide for determining the direction and results of fish-culture, and they are also of the greatest service in the study of fishery problems and in connection with fishery legislation.

The work of this division also includes a study of the apparatus and methods of the fisheries, with a view to discouraging the use of those which are especially injurious, and the introduction of full information relative to the most approved methods of capture devised in this and other countries.

Another important function of the Division of Fisheries is the dissemination among American fishery interests of information

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relative to the utilization of fishery products, including methods of refrigeration, drying, pickling, canning, and other processes of preservation for food, and also their employment in the arts and industries. This is a very broad and important subject, and it is receiving special attention in the divisional work. The thorough utilization of the present resources is no less important than the extension of those resources. In few countries has greater care been given to the preparation of fishery products than in America; yet there are many additional methods that could be employed advantageously. Numerous products highly valued in Europe and Asia are never used here, although abundant in our waters, and a large part of our resources are undeveloped through a failure to appreciate and follow the foreign methods. Herring, for instance, is one of the most abundant species on the American coast, obtainable nearly every season in much larger quantities than can be handled; yet the United States imports annually over $2,000,000 worth of herring products. Millions of dollars worth of oil, fertilizer, glue, skins, shells, seaweeds, etc., are annually wasted in this country through a lack of information as to the proper methods of manufacture. The use of the Mississippi pearl-shells illustrates the importance of this work. Twelve years ago they were of no market value whatever. The method of using them in button-manufacture was then introduced, and that industry now employs over 5,000 persons in America.

The prosperity of the fisheries is likewise enhanced by extending the foreign fishery trade. In case of some products, the foreign demand is of as much importance as the home market, and the fluctuations in that demand are of great consequence to the fishery interests. The value of our annual exports of fishery products approximates $7,000,000, but that it is not nearly so great as it might be is apparent from the fact that more than $100,000,000 worth of fishery products are imported into various foreign countries. The Division of Fisheries devotes considerable attention to this subject, studying the foreign markets, the prevailing trade conditions, the special articles that may be disposed of, and the particular methods of preparation suited to the foreign demand.

(3) *The Division of Fish-Culture.*—The work of this division consists in the hatching and distribution of fish for the maintenance and increase of existing fisheries, and for the establishment of new resources. As regards the amount of money expended and

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the number of persons employed, this is by far the most extensive branch of the service, although it was not contemplated when the Commission was established.

This division now operates thirty-five hatcheries, four railroad cars for distribution, and an extensive equipment for carrying on the work. Two stations in Maine, at Green Lake and Craig Brook, are used for cultivating the Atlantic and landlocked salmon for distribution in New England and adjacent territory. At Gloucester and Woods Holl, Massachusetts, cod, lobster, flat-fish, and other marine species are propagated. The hatching operations of the steamer "Fish-Hawk" in Delaware River, Battery Station and Bryan Point in Maryland, Edenton in North Carolina, and the stations in Washington, D. C., are devoted principally to shad, which are distributed all along the Atlantic seaboard. Hatcheries on the Great Lakes at Cape Vincent, New York; Put-in-Bay, Ohio; Detroit, Alpena, and Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan; and Duluth, Minnesota, are devoted to white-fish, pike perch, lake trout, lake herring, etc. At St. Johnsbury, Vermont; Nashua, New Hampshire; Wytheville, Virginia; Erwin, Tennessee; Cold Spring, Georgia; Northville, Michigan; Quincy, Illinois; Manchester, Iowa; Neosho, Missouri; San Marcos, Texas; Leadville, Colorado; Spear Fish, South Dakota; and Bozeman, Montana, the work is principally with brook trout, black-spotted trout, grayling, rainbow trout, black bass, crappie, bream, and the like. Six stations are maintained on the Pacific seaboard for the cultivation of the various Pacific salmon.

The output of fish fry and eggs from these hatcheries during the year ending June 30th, 1902, amounted to 1,488,673,000. The principal species were as follows—white-fish, 594,490,000; pike perch, 237,099,000; cod, 212,001,000; flat-fish, 168,133,000; shad, 104,986,000; lobster, 81,020,000; salmon, 53,599,000; lake trout, 27,257,000; brook trout, 6,142,000; grayling, 1,785,000; and rainbow trout, 1,183,000. Of yearling and adult fish 6,870,000 were distributed, the principal items being 2,006,000 shad, 1,488,000 black-spotted trout, 735,000 crappie, 606,000 sunfish, 492,000 rainbow trout, 437,000 brook trout, 381,000 salmon, 262,000 black bass, 77,000 steel head trout, and 37,000 rock bass.

The results attendant upon these fish-hatching and distribution operations have been exceedingly gratifying. Millions of pounds of fish are now captured in waters originally stocked by the Com-

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mission, and equally favorable results have followed plantings made in native waters for the purpose of restoring depleted fisheries. Thousands of small lakes and streams throughout the country are now supplied with food and game fish entirely new to those waters. On the Pacific coast the results are especially striking. The small plantings made there of shad and striped bass have resulted in making these non-indigenous fish abundant along a large section of the coast. The confidence placed in fish-culture by the salmon interests on the Pacific is practically universal, and some of the canners have even established private hatcheries at their own expense.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that the perpetuation of the extensive shad fisheries on the Atlantic seaboard is largely the result of artificial propagation. The adverse agencies, such as dams across the rivers, sawdust, chemicals, and other refuse, and the extensive fisheries, have reduced natural reproduction to almost an insignificant factor in the maintenance of the fisheries, and make them almost wholly dependent on artificial propagation. The increased catch of shad since 1880, when the results of hatching operations began to appear, now approximates 8,000,000 in number annually. At twenty-five cents each, which is about the average price paid by consumers, this represents an increase in value of $2,000,000, fifty times the outlay for shad propagation.

The work of fish-culture has met with so much success that many persons consider it more advisable to spend money for the hatching and distribution of fish, with a view to making them so abundant that they may be caught without risk of depleting the resources, than to spend an equal amount in policing and restricting the fisheries with a similar object in view.

A consideration of the work already accomplished by the Commission in its several departments recently drew from a prominent Congressman and financier, a member of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, and therefore competent to speak, the statement that "there is no expenditure on the part of the Government which results in greater economic benefit to the country at large than that applied to fostering the fisheries."

CHARLES H. STEVENSON.

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CANADA'S GROWING COMMERCIAL INDEPENDENCE.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.

JUDGED by existing conditions, financial and commercial, and the promising prospect for the future, which the people of Canada regard as a certainty, no greater service was ever done by one country to another than has been rendered to Canada by the United States by the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty in 1867, and the persistent refusal of the United States Senate to renew it, ever since, notwithstanding numerous applications in various forms. This is a fact which it is difficult to realize without an accurate knowledge of the circumstances in which Canada now finds herself, as a self-reliant, permanently prosperous, and commercially independent nation. Thrown upon her own resources, and denied access for her natural products to her nearest market by the United States tariff, Canada appears to have come forward into active competition with the United States in the markets of the world, with such success in certain lines peculiar to the United States that this country must needs make extraordinary efforts in order to maintain its boasted position as *the* food-provider of the world.

The prosperous condition of Canada is exemplified by the Annual Report of the Department of Trade and Commerce of the Dominion. The aggregate foreign trade of 1902, as compared with that of 1895, had increased in the enormous proportion of ninety-one per cent., while the total trade showed a gain of above $70 *per capita*,—probably the largest proportionate gain ever made by any nation—far greater than that of the United States, even in the recent years of her great prosperity. This, of course, does not represent quantity, but only proportionate gain, per head of population; but, as will be seen later on, the magnitude of the

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country and its powers of producing and handling food products are such that it will not be long before the quantity also will be equally astonishing.

Thus, if, in an article so peculiarly representing this country as cheese, and so important to Great Britain as an article of consumption, Canada, in a few short years, has made American cheese take a second place and put her own in the first, by the excellence of her product, what may not be expected in the matter of grain, such as wheat, or even of flour? The excellence of the article, as the result of individual effort, or its adaptation to the needs or the tastes of certain localities, has a deciding effect in its sale, and Canada has, so far, proved her capacity to produce a superior and more popular article than her competitors. This is exemplified by the demand in English markets for Canadian bacon, which commands the highest price there, because Canadian pigs are fed in small numbers on sound, ripened peas in farmyards, and not by the thousand, in slaughter-houses, on heated corn, as is sometimes the practice in the enormous establishments of Chicago and the West.

How far the demand for Canadian goods in Great Britain has been stimulated because of the attachment of the Canadian people to the British Crown, can never be shown by statistics; but it is a fact that the extraordinary loyalty displayed by Canada, during the recent war in South Africa, has been influential in promoting the sale of Canadian products in the Mother-country. This result has been greatly influenced by the preferential reduction, amounting to twenty-five or thirty per cent., in the tariff duties on British goods imported into Canada, a concession which Canada voluntarily made two years ago. The sale of Canadian goods in England was doubtless promoted also by the sympathy which was felt for Canada, in being so frequently and persistently denied free admission to the United States for the surplus of her natural products, such, for instance, as fish and potatoes, by an aggressive tariff law, while, at the same time, Great Britain admitted free of duty, to the greatest market in the world—to the only market, in fact, competent to absorb it—the vast excess production of the United States.

The sapient Senators in Washington do not seem to have realized that, while they denied reciprocity and free admission to five million dollars' worth of natural products, solely available for

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food for their own people, from Canada, which comprises forty per cent. of the area of the British Empire, this country has relied upon the remaining sixty per cent. of the same Empire for a market for its excess production—over five hundred million dollars' worth every year.

That this condition should continue is hardly to be anticipated, especially in view of the belief, which exists in Canada to-day, that any legislation in the United States, in which Canada has any concern, has as its ultimate intention the idea of forcing Canada into the Union—a consummation intensely obnoxious to the great majority of Canadians. In the history of commonwealths, never has greater loyalty been shown than exists to-day in Canada to the British Crown. It can be compared to nothing less than a deep and sincere religious belief, imbibed with the mother's milk, and fostered at every stage and by every circumstance. No sacrifice, even to life itself, appears too serious to be undertaken to maintain the relation to the Mother-country, as was shown by the extraordinary eagerness of the Canadian volunteers in South Africa, and the willingness of the Canadian parents to send forth their offspring to fight the battles of the Queen and maintain the integrity of the Empire. With such a sentiment prevailing, is it any wonder that the proposal to forfeit allegiance to Great Britain presents no temptation to Canadians?

Annexation to the United States is unpopular and universally disapproved in Canada, not because the Canadians are not attracted by the Americans—though they have had good occasion to distrust their legislative sincerity,—not because they love the "Yankees" (as Americans are universally termed) less, but because they love themselves more, and propose to shape their own future in the magnificent possibilities before them in governing and developing what they conceive to be the greatest country under the sun.

The Dominion comprises more space on the earth's surface than every State in the Union combined,—a fact which was stated in these pages, by the writer, ten or twelve years ago, but which has really never been realized in regard to legislation. It is not only the larger of the two countries, but, because of its enormous volume of minerals, and, specially, because of its food-producing lands, it is believed by Canadians to be the richer. Omitting the possessions of both countries in Alaska, Canada has five hundred

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thousand square miles more of land available than the United States; besides, it has more than half the fresh water of the globe within its borders and within its control—a fact of supreme importance, as will be seen later on, when its geographical location and the grades of its rivers are realized. This five hundred thousand square miles of land comprises Northwest Canada, rendered available within the last twenty years through the operations of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which has made all Canada accessible. This region is said to be extremely rich in food productiveness, so much so that now it is becoming very attractive to emigrants from the United States, owing to the exhaustion of American soil in Minnesota and other pivotal producing points; and it is inferred, from non-statistical data, that there is a volume of emigration now trending toward the Canadian Northwest that will fully equal that which is received by the United States from all points abroad within a short period.

The following extract from an official document demonstrates the quality of the productiveness of the soil:

"*Wheat.*—71 varieties tested; days to mature, 103 to 108; yields ranged from 62 to 67 bushels per acre; Minnesota's average yield, 17 bushels.

"*Barley.*—30 varieties tested; days to mature, 38 to 93; yields ranged from 59 to 68 bushels to the acre.

"*Oats.*—63 varieties tested; days to mature, 99 to 103; yields ranged from 130 to 147 bushels to the acre.

"*Peas.*—57 varieties tested; days to mature, 103 to 113; yields ranged from 58 to 66 bushels to the acre.

"*Fodder Corn.*—34 varieties tested; planted in May and cut in September; height from 127 to 138 inches; yields ranged from 24 to 36 tons to the acre."

As to the exhaustion of American soil for settlement it is a fact that so rapid has been the demand for land, and so extravagant have been the railway grants, that very little of the desirable public domain remains for settlement. This fact was recently pointed out in Minneapolis by Mr. C. C. Webber, in an address before the annual convention of the National Agricultural Implement Manufacturers of the United States, a prudent, careful man, well informed on what he says. Mr. Webber, as representing a leading plow manufacturing company, has had abundant opportunity for observing this matter, and his utterances therefore are worthy of careful consideration. The places he mentions

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are the four great provinces comprising the great Canadian wheat fields. He spoke as follows:

"The rapid disappearance of our government and railroad land within the rain belt has brought our people to a realizing sense of the value of good farming land. The district that is now attracting so much attention lies north of Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana, and comprises the provinces of Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, with a total area of about 375,000 square miles, and if Athabasca be included, in which is situated the Pease River valley, where good crops are raised, it will add 104,500 square miles. Not all of this is good agricultural land, but much of it is. The rich soil and long hours of sunshine during the summer months have much to do with the fertility of this northern region, and as the mountain district is reached, the severity of the weather is tempered by the warm breezes from the Pacific. This territory raised for export in 1902, 60,000,000 bushels of wheat, to say nothing of oats, barley, flax, etc."

Opinions differ sharply as to the eventual output of these regions because of early frosts; but, inasmuch as last year sixty million bushels of grain have been harvested and marketed, and as emigrants are pouring in in large numbers into those regions, we are compelled to accept, for the moment, the evidences that are available as to the effectiveness of the climate.

So that Canada, in addition to the trade which she has built up abroad, has a large source of revenue from emigrants daily arriving, generally with means sufficient to cultivate the soil to the greatest advantage. The emigrants having had experience in the settlement of the United States, are admirably adapted to succeed, if success is possible.

As a grain grower Canada possesses an inestimable advantage over her competitors, in the matter of cheap and ready transportation for her products to the seaboard. By means of a ship canal from the foot of Lake Huron, by way of the Ottawa River, to the St. Lawrence River at Montreal,—straight as a bird flies,—and thence by Lake Champlain, through the proposed Richelieu Canal, to the Hudson River, a thousand miles of transportation will be saved over present routes; and because of her ownership of half the fresh water of the globe, Canada, while the greatest grower, bids fair to be also the readiest transporter and exporter of food products.

But, in addition to grain growing and food producing, Canada possesses a vast element of wealth in vast areas of paper-pulp

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wood; and, with the water power she possesses, she is admirably equipped to prepare the pulp for paper manufacture. The pulp area extends from the interior of Labrador, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia, west and northwest to Alaska in an immense area north of the St. Lawrence valley and the prairie sections, almost up to the Arctic circle. The pulp area, which is estimated to comprise four hundred and fifty millions of acres, is sufficient to supply the world with paper stock for ages to come, and has been and is a continual source of revenue to Canada, especially beneficial and helpful to the new settler.

Reference has been made to the fact that Canada possesses half of the fresh water of the globe, and this fact, taken in connection with unlimited supply of pulp wood, may have very unusual significance in regard to the manufacture of paper, of which Niagara Falls and the enormous development at Sault Ste. Marie at the foot of Lake Superior are suggestive. Places never heard of before are now centres of great activity because of the power concentrated there and the possibility of transmitting it by electricity. Thus at Shawinigan Falls and at Chambly on the Richelieu River are power-producing plants, transmitting, in the first instance, seventy-five thousand horse-power, and in the latter twenty-five thousand horse-power, eighteen to seventy-five miles.

This unknown and cheap water-power will be extraordinarily influential in the manufacturing of an article of such universal use as is paper, and articles in which paper is an element, among which are the following: Pails, dishes and other hollow ware, paper parchment, cotton wool for hospital dressings, cotton yarn and cloth, silk yarn and fabrics, cigar boxes, medals, cornices, panels and other architectural details, picture frames, car wheels, steam pipes, water pipes, telegraph poles, electric conduits, roofing material, coffins, boats, cigar holders, carpets, mattresses, lead pencils, artificial straw, shoe heels, vases and ornaments, furniture, horse-shoes, spools and bobbins, tool handles, buttons, cycle bar handles, fruit cans, hats, pinions for machinery, pulleys, letters for signs, substitutes for building stones and for boards, piano cases, tiles, paving blocks, fibre chamois, etc. It has also been used for encasing broken arms and legs.

Canada appears to possess in this universal development of water-power all over the Dominion extraordinary facilities for manufacturing of all descriptions. It is, therefore, important to

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ascertain what sources of minerals she possesses ready at hand. The following synopsis is derived from the best informed source:

"Almost every mineral and metal known can be found in Canada, and a number of the most valuable products exist here in quantities not exceeded anywhere else in the world; take, for instance, the metals iron, copper, lead, nickel, gold, silver, zinc, manganese, and the non-metallic minerals, coal, petroleum, natural gas, salt, corundum, asbestos, gypsum, cements, phosphates, mica, slate, etc."

Rich ores of iron abound all the way from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Among many localities, may be mentioned Texada Island, between Vancouver Island and the mainland; several places along the Crow's Nest line of the Canadian Pacific Railway system; the Atikokan district, about seventy miles west of Thunder Bay; the Iron Lake, Frances and Helen hematite mines near the northeastern angle of Lake Superior, extensive deposits of rich ores in various parts of the country between Lake Ontario and the Ottawa River, and in the valley of this stream; besides many others of different kinds of iron ore in the provinces of Quebec and Nova Scotia, and on the east side of Hudson Bay and in the Labrador peninsula (which is 1000 miles across).

Canada possesses coal enough to supply the world. Although the limits of her enormous coal-fields in the Northwest territories, and in the mountainous country extending from the State of Washington to beyond the Arctic circle, have not yet been accurately defined, they probably exceed those of the United States and consequently of any other country in the world. It is a remarkable and important fact that, while the United States possesses no coal-fields on the shores of either ocean, Canada has rich mines capable of great development at tidewater in Nova Scotia on the Atlantic, and on Vancouver Island on the Pacific.

An efficient Geological Survey on practical lines, with about fifty officers, is carried on by Canada under Dr. Robert Bell, F.R.S., to whom the reader is indebted for the foregoing limited synopsis of Canada's mineral situation.

Reciprocity between the United States and Canada has never appealed to the good sense of either people to a sufficient degree to afford a practical test of its possibilities, and the independent attitude of Canada to-day makes the probability of such a test more remote than ever. For, under present conditions, Canada is not likely to renew her overtures for unrestricted trade relations

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with the United States. She appears to be going forward, self-reliantly, to build up her own trade and develop her own resources, and with such success that her people are, to-day, not only entirely independent of the United States, but, also, comparatively indifferent to any tariff legislation of the government at Washington.

It is true that the Joint High Commission, appointed by the two governments, is still in existence, although its meetings were abruptly suspended two years ago, by circumstances relating to the Alaskan boundary and which had no connection with the reciprocity idea; but it is true that the members of the Commission have, by no means, abandoned hope of future action; and such propositions as have been made on the behalf of either government, are still open to acceptance. But it would need an attractive offering to overcome the growing sentiment of Canadian independence of the United States, and the desire for realization of the advantages which equip that country to compete successfully for supplying the food of the world.

It may be that a solution of the whole question, in default of Reciprocity being achieved, will be found in the suggestion for the establishment of a Zollverein in North America, like the famous customs union of Germany. No great difficulties appear to stand in the way of such an arrangement,—certainly none as great as confronted the framers of the German customs alliance, when the proposition meant the adjustment of the tariffs of twenty-six states, each having its own business interests to satisfy.

In order to set the matter in motion, the following resolution has been suggested:

"*Resolved, by the House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled:* That, whenever it shall be duly certified to the President of the United States that the government of the Dominion of Canada, or the republics of Mexico, Argentina, or Cuba; or the governments of any countries in North or South America have declared a desire to enter into such commercial arrangements with the United States, on the principle of the German Zollverein, as would result in the complete removal of all duties upon trade between such countries and the United States, he shall appoint three commissioners to meet those who may be likewise designated to represent said country or countries, to ascertain on what terms greater freedom of intercourse between the United States and said country or countries can be best secured; and said commissioners shall report to the President, who shall lay the report before Congress."

ERASTUS WIMAN.

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GABRIELLE.

A DREAM FROM THE TREASURES CONTAINED IN THE LETTERS OF ABÉLARD AND HÉLOÏSE.

BY KATHERINE MACKAY.

CHARACTERS:

GABRIELLE. THÉOPHILE. GRÉGOIRE.

The period of the play is late in the 11th century. The time of the action covers one year.

ACT I.

"Ich sag' euch gebt nur mehr und immer, immer mehr,
So könnt ihr euch vom Ziele nie verirren."

The scene represents the library in the house of Grégoire. On the left is a large open fireplace, with a blazing fire. A long table covered with books, and with two tall candlesticks at the corners, stands near it. A carved armchair at both ends of the table. Books line the walls. The coloring of the room is a sombre red. At the back of the stage, facing the audience, is a door leading to a terrace; a wide window on either side of the door, through which one sees the city of Paris and the country beyond. At the beginning of the scene, the whole stage is lighted by the glow of the setting sun on the autumn landscape; as the sun slowly sinks beneath the horizon, dusk creeps over the country and the light of the fire illuminates the actors, throwing their faces into strong relief. Night comes on gently, and by the end of the Act the view is bathed in soft moonlight.

Gabrielle is seated in the chair nearest the fire, listening to Théophile read; her arms are resting on the table, her hands are loosely clasped, her eyes are on his face. She is dressed in white. Théophile is standing near the fire, his back to the audience, finishing a manuscript covered with Papal seals.

Théophile (reading). "Transgressed the limits of his forefathers." . . . . Because I have questioned the rationality of

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the doctrine of the Trinity! So if I continue my work, it must be in secret. Freedom of thought frightens the Church so much, she forbids philosophical speculation. All my years of work have brought me this, a reprimand, a warning from His Holiness. By what right does he say I shall go no further? Does he think I am terrified by the power of the throne in Rome?

Gabrielle. Established custom fears the questioner. You, who have been brave enough to think without its empty books, strong enough to work without its help, tall enough to look over its limitations into pure nature beyond, must expect rebuke. The tolerance of the Church has meant nothing to you. Work on without it, grow into achievement in spite of its disapproval. Individuality is the spark of originating life these men call soul; let it grow free and straight. Our only obligation is to the Cosmos which gave us a little substance and a little power. If we give our utmost towards the Great Total, we pay the price of living. You and I have laid out a road to walk across this earth which has no boundary walls. Free from mental superstitions, you have sought the elements for God. You have seen Him in the waters, you have breathed Him in with the air, you have worshipped Him in the stars. We have studied and understood our masters of two thousand years ago. Truth is in them. Fill your brain with the purest thoughts of science and philosophy, life and death, those grand dead thinkers worked out so carefully. Soar on and on into unknown cycles of thought, until you find the answer of the All and preach it to the world. Let the Pope send his reprimand to-day; the morning will dawn which shall bring his emissary to you, asking your advice. Leave the Church, stand forth before France and Germany, Spain and Italy, and proclaim its rottenness to the world.

Théophile. I cannot do that. My career is within the limits of the Church. As I mount higher and higher through the ranks of this wonderful organization, preaching our truths unobtrusively, opening all the ancient channels of learning to my fellow churchmen, showing them how knowledge and religion may be blended and taught, I shall acquire a vast audience, reaching all countries lying in the shadow of Rome. My years of assent will have accustomed the learned and the learners to the sound of my voice and the meaning of my words, until, when the triple mitre is placed upon my brow, and St. Peter's key is

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in my hand, I shall control the world with my will, letting the mitre prove through me the power of knowledge.

Gabrielle. And will not the key be too heavy for you to open the gates to the stars? Nay, Théophile, you do not believe in your inmost heart that there is truth in all those ranks of priestly intriguers. Your eyes pierce through their lies. If you make something you do not believe in the means of your achievement, there will be little merit in the Gospel you preach. And do you suppose that once within the Church's limits your hunger for learning will be keen? You, too, will close the gates of the Past; you, too, will block the road to Knowledge, fearing to lose power.

Théophile. I will use my power from within to speak so that all may understand. Think of the Church of Rome as you do of the town-crier; with the sounds of sweet music, the sensuousness of beautiful churches, the gorgeousness of pageants, the perfume of clouds and incense, it attracts the multitude, and gives to some of those who listen a little wisdom and a little truth. If I leave it, if I start again alone, I shall have to strain every particle of energy to gain followers one by one, whereas now my audience is innumerable, reaching from ocean to ocean. They will all stop and listen, and nearly all must learn. I shall be the leader of mankind; I will teach our gospel to Humanity.

Gabrielle. Not thus can we see the Infinite. Not looking up from crumbling and decaying superstitions, but abreast with the foremost workers, unhampered by ties or obligations, letting our souls guide us to the accomplishment of the task our capacity has set for us.

Théophile. You are so young, I am so old. . . . Perhaps I love you all the more because of your earnest view of life, your ambition, your youth-given impetuosity.

Gabrielle (kissing him gently on both eyes). Our souls live in the firmament, walking among the stars.

Théophile (kissing her passionately upon the mouth). Our bodies live in the city of Paris, walking among strangers.

Gabrielle. The Greeks led a beautiful, thinking life, learning of a peaceful dreamless sleep to follow. Let us walk with them for a little way; breathing the cool, calm air of Athens, looking in their ruined temples. Friendship and Love are there, so close entwined we cannot tell the difference.

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Théophile. You are a strange combination; the strongest of your qualities are your sentiment and your ambition. You would have me rush blindly into a stone wall, when, with a little patience and by a little longer walk, I may find an open gate through which to enter the field of work. The strength of your feeling for me lies in the fact that your love makes me seem to you what you wish me to be. In reality, compared with you, I am a cold-blooded old man, with no sentiment, many weaknesses, but with a sincere appreciation of you.

Gabrielle. If you had no sentiment, and if you were the cynical old gnome carrying fagots to the fire you love to picture yourself to me, you would not tell me so. You feel too much. I can see all the sorrows of humanity in the lines of your face. You stand alone like Atlas, bearing the burden of the world on those strong shoulders. We are here to work in the best way, using every minute of our life. As the days unfold the future into the present, and we shall have lived our share, we shall see our love bloom again in our child's eyes; and, as we sink into disuse and death, we may feel the scale of human justice bending a little with the weight of our small fraction of work accomplished. Your task is to preach the truth the Ancients have shown you, adding your conception of the solution of the problem of Life.

We all dwell too much upon the dead future, while we are working in the living present. Deeds, not dreams, lead us on to our goal. I wish I might build a big fire out there in the fields, and watch superstition, deception, false values, and, above all, the everlasting golden calf, burn up in smoke. Then, in the air of pure reason, your voice would ring out, you would give far more than you destroy. Be true to your best self alone.

Théophile. Alone, and with you. For, since that day a year ago when I came into this house as your teacher, I have had two thoughts in my mind, two loves in my heart, two truths in my soul: my work and you. As they matured together, I have known your power and understood it. Some fires burn but to fill a room with smoke; mine shall burn to illuminate the world.

Gabrielle. If my power were the stronger, it might put the fire out. Passion leaves but ashes, love gives birth to friendship. Let us continue to live our lives our way, working, thinking, loving, in unison. Because we are not man and wife, you free to be yourself, I to be myself. Our very separation gives our powers

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new impetus, more vigor. We shall watch our fire of love burn through future years, and, if we see the flame growing dim, whoever feels the creeping shadow first must gently blow it out, that neither of us may touch the ashes, and both of us may know the Phœnix-Friendship.

Théophile. Into the infinite I shall love you and need you by my side. Marry me. Then there can be no thought of ashes, nor of cold-blooded friendship. Marry me for the sake of the stranger on its way to us. Let me spare you the shame of the world's cold judgment. Be mine before all. Our love will be purified by the marriage bond, the union of our hearts and souls will be completed by the blending of our daily lives.

Gabrielle. What tears would this marriage cause philosophy to shed! You, created for the benefit of the world, made to serve a wife! Remember what wise men have said of marriage. Read what St. Jerome wrote: "A Sage should never enter matrimony, for a wife and philosophy are more than one man's burden." What union is possible between a book and a spinning-wheel, a desk and a cradle? Is there a man who, meditating some deep thought-work, can concentrate the force of his brain, while the cry of a new-born infant and the cradle-song of a mother are ringing in his ears? Trammelled by any bond, your philosophy would die, and our love would decay beside its corpse. The obligation, the duty of marriage, would stifle aspiration in us both. We could not dream into the unknown then, as now. Our free love could not breathe in routine-dulled days and years. No, I shall not be your legal wife.

Théophile. For your sake, for your child's sake, marry me!

Gabrielle. For the growth of your knowledge, for the preservation of your love, no.

Théophile. In the name of worldly wisdom and human experience, be my wife.

Gabrielle (rising and walking to Théophile, speaking with her hands on his shoulders). Listen. I love you more than myself, more than my past, more than my future. You are all three to me. I love you of my own will, for your sake. You always find me ready to give you what you seek: I am either your friend or your mistress. I keenly feel your limitations as well as your possibilities. Your achievement is the aim of my love. Grow, you must; live, you must; and you shall fulfil your duty towards the

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creative power which gave you genius. If I married you, love might absorb your personality, your power "to do," it might dull your activity, clog your thought. By blending our daily lives, the inspiration might cease. There would be no separation between my soul and your brain. The nearness of our being would dull sensation, deadening the life-giving spark. Because I am not wholly yours, you fear to lose me. You strive to satisfy my boundless belief in you. I am far enough from you to seem an ethereal muse. If you make me your wife, I shall soon turn to flesh and blood at your touch, and my inspiring lyre will crumble in your hand to daily bread and butter.

Théophile. I want you to be a human woman, living on a human earth. Marry me, come to my old home, in the north. There, in my solemn stone hall, in those wild hills, with the sound of the ocean in our ears, we can stand upon a solid basis. Our flights to Dreamland will be all the easier from that wild country: the stars and the sky will be very near us there. I will prepare my work, carefully revising what I already believe, perfecting and purifying the Gospel of Knowledge. This work we can do together, and surely in the coming winter nights, while we sit, filled with the past, we shall feel that the hand of Time has failed to find us, and we shall count our days and years by work accomplished, love increased. There our child shall draw its first breath. Think of our peaceful years—you and he and I. If you become my wife, you will not have to bear the bitterness of the question you will inevitably hear in that sure-coming future, when eyes like mine shall look into yours and say: "Where is my father?"

I look through past years, and several gentle visions glimmer softly in vague recesses of my mind: lovely women, dark and fair, who make me think of lilacs and white roses, of daisies and the heavy-scented hyacinth. I touched the stem of each, holding it in my hand; but as I touched, I went on my way and did not pluck a flower. My heart had not been warmed, I could not love. Oh! what a lonely road mine was! How I was haunted by the faces of the friends I had outgrown, the loves I could not feel! Then I saw you. A bunch of flowers of all kinds you were to me, and in the midst of the lilacs and the violets, the orchids and the pansies, there was one crimson rose: the burning heart of all your being, which quivered at my touch and thrilled

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me with your love. Your heart I must have for all my life; give it to me, dearest. Let me take you to my home.

Gabrielle. It is yours for always, "Oh, thou whom my soul loveth." Yes, I will go with you to your father's home. But no one shall know. Secretly I will go with you into that strange country, and secretly give birth to our child. I love the prospect of our peaceful winter, and I shall bless the snow which deadens sound and covers footsteps. If the morning comes when you shall ask the time, I shall not stay to answer. Not as your wife, but as your love, as the one flower you wanted enough to fold in your heart and make yours. The others gave you little, because they did not know the deep joy of loving their love more than themselves. As long as you need me I will stay with you.

If I married you, your church would excommunicate you. You would not leave it for the sake of freedom of thought, but you would leave it for the sake of possessing me nominally more than you already do. I dare not value myself as high as your ambition. A poor sort of woman I should be to allow your love to sacrifice your career. The two can live only if they are one. Let me be silently happy with you in your success, gently clasping you in my arms and resting your heavy head on my breast, when the hour of trial shall seem too bitter for you to fight alone. As for the future, my child's questions, I shall answer them. This child is mine; it is the crystallization of our love, and if I am ever left alone with it, I will see in it a living memory of my dearest hours, and my heart shall find an answer to all its puzzling questions.

Théophile. You have a heart of which I cannot see the depths, a will as strong as mine. You wish it, my friend; come to the hills to-day. There we shall find our happiness, outside the world, within our own laws.

Gabrielle. The dusk is creeping even now over the country. When the night comes, I will go out with you in its shadows to look for the sun rising over the seas. Sit close to me, dear love, I dreamt a dream last night. Let me tell it to you while you see my vision in the fire. *(Théophile sits at her feet and listens to her with his hands in her lap.)*

The roar of the passing worlds deafened me. It seemed as if I was in the harmonies of a thousand organs rolling by. I felt the rhythm with exquisite pleasure. The Spirit of Life filled

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Space. The melody of the stars was the stream of its thought. The Spirit of Life is Consciousness. The stream was a million million particles which flowed on, until each reached the star where in a human body it became a soul and lived the span of its capacity.

One of these particles was stronger than the rest, for it was pure Love. As it floated on the stream, because of its strength the Spirit of Life felt it and knew its power. So the Spirit said, in speech which was not words, but which I understood: "I am Eternity. I am the Whole, unconscious of the individual sparks which people worlds. This particle is entire and it is worth a test. It shall separate into two parts, and live two different earthly lives. If it be pure Love, the parts will grow together again, proving me to the world, making another era on the earth."

The particle dissolved in two, as the Spirit spoke. One fragment was the larger; it dropped to earth with great velocity, and, reaching here, was born in the body of a boy. Perhaps its rapid flight had wearied it, for, no sooner did it touch the child, than it sank into the undermost recesses of his heart and slept there peacefully. The lighter part was longer falling, and when it reached the earth it kissed the brow of a tiny maid and grew into her soul and filled it. The boy became a man. He worked and thought and lived. His fragment of eternity had slept so soundly for so many years that neither his brain nor his heart knew it was there. He accomplished much and became the philosopher of the day. Cruel, heartless, they said he was, because he never gave any of his real self to either man or woman. Lonely he was in his desert of dead knowledge, striving to fill his life with deeds, losing much because he knew not love, gaining much because his very self-sufficiency seemed to charm the others' best into his path. He sought the dead and the living world for happiness, but he never found it, as he thought his happiness would come to him from another's heart; and where we seek so hard for love in others, we cannot find it in ourselves. The years rolled by, making him a student and a scholar, learned enough to refute the teachings of those who taught him; a studious worker, cold, hard as mountain rock in his will, calm and serious as a great broad river in his desires.

The baby girl grew into maidenhood through many stormy years. The little fragment in her heart absorbed her nature and made

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her will its own. She looked for happiness by loving others. Several times she thought she loved, but the Spirit in her drew back and said, "Not this one, he is a stranger." So the maid lived quietly with her father, learning with him from his books much of the world's knowledge, deriving real pleasure from his intellectual companionship, growing into womanhood alone. One day the famous scholar was to speak in the church to which her father took her every Sunday. A beautiful Spring morning it was, all nature seemed aglow with life. She knelt before the altar, and, kneeling there, her eyes turned to the pulpit. A man stood in it with flashing glances and a voice of gold, which seemed to enter into her whole being, and play on each string so intensely, she knew not if it was with pain or joy. On the instant the Spirit in her beat the blood through her veins into a raging torrent; what words this stern gray-haired man spoke, she knew not, for the Spirit made her heart beat so wildly that all she heard was her soul throbbing the thought: "I have found him; it is my stronger self."

From that day a great wave of peace drowned all her troubled questionings. The Spirit was waiting for its other part. The preacher had seen the girl and her auburn hair and her strange eyes. Beautiful he thought her, but only in his mind. The stone in his breast was untouched. Time passed. The girl was twenty. The preacher past forty; their lives were far apart. One day he passed her garden gate as she was coming out. The Spirit in her looked at his from her gray eyes with so much power, that something in his breast melted, and from under its icy cover his fragment of eternity raised its tendrils and felt its other self. In that moment the man and the girl knew love.

Then the vision of their human forms grew dim, and I felt again the vast roar of the ever-travailing universe, and I saw again the Spirit of Life, and I heard again that speech which was the melody of the heavens. But what the Spirit spoke I do not know; for I awoke, and, behold! it was the dawn of another day in which you were to come to me.

(A long pause. They sit in silence, Théophile looks into the fire, while Gabrielle gently strokes his head, and sighs. Night has come. The fire lights their faces. The sound of distant church-bells, ringing a death-knell, comes through the open window.)

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Théophile (rises, walks to the door, opens it. The bells sound louder. The terrace and street are hidden in darkness. He goes back to Gabrielle and takes her hand). Come, my love, our hour is here. Come, before the moon rises.

(Gabrielle sighs again deeply, rises from her chair, walks across to the further end of the room, opens a cupboard, takes a long black cloak from it, wraps it around herself, and walks back to Théophile, with both hands outstretched. He leads her to the open door. Gabrielle keeps her eyes on his. They cross the threshold, and vanish in the darkness.

The fire burns low. The moon rises and floods the empty room, the church-bells ring on solemnly.)

ACT II.

"To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbèd sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme."

The scene represents a stone hall which is lighted by two stained-glass windows. On the left is a small door leading to Gabrielle's room. Facing the audience is a wider door hung with faded tapestries, leading to another smaller hall. What furniture there is looks worn and old. A reading-desk stands by the farthest window, upon which is an open book. A spray of tender green leaves lies across the pages. The window nearest the audience is open. It leads to a stone balcony.

The sound of the waves breaking on the rocks below is heard; through the window one sees only the sky. It is the beginning of May, but Spring is late in the north, the sun has little warmth.

Gabrielle is standing on the balcony, leaning over the balustrade. The wind is blowing through her hair, which looks like gold in the morning sun. She is dressed in gray.

Scene I.

Gabrielle (lifting her hands so the rays of the sun shine on them). Golden Sunbeam, it will cost you nearly all the hours of your life to light your way from this dreary rock to where he dwells. Bear him a message from me of love and tender greetings. Whisper to him of the tiny stranger in my room there, whom you awoke this morning with your inquiring rays.

Perhaps to-night at sunset, if he leans from his window overlooking Paris, he will feel you, Sunbeam, and understand the message of your golden glow. If he is late at work and your

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hour is done, tell the Evening Star what you are seeing now, so he may whisper to my love: "The waves are breaking on the rocks, she has waited for you through many lingering months!"

(Gabrielle enters the room, crosses to the small door, opens it, listens and, leaving it ajar, goes to the reading-desk. She rests her elbows on the book, clasping her forehead with her hands.)

Eight months ago he brought me here. For twenty days we loved and lived as we had said we would. The joy of that short time proved Love is Life . . . . to woman.

One morning I awoke alone. In that instant, a thousand years of anguish I knew. My enemy, his other self, had taken him away from me. They brought me a letter of words, not feelings, in which I read of work, the church, his duty, with a terribly clear knowledge of the real meaning. They tell me days rolled by, that on Christmas night my son was born "in the hall of his father's home." For weeks I seemed a dream, watching the mirage of my starved imagination: presently, I would awaken in my father's house to read my fancies in some ancient book.

One day the sound of the waves awoke me, driving away all weakness, showing me myself. I lay there thinking, compelling my heart to feel that I might doubt God and his creations; but one thing is sacred, real, true, my love for Théophile. Of it there shall be no doubt. I read his letters, telling of advancement and success; I followed his studies here, endeavoring to keep near him on his distant road. If I am only what those other women were to him, if he has run the gamut of my mind, he cannot fathom the depths of my heart, for they are beyond philosophy, and every one is his.

I have put my sorrow out of my mind, burying it in my heart. With renewed vigor and a clear brain I have opened my books, so he shall find me ready to work on with him, living his life in him, not living mine in his. *(Gabrielle turns the pages of the book and reads.)*

"Intreat me not to leave thee,
And to return from following after thee:
For whither thou goest, I will go:
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge:
Thy people shall be my people,
And thy God, my God:

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Where thou diest, I will die,
And there will I be buried:
The Lord do so to me,
And more also,
If aught but death part you and me."

(As she reaches the line: "And thy God, my God," the curtains of the big door are slowly drawn aside by Théophile, who listens in the doorway.)

Come to me soon, bring me back those clear eyes, those strong hands, that tender heart. Come, my love!

Scene II.

Théophile (speaking from the door). I am here.

Gabrielle (turns at the sound of his voice, sees him; her hands drop to her sides, for a minute she stands speechless. Then moving her lips only, she speaks softly). You heard the waves on the rocks, you felt the cold winds blow, you knew I was waiting for you?

Théophile (kissing her face passionately, holding her in his arms). A dreary winter of work, nothing but work. But the Eve of Promise shall soon be the Morrow of Achievement.

Gabrielle. You look so weary, Théophile, the light has gone from your eyes. Where is your youth?

Théophile. I was born old . . . . youth I never had. The semblance of it you lent me has vanished in the hours of study. Do not stand there with all your soul questioning me from your eyes. Put your arms around my neck and kiss me.

Gabrielle (without moving). Something I loved has left you with a strange line written across your forehead in its stead. Have you found philosophy by losing love?

Théophile. I have lost nothing.

Gabrielle. Have you found happiness?

Théophile. The only real happiness in life is derived from intellectual pleasures. They give satisfaction. Love is composed of different qualities. The source of each is in your brain. The physical part is the least of all and lasts the shortest time. When it dies, as it inevitably will, whether in a few months or a few years, we shall continue another relationship on purely mental grounds.

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Gabrielle. Had we not better begin this friendship now? I think your love is going. I cannot bear to see it dwindle to a tiny heap of tender memories, which might change to bitter sorrows if time were to hold them in her lingering hand.

Théophile. I am not aware of any change in my feeling towards you. No other woman has given me as much as you.

Gabrielle (throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him). Dear, you will not see how deeply I care for you. You will not let me into your working life. Am I of any use to you?

Théophile. There is no necessity of your being of use to me. Our lives are very different. Mine is one of work. Work I do best alone. Even you, were you to interfere with my duty, would be left behind on my toiling road. When I go out of your life, you will soon find a warmer, younger love to give you your sort of happiness.

Gabrielle (in a voice of hopeless sadness). You will not see how I hunger for you. You will not let yourself believe I love you. Some day I may prove it. I have given you the virginity of my mind and of my body. There is nothing left for any one else. Why do you let cynical Philosophy blind your eyes to love?

Théophile (looking around the room). Where is the boy?

Gabrielle (going over to her door, points within). There. How shall we begin the writing in his soul? *(Théophile passes her, walks into the room, closes the door. Gabrielle sobs deeply once, without a tear.)* Is there nothing real in life?

From the open window comes the sound of a boy's voice singing:

"Gabrielle! Love! I call to thee, and in the low refrain
That breathes within my heart of hearts, I hear thy voice again.
The sad, soft echo wafted by upon the night wind's wings,
Bears back to me thy living sighs, and in the shadow sings
That song which I most love to hear. The harmonies that swell
Upon the breeze, my ears translate to mean 'Loved Gabrielle!'
I see thy image in my sleep, I sigh for thee by day,
My passion burns through endless nights; I vanish quite away
From my dull self, when in my dreams I hold my darling fast,
And melt, like morning mist, within the shadow of the past."

Gabrielle (listening with a look of horror in her eyes as she recognizes the song). Yes . . . . ashes!

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Scene III.

A small boy draws the curtains of the main door aside. Grégoire enters.

Grégoire (to the boy). Here is your pay for showing me the road from the village. Go. *(Turning to Gabrielle.)* Where is your lover?

Gabrielle. In my room with our son. Why are you here? How did you find me?

Grégoire. You dare to speak to me thus? Have you no shame? No modesty to hide your sin? For eight months I have sought you. First I thought you were dead and mourned for you. Then I grew suspicious of my friend, your teacher: he never came near me. I had him watched. Then this scholar of yours, not content with robbing you of your virtue secretly, must feed his vanity by selling his love-songs to the city. Your amours are sung in the palace, screeched in the gutter; Tinsel and Mud both smile at the story of Théophile and Gabrielle. So the day he left Paris I followed. I tracked him to the village yonder. Why, even the small boy who led my horse here sang one of his songs. What manner of man is this, who comes into his friend's house and deceives him, who pretends to teach his daughter philosophy, and shows her sin? He is here you say; call him. He must pay the price of his crime. Call him.

Gabrielle. There is no crime for which Théophile need pay a price. I loved him; I gave him all I had. There is no sin in giving Love. A gift has no price. If, when I look in the mirror of my soul, I saw a guilt-soiled surface . . . . sin would be there; but as his true clear eyes meet mine within, there is no wrong. He did not take, I gave. I belonged to myself, I took nothing from you. You cannot ask for any payment.

Grégoire. Has he murdered your conscience? If you will not see your sin towards the world, you must realize your guilt towards yourself. You had everything to make your life agreeable, easy, happy. I hoped soon to see you the honored wife of some learned lord, a living example of what a clever woman may do to elevate her corner of the world, using her intellect to influence men and women towards living worthy, thoughtful, honorable lives. Many years we spent together over books; I watched your mind assimilating knowledge, thinking you would thus be prepared for a great career. My friends advised me against over-teaching you. They

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argued that a woman's mind was not strong enough to face life in the glare of truth, that you would become an alien among us all. An alien indeed! The hours of study must have undermined all your standards; so when the Tempter came, he only had to lead you to an imaginary star, promising you all the kingdoms of eternity, if. . . . A moral suicide he made you. For this he must pay too, and I know the penalty. *(Théophile opens the door and stands listening on the threshold.)* Either he marries you, thus justifying you, or I shall avenge the stain of your body and the murder of your soul by damning him in his career, first; then, when he has sunk to the lowest ebb of hopeless disappointment, I shall let him linger in bitter disgrace and poverty, until I feel the hour has come to kill him. He must pay the forfeit of your soul's death by the extinction of his mind and of his body.

Gabrielle. I have not married him because I would not. He begged me to become his wife many months ago. You could not understand my reasons if I explained. There is no use in my degrading my love by laying it bare to you. I will not answer you. You wish to end his mental and his physical life. The task is more than your moral pride and worldly power can undertake to carry out. End his life by the dagger of a hired varlet if you dare, but prevent his working his utmost during his remaining days, you cannot. Go back to your Paris, live in your worldliness, rot in your vengeance. Track him, hound him, murder him; his spirit you shall not break. My love is stronger than your hate.

SCENE IV.

Théophile (quietly approaching Grégoire). Greetings to you, Grégoire. Have you come from Paris to help me persuade my love to honor me by becoming my wife?

Grégoire (aside). A very clever man. *(Very coldly.)* Either my daughter marries you, or your career is ended.

Gabrielle (to Théophile). Tell my father you are equal to his vengeance, show him how impossible it is for strife and bloodshed to disturb our love, prove your power, speak the truth.

Théophile (taking her hand). You once refused to marry me for love; a second time, because of my career; I ask you now to save our love, to help me in my work, by answering Yes. As

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long as our secret was a secret, there was no sin towards you, no wrong towards the world. The moment our love was known, and because it violated the accepted standard of the day, we became guilty towards each other and towards humanity. Living under our own laws of right and wrong unknown to others was not sinful, for it offended no one; but publicly flaunting our relationship is criminal: we crush knowledge, we kill love, we end our usefulness. Be reasonable, Gabrielle, marry me.

Grégoire. As his wife, you can help him in his career; and, if he achieves success, you will have the right to share his triumph before all. You are fitted for the highest place. Take it. Marry Théophile.

Gabrielle. Rather than be the Emperor's wife, I would be my love's mistress.

Théophile (more and more warmly). But you are my love, and you shall be my love, and the joy of our marriage will surpass all else. Your father is powerful in the Church, and, with his aid, we must achieve our aim. I shall be proud above all men to think my wife is what she is, grateful to her for her sacrifice of freedom.

Grégoire (sternly to Gabrielle). Choose; you can either give Théophile his career and his life, or his degradation and his death. Choose; it rests within your words.

Gabrielle (to herself). Bitter-sad reality! *(To her father.)* I will marry him to save the wreck of all his hopes, but on one condition: our marriage shall be a secret. No one can know but we three. His life and mine shall seem the same, and you will let him accomplish his duty towards himself, unhindered, unharmed.

Grégoire. It shall be as you desire. We will go back to our library, our books, our real life. I have missed you sadly, I need your companionship again. Théophile shall go his way to climb his road and find his goal, if his capacity will guide him straight.

Gabrielle (goes to Théophile, speaks close to his ear). Love me, my love! Let the future bring more than the past, proving me right in granting your wish.

Théophile. Dreamland is behind us; we have at last opened our eyes to the realities of Life!

Gabrielle (very sadly). I know but one reality.

Théophile. And that is?

Gabrielle. The future may tell you, I will not. *(She goes to*

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the window, a flight of swallows pass quite near her, disappearing in the horizon.) The swallows are carrying all my sweet memories to Dreamland, they will await my coming into the end of time. *(She stretches her hands towards them.)*

As the curtain descends the voice of the small boy is heard singing:

"I see thy image in my sleep; I sigh for thee by day,
My passion burns through endless nights; I vanish quite away
From my dull self, when in my dreams I hold my darling fast,
And melt, like morning mist, within the shadow of the past."

ACT III.

"I will not steal the victory."

The scene represents a half-ruined garden. A large apple-tree, laden with blossoms in full bloom on the left. Under its branches is a sunken pool of water with a crumbling, circular marble bench surrounding it. At either end of the bench is a statue: Anaxagoras on the left, Empedocles on the right.

The entire right side of the stage is filled by a Monastery. The garden is enclosed at the back and on the right by a stone wall. In the background is a large stone Nunnery; on the left, the houses of the street are seen.

A wooden gate leads through the wall to the Nunnery; an iron door opens into the street on the left.

It is dawn. The light increases, the sunlight streams on the stage, the birds sing. By the end of the Act, the noon sun warmly lights the whole garden, the bees hum, the insects buzz.

SCENE I.

Théophile lies sleeping on the marble bench, dreaming. The branch of the apple-tree moves gently in the breeze, the blossoms rustle very softly.

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). Théophile, the spring is here, all nature breathes forth Love; open your heart to me again.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). Why are you hiding from me in the flowers?

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). I am the flowers, I am the spring-time, I am Love.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep, grasping the branch and

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crushing it to his face). Awaken me by your fragrance and your life from my frightful dream. Grégoire has driven me from one refuge to another; in vain have I hidden; his watchers have harassed me, tortured me. I lost you. Are you alive, or is your soul breathing hope to me from these blossoms?

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the blossoms). I am the dream of this hour. Look into the pool, I am there; listen to the birds, I am in them; feel the warmth of the sun, it is my heart; Spring and Love are one, and I am Love.

Théophile (leaning over the pool). Your eyes are sad, your face is lined, you are all in black: you are not Love, you are Sorrow.

Gabrielle's voice (coming from the pool). Love is Sorrow, Love is Joy, Love is Life. My eyes are sad from our son's death, my face is drawn by the weariness of my days of wandering, my robes seem black to you because you cannot see the white light of Love.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). I know Love.

Gabrielle's voice (coming softly from the sky). Nay, you do not, for you believe Knowledge is the greatest of all earthly aims. Knowledge dies without Love. If your heart calls me, I shall come from Dreamland, bringing all the stars from Heaven to crown you in unfathomable Joy.

Théophile (speaking in his sleep). My heart, my mind, my soul call you; bring Love to me. I know Love.

The statue of Empedocles throws back its head, laughing a strident, mocking laugh.

Scene II.

Théophile (awakened by the laugh, touches the blossoms, looks into the pool, stands up and stares at the immovable smiling face of Empedocles). Three nights I have dreamt this vision. Each time the dream seemed life and real life a dream. Gabrielle must be dead! Could curses kill, Grégoire would now be writhing in hell-agony, paying his forfeit for her sufferings and mine. His vengeance was for what? No lost soul was ever tortured by the furies as I have been by Grégoire, since he found I had told my marriage to the world. Now at last I have found a safe

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refuge. My holy orders save me from the shadow of her love, the monastery walls protect me from his revenging spies. I have gone beyond love on my road. My heart is dead, my mind lives alone. Now, in this vast silence of which the peace has entered my soul, I shall fulfil my destiny.

A breeze shakes the branches of the apple-tree, the blossoms fall. A knock at the door leading to the street. Théophile is so deep in his thoughts that he does not hear. Another knock and a third. The song of the nightingale rings out. Théopile rises from the bench, opens the door.

Scene III.

Gabrielle enters. She is dressed in the white robes of a novice. As she sees and recognizes Théophile and as he sees and recognizes her, they sink into each other's arms, their lips meet, while the birds sing and the nightingale seems to pour out its soul in melody.

Gabrielle. Living! living! my love lives!

Théophile (as if awakening from a trance, leads her to the bench). No, dear sister, your friend lives.

Gabrielle (very tenderly). I am not your sister; this is but a disguise to hide me from my father. I thought of you, dearest, as I lay with my dying child. When his tiny heart beat its last throb against my breast, and the bitterness of death filled my soul, that thought prevented me from following this dead memory into eternity. It seems as if the living child had stretched its arms between us, as if his little life pushed you out of mine. . . . His soul has gone on its way without one word upon it. There is nothing now between you and me. Let us turn a new page of Life and seek the fulness of Love.

Théophile. My love is dead. I live in peace above the world in the realm of reason. I must live alone.

Gabrielle (laying her hand on his arm, drawing him down on the bench beside her). All men separate the units of Life, because their mental vision is not broad enough to understand that Love and Hate, Work and Idleness, Joy and Sorrow, Life and Death are all the same. We are given the quality entire. We use a little, the part we see, the balance we call Evil. Evil is the good we cannot understand. There is no sin outside our

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own hearts, there is no life but in our own souls. For all the world dies in our individual death. To live, we must grasp Good and Evil, Strength and Weakness firmly in our right hand, until, when death shall unclinch it, there shall be a unit in the palm: Achievement. You know Wisdom, not Love. Open your eyes, see they are one. Life is a dead, raw material given to us at birth to make into a living thought, or act, or work. To do this we must take the whole mass, use every particle. A tangible result will live after us to show our life was worth the living. If you stay here, your horizon will narrow and lower itself into a stone wall, like this one, your field of work will change into a ruined garden like this one, filled with crumbling emblems of dead civilizations: a very beautiful, but a very sad ruin. Could you commit the crime of leaving unfulfilled possibilities as your imprint on the world's thought? Mental murder knows not death, it is for Eternity. Would a man crush a shadow?

Théophile (looking into the pool). I believe you believe what you say. My life will prove that Knowledge alone is eternal thought. Here my time is all mine. Each hour breeds a new ambition, another aim. I do not need Love. Its troubles are behind me. My peace means more than all you have given me.

Gabrielle. I never did you any harm; I may love you too much. Let us go to another country, let us live among a strange people. Work there, in our love. *(Gently stroking his hand.)* Your love cannot be dead unless you have killed it by placing a stranger in my corner of your heart. This you could not do, for I shall live there through all your life. Even in death, for were you to go first, your dead arm would open to clasp my body upon your dead heart when they laid me in your grave. *(Her arm is around his neck.)* Breathe in this glorious sunlight, let the spring fill you with its glow of vigor. This is the Resurrection! Worship, love the sun for giving us our youth. Let your innermost being sing with the birds, understanding the glory of eternal nature!

Théophile (taking her hand in his). Not the power of the spring, but the warmth of your love seems to make my heart-beat an echo of the past.

Gabrielle. An echo, a shadow! Is that all? How strange is the phenomenon of Life! A man makes the Universe the tool of his love, seeing the glory of Life from the summit of aspiring Hope; while, in a little time, the same man, looking up from the

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valley of satisfied desire, sighs, and asks: "What is that soft mist behind me that has not substance enough even to leave a shadow on my past?" But the seal of Love is lasting. The man who loves one woman once, and the man who loves one woman always, is the conqueror of time, for he knows life.

Théophile. I loved you with all the feeling I had to give you. You fancied it was endless, forgetting that every human emotion runs its course to its limit. Eternity is forever, but there is nothing born of mind or body on this earth which is stronger than death. Knowledge teaches us appreciation; more than that we have not the power to understand. *(Looking at Gabrielle.)* I know how beautiful you are, I love your eyes with their emotional depths, and your lips with their messages from your soul. You seem the Emblem of the Passion of all ages; the touch of your hand warms my heart again. . . . I want your love once more.

Gabrielle (interrupting). You want the part which means nothing. You said I awoke an echo of the Past, and I fear the spectre you think you see is the vast Power of Evil Love which would hide all Good from you forever.

Théophile. I see Incarnate Love. I have held it in my arms and it is mine; I shall find it again.

Gabrielle. What you are looking for is found in many dreary hearts wandering hopelessly beyond the river in yonder streets. Go! Take it from them! *(Théophile takes her in his arms, and kisses her passionately on her face and hair. Gabrielle tears herself from him.)* You are seeking one sort of love and I can only give another. We are not striking the same chord; but neither has any man or any woman ever loved in the same way at the same time. You are giving me one part of you, from which I must feed all the cravings of my soul and heart.

Théophile (having regained his composure). Each proof which I have asked your love to bring me has been given generously and freely. Now I ask the final test, for you are strong enough to give it. Leave the world completely, take the vows, come to yonder nunnery; from this oasis we shall step into Eternity hand in hand, able to vanquish Heaven and Hell, because we shall both make Knowledge master Love. Sharing work, abreast in endeavor, we shall live in peaceful friendship, while our souls grow together into one perfect human whole. Here realities will seem distant echoes. Time shall pass unrecorded. We shall as-

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cend to unknown heights, and, by pursuing Knowledge to its source, indicate its direction to the unborn armies of seekers who follow in our footsteps. Humanity's history lies written in gigantic letters across the earth; together we may open our eyes wide enough to let the lesson of past ages answer man's everlasting question. The mountains, the valleys, the rivers and the oceans are an open book. We shall turn the pages undisturbed behind these walls.

Gabrielle. Am I to close my eyes so as not to see, and my mouth so as not to lie? Truth is my star. It cannot shine into such an abyss of daily deceit. None of those gods are mine; that is an alien faith. How dare you ask me to forswear myself?

Théophile. Then you honor a dead myth more than you love me? The vows required of you are far outside our friendship, they but insure a safe asylum in which you and I can live without the jarring sounds of every-day humanity. You would not forswear yourself, you would be bringing me the promise of the balance of your life. I can accomplish nothing without you. I must have your wise judgment to spur me on in my writings and teachings. You alone can influence me; yours are the only words of praise or blame which matter to me. If you go out by that door *(pointing to the door leading to the street)*, I shall end my questionings and failures with some of the Arabian poison I carry in my pouch. If you come in by this gate *(pointing to the gate leading to the nunnery)*, you shall make the solution of the problem yours, proving that Love and Youth are strong enough to conquer life by using its essence to find Wisdom.

Gabrielle (after a silence). This moment is pregnant with Destiny. You fear the result of your capacity, and you thrust the responsibility upon my shoulders. *(With the intensity of compressed emotion.)* You are not a part of Nature's Harmony, you are a passing Discord. You are a lie, for you ask me to crush my soul by living a deception. *(More gently.)* I came to you this morning, as I have always come, with my heart overflowing with the softness of Love, and you degrade yourself by asking me to lie in my inmost being. *(Very sadly, looking into the pool.)* I see what seems a bottomless pool. The blossoms falling on the surface of the stagnant water breathe a semblance of life upon the ripples, as they sink and vanish in its depths. I look into those shadows; behold, the water only seems unfathomable, for the bot-

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tom is dull, lustreless, dead stone. One flower is still shining there, the others are all withered. Only what is real endures. *(Leaning down and plucking a white blossom from the pool and placing it in her breast, she turns to Théophile and speaks quietly.)*

I thought we could walk together up the road leading to our star, with Love and Courage travelling with us and Truth lighting us on ahead. You might have been the Voice; I, the Inspiration. But you have never looked up to the skies and beheld Truth glowing over all. I might have dreamed on into Eternity, had not your real self revealed the coldness of your soul, which has frozen love from my heart. I have dreamed my dream and left it beneath me in the shadows of the dusk. You! You! to whom I freely gave my youth, my freedom, my love, you are craven enough to demand the murder of my soul!

I live without the aid of any God.

I believe in Nature, the universal, intangible originator of spiritual and physical being.

I believe in Truth, which shows us our way over the Earth.

I believe in Death, for it shall open our understanding to what we name, in this earthly consciousness, the mystery of the Infinite.

I shall go on alone, for I see the limit of your soul. Love is dead, and nothing human ever comes to life again. I shall grow on without you into the Universe, feeling the whole, understanding the marvellous message borne in every particle. On and on and on through the fulness of Life to Victory, seeking Truth in all things, great and small. When the time comes for me to rest within the vast arms of the Great Stillness, ... I shall need my sleep. Perhaps I may stumble as I walk, but I would rather fall alone, than stand erect because I leaned on cowardice. I am grateful to you for what you have shown me in the realm of Reason, for what you have given me in that of Love. Beyond all else I thank you for showing me the door *(pointing to the door leading to the street)*, through which I shall pass to my heritage. Our dead memories can never seem ashes in my sight, for they were living sparks I gave you from my soul. Sometimes in my loneliness I shall see them glimmering in their shadowland, and I shall feel gratitude to you for the happiness they meant. *(She unfastens the novice robes, and, as they drop to the ground, her auburn hair falls over her shoulders; she stands clad in the white gown of the beginning).*

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Farewell, O Past, you have revealed your share. I see the sun shining on my path, and my first step alone into the world shall be under its virile warmth, with the glory of Nature's Anthem ringing in my ears. Farewell, Théophile! I walk forth on the High Road of Life, feeling the mighty wings of Truth rustling above me in the winds of everlasting freedom!

Gabrielle walks out of the door, transformed into a radiant emblem of Life by the rays of the sun.

Théophile sinks into a heap against his monastery wall.

The living breath of the noon-hour is over all.

FINIS.

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THE AMBASSADORS.

BY HENRY JAMES.

PART IV.

VIII.

"I've come, you know, to make you break with everything, neither more nor less, and take you straight home; so you'll be so good as immediately and favorably to consider it!"—Strether, face to face with Chad after the play, had sounded these words almost breathlessly, and with an effect at first positively disconcerting to himself alone. For Chad's receptive attitude was that of a person who has been gracefully quiet while the messenger at last reaching him has run a mile through the dust. During some seconds after he had spoken Strether felt as if *he* had made some such exertion; he was not even certain that the perspiration was not on his brow. It was the kind of consciousness for which he had to thank the look that, while the strain lasted, the young man's eyes gave him. They reflected—and the deuce of the thing was that they reflected really with a sort of shyness of kindness—his momentarily disordered state; which fact brought on, in its turn, for our friend, the dawn of a fear that Chad might simply "take it out"—take everything out—in being sorry for him. Such a fear, any fear, was unpleasant. But everything was unpleasant; it was odd how everything had suddenly turned so. This, however, was no reason for letting the least thing go. Strether had the next minute proceeded as roundly as if with an advantage to follow up.

"Of course, I'm a busybody, if you want to fight the case to the death; but, after all, mainly in the sense of having known you, and having given you such attention as you kindly permitted, when you were in jackets and knickerbockers. Yes—it was knickerbockers, I'm busybody enough to remember that, and that you had, for your age—I speak of the first far-away time—tremendously stout legs. Well, we want you to break. Your mother's heart is passionately set upon it; but she has, over and beyond that, excellent arguments and reasons. I've not put them into her head—I needn't remind you how little she's a person who needs that. But they exist—you must take it from me as a friend both of hers and

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yours—for myself as well. I didn't invent them, I didn't originally work them out; but I understand them, I think I can explain them —by which, I mean, make you actively do them justice; and that's why, you see, I'm here. You had better know the worst at once. It's a question of an immediate rupture and an immediate return. I've been conceited enough to dream I can sugar that pill. I take, at any rate, the greatest interest in the question. I took it, already, before I left home; and I don't mind telling you that, altered as you are, I take it still more now that I've seen you. You're older and—I don't know what to call it—more of a handful; but you're by so much the more, I seem to make out, to our purpose."

"Do I strike you as improved?" Strether was to recall that Chad had at this point inquired.

He was likewise to recall—and it had to count for some time as his greatest comfort—that it had been "given" him, as they said at Woollett, to reply with some presence of mind: "I haven't the least idea." He was really, for a while, to like to think he had been positively hard. On the point of conceding that Chad had improved in appearance, but that to the question of appearance the remark must be confined, he checked even that compromise and left his reservation bare. Not only his moral, but also, as it were, his æsthetic sense had a little to pay for this, Chad being unmistakably —and wasn't it a matter of the confounded gray hair again?— handsomer than he had ever promised. That, however, fell in perfectly with what Strether had said. They had no desire to keep down his proper expansion, and he would not be less to their purpose for not looking, as he had too often done of old, only bold and wild. There was indeed a signal particular in which he would distinctly be more so. Strether didn't, as he talked, absolutely follow himself; he only knew he was clutching his thread and that he held it, from moment to moment, a little tighter; his mere uninterruptedness, for five minutes, helped him to do that. He had frequently, for a month, turned over what he should say on this very occasion, and he seemed at last to have said nothing he had thought of—everything was so totally different.

But in spite of that he had put the flag at the window. That was what he had done, and there was a minute during which he affected himself as having shaken it hard, flapped it with a mighty flutter, straight in front of his companion's nose. It gave him really almost the sense of having already done his part. The momentary relief—as if from the knowledge that nothing of *that* at least could be undone—sprang from a particular cause, the cause that had flashed into operation, in Miss Gostrey's box, with direct apprehension, with amazed recognition, and that had been concerned, since then, in every throb of his consciousness. What it came to was that with an absolutely *new* quantity to deal with, one could simply not know. The new quantity was represented by the fact that Chad had been made over. That was all; whatever it was,

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it was everything. Strether had never seen the thing so done before; it was perhaps a specialty of Paris. If one had been present at the process one might little by little have mastered the result; but he was face to face, as matters stood, with the finished business. It had freely been noted for him that he might be received as a dog among skittles; but that was on the basis of the old quantity. He had originally thought of lines and tones as things to be taken, but these possibilities had now quite melted away. There was no computing at all what the young man before him would think or feel or say on any subject whatever. This intelligence Strether had afterwards, to account for his nervousness, reconstituted as he might, just as he had also reconstituted the promptness with which Chad had corrected his uncertainty. An extraordinarily short time had been required for the correction, and there had ceased to be anything negative in his companion's aspect as soon as it was made. "Your engagement to my mother has become, then, what they call here a *fait accompli?*"—it had consisted, the determinant touch, in nothing more than that.

Well, that was enough, Strether had felt while his answer hung fire. He had felt at the same time, however, that nothing could less become him than that it should hang fire too long. "Yes," he said, brightly, "it was on the happy settlement of the question that I started. You see, therefore, to what tune I'm in your family. Moreover," he added, "I've been supposing you'd suppose it."

"Oh, I've been supposing it for a long time; and what you tell me helps me to understand that you should want to do something. To do something, I mean," said Chad, "to commemorate an event so—what do they call it?—so auspicious. I see you make out, and not unnaturally," he continued, "that bringing me home in triumph as a sort of wedding-present to mother would commemorate it better than anything else. You want to make a bonfire in fact," he laughed, "and you pitch me on. Thank you, thank you!" he laughed again.

He was altogether easy about it, and this made Strether now see how, at bottom, and in spite of the shade of shyness that really cost him nothing, he had from the first moment been easy about everything. The shade of shyness was mere good taste. People with manners formed could apparently have, as one of their best cards, the shade of shyness too. He had leaned a little forward to speak; his elbows were on the table; and the inscrutable new face that he had got somewhere and somehow was brought by the movement nearer to his companion's. There was a fascination for that companion in its not being, this ripe physiognomy, the face that, under observation at least, he had originally carried away from Woollett. Strether found a certain freedom on his own side in defining it as that of a man of the world—a formula that indeed seemed to come now in some degree to his relief; that of a man to whom things had happened and were variously known. In gleams, in

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glances, the past did perhaps peep out of it; but such lights were faint and instantly merged. Chad was brown and thick and strong; and, of old, Chad had been rough. Was all the difference, therefore, that he was actually smooth? Possibly; for that he *was* smooth was as marked as in the taste of a sauce or in the rub of a hand. The effect of it was general—it had retouched his features, drawn them with a cleaner line. It had cleared his eyes and settled his color and polished his fine square teeth—the main ornament of his face; and at the same time that it had given him a form and a surface, almost a design, it had toned his voice, established his accent, encouraged his smile to more play and his other motions to less. He had formerly, with a great deal of action, expressed very little; and he now expressed whatever was necessary with almost none at all. It was as if, in short, he had really, copious perhaps, but shapeless, been put into a firm mould and turned successfully out. The phenomenon—Strether kept eyeing it as a phenomenon, an eminent case—was marked enough to be touched by the finger. He finally put his hand across the table and laid it on Chad's arm. "If you'll promise me—here on the spot and giving me your word of honor—to break straight off, you'll make the future the real right thing for all of us alike. You'll ease off the strain of this decent, but none the less acute, suspense in which I've for so many days been waiting for you, and let me turn in to rest. I shall leave you with my blessing and go to bed in peace."

Chad again fell back at this, and, with his hands in his pockets, settled a little in his chair; in which posture he looked, though he rather anxiously smiled, only the more earnest. Then Strether seemed to see that he was really nervous, and he took that as what he would have called a wholesome sign. The only mark of it hitherto had been his more than once taking off and putting on his wide-brimmed crush hat. He had at this moment made the motion again to remove it, then had only pushed it back, so that it hung informally on his strong young grizzled crop. It was a touch that gave the note of the familiar—the intimate and the belated—to their quiet colloquy; and it was indeed by some such trivial aid that Strether became aware at the same moment of something else. The observation was at any rate determined in him by some light too fine to distinguish from so many others, but it was none the less sharply determined. Chad looked unmistakably during these instants—well, as Strether put it to himself, all he was worth. Our friend had a sudden apprehension of what, on certain sides, that would be. He saw him, in short, in a flash, as the young man marked out by women; and for a concentrated minute the dignity, the comparative austerity, as he funnily fancied it, of this character, affected him almost with awe. There was an experience on his interlocutor's part that looked out at him from under the displaced hat, and that looked out moreover by a force of its own, the deep fact of its quantity and quality, and not through Chad's

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intending bravado or swagger. That was the way, then, men marked out by women *were*—and also the men by whom the women were doubtless in turn sufficiently distinguished. It affected Strether for thirty seconds as a relevant truth; a truth which, however, the next minute, had fallen into its relation. "Can't you imagine there being some questions," Chad asked, "that a fellow —however much impressed by your charming way of stating things —would like to put to you first?"

"Oh yes—easily. I'm here to answer everything. I think I can even tell you things, of the greatest interest to you, that you won't know enough to ask me. We'll take as many days to it as you like. But I want," Strether wound up, "to go to bed now."

"Really?"

Chad had spoken in such surprise that he was amused. "Can't you believe it?—with what you put me through?"

The young man seemed to consider. "Oh, I haven't put you through much—yet."

"Do you mean there's so much more to come?" Strether laughed. "All the more reason then that I should gird myself." And as if to mark what he felt he could by this time count on, he was already on his feet.

Chad, still seated, stayed him, with a hand against him, as he passed him between their table and the next. "Oh, we shall get on!"

The tone was, as it were, everything Strether could have desired; and quite as good the expression of face with which the speaker had looked up at him and kindly held him. All these things lacked was, perhaps, not showing quite so much as the fruit of experience. Yes, experience was what Chad did play on him, if he didn't play any grossness of defiance. Of course, experience was in a manner defiance; but it wasn't, at any rate—rather indeed quite the contrary—grossness: which was so much gained. He fairly grew older, Strether thought, while he himself so reasoned. Then, with his mature pat of his visitor's arm, he also got up; and there had been enough of it all, by this time, to make the visitor feel that something *was* settled. Wasn't it settled that he had at least the testimony of Chad's own belief in a settlement? Strether found himself treating Chad's profession that they would get on as a sufficient basis for going to bed. He had not, however, after this, gone to bed directly; for, after they had again passed out together into the mild bright night, a check had virtually sprung from nothing more than a small circumstance which might have acted only as confirming quiescence. There were people, expressive sound, projected light still abroad, and after they had taken in for a moment, through everything, the great, clear architectural street, they turned off, in tacit union, to the quarter of Strether's hotel. "Of course," Chad here abruptly began, "of course mother's making things out with you about me has been natural—and of course

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also you've had a good deal to go upon. Still, you must have filled out."

He had stopped, leaving his friend to wonder a little what point he wished to make; and this it was that enabled Strether meanwhile to make one. "Oh, we've never pretended to go into detail. We weren't in the least bound to *that*. It was 'filling out' enough to miss you as we did."

But Chad rather oddly insisted—though, under the high lamp at their corner, where they paused, he had at first looked as if touched by Strether's allusion to the long sense, at home, of his absence. "What I mean is, you must have imagined."

"Imagined what?"

"Well—horrors."

It affected Strether: horrors were so little—superficially at least—in this robust and reasoning image. But he was none the less there to be veracious. "Yes, I dare say we *have* imagined horrors. But where's the harm if we haven't been wrong?"

Chad raised his face to the lamp, and it was one of the moments at which he had, in his extraordinary way, most his air of designedly showing himself. It was as if, at these instants, he just presented himself, his identity so rounded off, his palpable presence and his massive young manhood, as such a link in the chain as might practically amount to a kind of demonstration. It was as if—and how but anomalously?—he couldn't, after all help thinking sufficiently well of these things to let them go for what they were worth. What could there be in this for Strether but the hint of some self-respect, some sense of power, oddly perverted; something latent and beyond access, ominous and perhaps enviable? The intimation had, the next thing, in a flash, taken on a name—a name on which our friend seized as he asked himself if he were not perhaps really dealing with an irreducible young pagan. This description—he quite jumped at it—had a sound that gratified his mental ear, so that, of a sudden, he had already adopted it. Pagan—yes, that was, wasn't it? what Chad *would* logically be. It was what he must be. It was what he was. The idea was a clue and, instead of darkening the prospect, projected a certain clearness. Strether made out in this quick ray that a pagan was perhaps, at the pass they had come to, the thing most wanted at Woollett. They would be able to do with one—a good one; he would find an opening—yes; and Strether's imagination even now prefigured and accompanied the first appearance there of the rousing personage. He had only the slight discomfort of feeling, as the young man turned away from the lamp, that his thought had, in the momentary silence, possibly been guessed. "Well, I've no doubt," said Chad, "you've come near enough. The details, as you say, don't matter. It *has* been generally the case that I've let myself go. But I'm coming round—I'm not so bad now." With which they walked on again to Strether's hotel.

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"Do you mean," the latter asked as they approached the door, "that there isn't any woman with you now?"

"But pray what has that to do with it?"

"Why, it's the whole question."

"Of my going home?" Chad was clearly surprised. "Oh, not much! Do you think that when I want to go any one will have any power—"

"To keep you"—Strether took him straight up—"from carrying out your wish? Well, our idea has been that somebody has hitherto—or a good many persons perhaps—kept you pretty well from 'wanting.' That's what—if you're in anybody's hands—may again happen. You don't answer my question"—he kept it up; "but if you aren't in anybody's hands, so much the better. There's nothing, then, but what makes for your going."

Chad turned this over. "I don't answer your question?" He spoke quite without resenting it. "Well, such questions have always a rather exaggerated side. One doesn't know quite what you mean by being in women's 'hands.' It's all so vague. One is when one isn't. One isn't when one is. And then one can't quite give people away." He seemed kindly to explain. "I've *never* got stuck—so very hard; and, as against anything at any time really better, I don't think I've ever been afraid." There was something in it that held Strether to wonder, and this gave him time to go on. He broke out as with a more helpful thought. "Don't you know how I like Paris itself?"

The upshot was indeed to make our friend marvel. "Oh, if *that's* all that's the matter with you—!" It was *he* who almost showed resentment.

Chad's smile, however, more than met it. "But isn't that enough?"

Strether hesitated, but it came out. "Not enough for your mother!" Spoken, however, it sounded a trifle odd—the effect of which was that Chad broke into a laugh. Strether, at this, succumbed as well, though with extreme brevity. "Permit us to have still our theory. But if you *are* so free and so strong, you're inexcusable. I'll write in the morning," he added, with decision: "I'll say I've got you."

This appeared to open for Chad a new interest. "How often do you write?"

"Oh, perpetually."

"And at great length?"

Strether had become a little impatient. "I hope it's not found too great."

"Oh, I'm sure not. And you hear as often?"

Again Strether paused. "As often as I deserve."

"Mother writes," said Chad, "a lovely letter."

Strether, before the closed *porte cochère,* fixed him a moment. "It's more, my boy, than *you* do! But our suppositions don't matter," he added, "if you're actually not entangled."

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Chad's pride, however, seemed a little touched. "I never *was* that—let me insist. I always had my own way." With which he pursued: "And I have it at present."

"Then what are you here for? What has kept you," Strether asked, "if you *have* been able to leave?"

It made Chad, after a stare, throw himself back. "Do you think one's kept only by women?" His surprise and his verbal emphasis rang out so clear in the still street that Strether winced till he remembered the safety of their English speech. "Is that," the young man demanded, "what they think at Woollett?" At the good faith in the question Strether had changed color, feeling that, as he would have said, he had put his foot in it. He had appeared, stupidly, to misrepresent what they thought at Woollett; but before he had time to rectify Chad again was upon him. "I must say then you show a low mind!"

It so fell in, unhappily for Strether, with that reflection of his own prompted in him by the pleasant air of the Boulevard Malesherbes, that its disconcerting force was rather unfairly great. It was a dig that, administered by himself—and administered even to poor Mrs. Newsome—was no more than salutary; but administered by Chad—and quite logically—it came nearer drawing blood. They *hadn't* a low mind—nor any approach to one; yet, incontestably, they had worked, and with a certain smugness, on a basis that might be turned against them. Chad had at any rate pulled his visitor up; he had even pulled up his admirable mother; he had absolutely, by a turn of the wrist and a jerk of the far-flung noose, pulled up, in a bunch, Woollett browsing in its pride. There was no doubt Woollett *had* insisted on his coarseness; and what he at present stood there for in the sleeping street was, by his manner of striking the other note, to make of such insistence a preoccupation compromising to the insisters. It was exactly as if they had imputed to him a vulgarity which he had by a mere gesture caused to fall from him. The devil of the case was that Strether felt it, by the same stroke, as falling straight upon himself. He had been wondering a minute ago if the boy weren't a pagan, and he found himself wondering now if he weren't by chance a gentleman. It didn't in the least, on the spot, spring up helpfully for him that a person couldn't at the same time be both. There was nothing at this moment in the air to challenge the combination; there was everything, on the contrary, to give it something of a flourish. It struck Strether, into the bargain, as doing something to meet the most difficult of the questions; though perhaps indeed only by substituting another. Wouldn't it be precisely by having learned to be a gentleman that he had mastered the consequent trick of looking so well that one could scarce speak to him straight? But what in the world was the clue to such a prime producing cause? There were too many clues, then, that Strether still lacked, and these clues to clues were among them. What it accordingly amounted to for

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him was that he had to take full in the face a fresh attribution of ignorance. He had grown used, by this time, to reminders, especially from his own lips, of what he didn't know; but he had borne them because, in the first place, they were private and because, in the second, they practically conveyed a tribute. He didn't know what was bad, and—as others didn't know how little he knew it—he could put up with his state. But if he didn't know, in so important a particular, what was good, Chad at least was now aware he didn't; and that, for some reason, affected our friend as curiously public. It was in fact an exposed condition that the young man left him in long enough for him to feel its chill—till he saw fit, in a word, generously again to cover him. This last was in truth what Chad quite gracefully did. But he did it as with a simple thought that met the whole of the case. "*Oh, I'm all right!*" It was what Strether had rather bewilderedly to go to bed on.

IX.

It really looked true, moreover, from the way Chad, after this, behaved. He was full of attentions to his mother's ambassador; in spite of which, remarkably, however, the latter's other relations still contrived to assert themselves. Strether's sittings, pen in hand, with Mrs. Newsome up in his own room were broken, but they were richer; and they were more than ever interspersed with the hours in which he reported himself, in a different fashion, but with scarce less earnestness and fulness, to Maria Gostrey. Now that, as he would have expressed it, he had really something to talk about, he found himself, in respect to any oddity that might reside for him in the double connection, at once more aware and more indifferent. He had been fine to Mrs. Newsome about his useful friend, but it had begun to haunt his imagination that Chad, taking up again for her benefit a pen too long disused, might possibly be finer. It wouldn't at all do, he saw, that anything should come up for him at Chad's hands but what specifically *was* to have come; the greatest divergence from which would be precisely the element of any lubrication of their intercourse by levity. It was accordingly to forestall such an accident that he frankly put before the young man the several facts, just as they had occurred, of his funny alliance. He spoke of these facts, pleasantly and obligingly, as "the whole story," and felt that he might qualify the alliance as funny if he remained sufficiently grave about it. He flattered himself that he even exaggerated the wild freedom of his original encounter with the wonderful lady; he was scrupulously definite about the absurd conditions in which they had made acquaintance—their having picked each other up almost in the street; and he had —*finest inspiration of all!*—a conception of carrying the war into the enemy's country by showing surprise at the enemy's ignorance.

He had always had a notion that this last was the grand style of fighting; the greater therefore the reason for it, as he couldn't re-

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member that he had ever before fought in the grand style. Every one, according to this, knew Miss Gostrey: how came it Chad didn't know her? The difficulty, the impossibility, was really to escape it; Strether put on him, by what he took for granted, the burden of proof of the contrary. This tone was so far successful as that Chad quite appeared to recognize her as a person whose fame had reached him, but against his acquaintance with whom much mischance had worked. He made the point, at the same time, that his social relations, such as they were, were perhaps not to the extent Strether supposed with the rising flood of their compatriots. He hinted at his having more and more given way to a different principle of selection; so that the moral of it seemed to be that he went about little in the "colony." For the moment, certainly, he had quite another interest. It was deep, what he understood; and Strether, for himself, could only so observe it. He couldn't see as yet how deep. Might he not all too soon! For there was really too much of their question that Chad had already committed himself to liking. He liked, to begin with, his prospective stepfather; which was distinctly what had not been on the cards. His hating him was the untowardness for which Strether had been best prepared; he had not expected the boy's actual form to give him more to do than his supposed. It gave him more through suggesting that he must somehow make up to himself for not being sure he was sufficiently disagreeable. That had really been present to him as his only way to be sure he was sufficiently thorough. The point was that if Chad's tolerance of his thoroughness were insincere, were but the best of devices for gaining time, it none the less did treat everything as tacitly concluded.

That seemed, at the end of ten days, the upshot of the abundant, recurrent talk through which Strether poured into him all it concerned him to know, put him in full possession of facts and figures. Never cutting these colloquies short by a minute, Chad behaved, looked and spoke as if he were rather heavily, perhaps even a trifle gloomily, but none the less fundamentally and comfortably, free. He made no crude profession of eagerness to yield, but he asked the most intelligent questions, probed, at moments, abruptly, even deeper than his friend's layer of information, justified by these touches the native estimate of his latent stuff, and had in every way the air of trying to live, reflectively, into the square, bright picture. He walked up and down in front of this production, sociably took Strether's arm at the points at which he stopped, surveyed it repeatedly from the right and from the left, inclined a critical head to either quarter, and, while he puffed a still more critical cigarette, animadverted to his companion on this passage and that. Strether sought relief—there were hours when he required it—in repeating himself; it was in truth not to be blinked that Chad had a way. The main question as yet was of what it was a way *to*. It made vulgar questions no more easy; but that

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was unimportant when all questions save those of his own asking had dropped. That he was free was answer enough, and it was not quite ridiculous that this freedom should itself prove what was difficult to move. His changed state, his lovely home, his beautiful things, his easy talk, his very appetite for Strether, insatiable and, when all was said, flattering—what were such marked matters all but the notes of his freedom? He had the effect of making a present of it, in these handsome forms, to his visitor; which was mainly the reason the visitor was privately, for the time, a little out of countenance. Strether was at this period again and again thrown back on a felt need to remodel somehow his plan. He fairly caught himself shooting rueful glances, shy looks of pursuit, toward the embodied influence, the definite adversary, who had, by a stroke of her own, failed him, and on a fond theory of whose palpable presence he had, under Mrs. Newsome's inspiration, altogether proceeded. He had once or twice, in secret, literally expressed the irritated wish that *she* would come out and find her.

He couldn't quite yet force it upon Woollett that such a career, such a perverted young life, showed after all a certain plausible side, *did* in the case before them flaunt something like an impunity for the social man; but he could at least treat himself to the statement that would prepare him for the sharpest echo. This echo—as distinct, over there, in the dry, thin air, as some shrill "heading" above a column of print—seemed to reach him even as he wrote. "He says there's no woman," he could hear Mrs. Newsome report, in capitals almost of newspaper size, to Mrs. Pocock; and he could focus in Mrs. Pocock the response of the reader of the journal. He could see in the younger lady's face the earnestness of her attention and catch the full scepticism of her but slightly delayed "What *is* there then?" Just so he could again as little miss the mother's clear decision: "There's plenty of disposition, no doubt, to *pretend* there isn't." Strether had, after posting his letter, the whole scene out; and it was a scene during which, coming and going, as befell, he kept his eye not least upon the daughter. He had his fine sense of the conviction Mrs. Pocock would take occasion to reaffirm—a conviction bearing, as he had from the first deeply divined it to bear, on Mr. Strether's essential inaptitude. She had looked him in his conscious eye even before he sailed, and that she didn't believe *he would find the woman* had been written in her look. Hadn't she, at the best, but a scant faith in his ability to find women? It wasn't even as if he had found her mother—so much more, to *her* fearless sense, had her mother performed the finding. Her mother had, in a case her private judgment of which remained educative of Mrs. Pocock's critical sense, found the man. The man owed his unchallenged state, in general, to the fact that Mrs. Newsome's discoveries were accepted at Woollett; but he knew in his bones, our friend did, how almost irresistibly Mrs. Pocock would now be moved to show what she thought of his own.

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Give *her* a free hand, would be the moral, and the woman would soon be found.

His impression of Miss Gostrey after her introduction to Chad was meanwhile the impression of a person almost unnaturally on her guard. He struck himself as at first unable to extract from her what he wished; though indeed *of* what he wished at this special juncture he would doubtless have contrived to make but a crude statement. It sifted and settled nothing to put to her *tout bêtement,* as she often said, "Do you like him, eh?"—thanks to his feeling it actually the least of his needs to heap up the evidence in the young man's favor. He repeatedly knocked at her door to let her have it afresh that Chad's case—whatever else of minor interest it might yield—was, first and foremost, a miracle almost monstrous. It was the alteration of the entire man, and was so signal an instance that nothing else, for the intelligent observer, could—*could* it?—signify. "It's a plot," he declared—"there's more in it than meets the eye." He gave the rein to his fancy. "It's a plant!"

His fancy seemed to please her. "Whose, then?"

"Well, the party responsible is, I suppose, the fate that waits for one, the dark doom that rides. What I mean is that with such elements one can't count. I've but my poor individual, my modest human, means. It isn't playing the game to turn on the abnormal. All one's energy goes to facing it, to tracking it. One wants, confound it, don't you see?" he confessed with a queer face—"one wants to enjoy anything so rare. Call it then life"—he puzzled it out—"call it poor dear old life simply that springs the surprise. Nothing alters the fact that the surprise is paralyzing, or at any rate engrossing—all, practically, hang it, that one sees, that one *can* see."

Her silences were never dull. "Is that what you've written home?"

He tossed it off. "Oh dear, yes!"

She had another pause while, over her carpets, he had another walk. "If you don't look out you'll have them straight over."

"Oh, but I've said he'll go back."

"And *will* he?" Miss Gostrey asked.

The special tone of it made him, pulling up, look at her long. "What's that but just the question I've spent treasures of patience and ingenuity in giving *you,* by the sight of him—after everything had led up—every facility to answer? What is it but just the thing I came here to-day to get out of you? Will he?"

"No—he won't," she said at last. "He's not free."

The air of it held him. "Then you've all the while known—?"

"I've known nothing but what I've seen; and I wonder," she declared with some impatience, "that you didn't see as much. It was enough to be with him there—"

"In the box? Yes?" he rather blankly urged.

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"Well—to feel sure."

"Sure of what?"

She got up from her chair, at this, with a nearer approach than she had ever yet shown to dismay at his dimness. She even, fairly pausing for it, spoke with a shade of pity. "Guess!"

It was a shade, fairly, that brought a flush into his face; so that, for a moment, as they stood there, their difference was between them. "You mean that just your hour with him told you so much of his story? Very good; I'm not such a fool, on my side, as that I don't understand you, or as that I didn't in some degree understand *him*. That he has done what he liked most isn't, among any of us, a matter the least in dispute. There's equally little question at this time of day of what it is he does like most. But I'm not talking," he reasonably explained, "of any mere brute he may still pick up. I'm talking of some person who, in his present situation, may have held her own, may really have counted."

"That's exactly what *I* am!" said Miss Gostrey. But she as quickly made her point. "I thought you thought—or that they think at Woollett—that that's what mere brutes necessarily do. Mere brutes necessarily *don't!*" she declared with spirit. "There must, behind every appearance to the contrary, still be somebody—somebody who's not a mere brute, since we accept the miracle. What else but such a somebody can such a miracle be?"

He took it in. "Because the fact itself *is* the woman?"

"*A* woman. Some woman or other. It's one of the things that *have* to be."

"But you mean, then, at least a good one."

"A good woman?" She threw up her arms with a laugh. "I should call her excellent!"

"Then why does he deny her?"

Miss Gostrey thought a moment. "Because she's too good to admit! Don't you see," she went on, "how she accounts for him?"

Strether clearly, more and more, did see; yet it made him also see other things. "But isn't what we want that he shall account for *her?*"

"Well, he does. What you have before you is his way. You must forgive him if it isn't quite outspoken. In Paris such debts are tacit."

Strether could imagine; but still—! "Even when the woman's good?"

Again she laughed out. "Yes, and even when the man is! There's always a caution in such cases," she more seriously explained, "for what it may seem to show. There's nothing that's taken as showing so much here as sudden unnatural goodness."

"Ah, you're speaking then now," Strether said, "of people who are *not* nice."

"I delight," she replied, "in your classifications. But do you want me," she asked, "to give you in the matter, on this ground,

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the wisest advice I'm capable of. Don't consider her, don't judge her at all in herself. Consider her and judge her only in *him*."

He had the courage at least of his companion's logic. "Because then I shall like her?" He almost looked, with his quick imagination, as if he already did, though seeing at once also the full extent of how little it would suit his book. "But is that what I came out for?"

She had to confess indeed that it wasn't. But there was something else. "Don't make up your mind. There are all sorts of things. You haven't seen him all."

This, on his side, Strether recognized; but his acuteness none the less showed him the danger. "Yes, but if the more I see the better he seems?"

Well, she found something. "That may be—but his disavowal of her isn't, all the same, pure consideration. There's a hitch." She made it out. "It's the effort to sink her."

Strether winced at the image. "To 'sink'—?"

"Well, I mean there's a struggle, and a part of it is just what he hides. Take time—that's the only way not to make some mistake that you'll regret; then you'll see. He does really want to shake her off."

Our friend had by this time so got into the vision that he almost gasped. "After all she has done for him?"

Miss Gostrey gave him a look which broke the next moment into a wonderful smile. "He's not so good as you think!"

They remained with him, these words, promising him, in their character of warning, considerable help; but the support he tried to draw from them found itself, on each renewal of contact with Chad, defeated by something else. What could it be, this disconcerting force, he asked himself, but the sense, constantly renewed, that Chad *was*—quite, in fact, insisted on being—as good as he thought? It seemed somehow as if he couldn't *but* be as good from the moment he wasn't as bad. There was a succession of days, at all events, when contact with him—and in its immediate effect, as if it could produce no other—elbowed out of Strether's consciousness everything but itself. Little Bilham once more pervaded the scene, but little Bilham became, even in a higher degree than he had originally been, one of the numerous forms of the inclusive relation; a consequence promoted, to our friend's sense, by two or three incidents with which we have yet to make acquaintance. Waymarsh himself, for the occasion, was drawn into the eddy; it absolutely, though but temporarily, swallowed him down, and there were days when Strether seemed to bump against him as a sinking swimmer might brush a submarine object. The fathomless medium held them—Chad's manner was the fathomless medium; and our friend felt as if they passed each other, in their deep immersion, with the round, impersonal eye of silent fish. It was practically produced between them that Waymarsh was giving him, then, his chance; and the shade of

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discomfort that Strether drew from the allowance resembled not a little the embarrassment he had known, at school, as a boy, when members of his family had been present at exhibitions. He could perform before strangers, but relatives were fatal, and it was now as if, comparatively, Waymarsh were a relative. He seemed to hear him say "Strike up then!" and to enjoy a foretaste of conscientious domestic criticism. He *had* struck up, so far as he actually could; Chad knew by this time in profusion what he wanted; and what vulgar violence did his fellow-pilgrim expect of him when he had really emptied his mind? It went somehow to and fro that what poor Waymarsh meant was, "I told you so—that you'd lose your immortal soul!" but it was also fairly explicit that Strether had his own challenge and that, since they must go to the bottom of things, he wasted no more virtue in watching Chad than Chad wasted in watching him. His dip for duty's sake—where was it worse than Waymarsh's own? For *he* needn't have stopped resisting and refusing, needn't have parleyed, at that rate, with the foe.

The strolls, in Paris, to see something or call somewhere, were, accordingly, inevitable and natural, and the late sessions in the wondrous *troisième,* the lovely home, when men dropped in and the picture composed more suggestively through the haze of tobacco, of music more or less good and of talk more or less polyglot, were on a principle not to be distinguished from that of the mornings and the afternoons. Nothing, Strether had to recognize as he leaned back and smoked, could well less resemble a scene of violence than even the liveliest of these occasions. They were occasions of discussion, none the less, and Strether had never in his life heard so many opinions on so many subjects. There were opinions at Woollett, but only on three or four. The differences were there to match; if they were doubtless deep, though few, they were quiet—they were, as might be said, almost as shy as if people had been ashamed of them. People showed little diffidence about such things, on the other hand, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and were so far from being ashamed of them—as indeed of anything else—that they often seemed to have invented them to avert those agreements that destroy the taste of talk. No one had ever done that at Woollett, though Strether could remember times when he himself had been tempted to it without quite knowing why. He saw why at present—he had but wanted to promote intercourse.

These, however, were but parenthetic memories; and the turn his affair had, on the whole, taken was positively that, if his nerves were on the stretch, it was because he missed violence. When he asked himself if none would then, in connection with it, ever come at all, he might almost have passed as wondering how to provoke it. It would be too absurd if such a vision as *that* should have to be invoked for relief; it was already marked enough as absurd that he should actually have begun with flutters and dignities on the score of a single accepted meal. What sort of a wretch had he expected

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Chad to be, anyway?—Strether had occasion to make the inquiry, but he was careful to make it in private. He could himself, comparatively recent as it was—it was truly but the fact of a few days since—focus his primal crudity; but he would, on the approach of an observer, as if handling an illicit possession, have slipped the reminiscence out of sight. There were echoes of it still in Mrs. Newsome's letters, and there were moments when these echoes made him exclaim on her want of tact. He blushed of course, at once, still more for the explanation than for the ground of it: it came to him in time to save his manners that she couldn't at the best become tactful as quickly as he. Her tact had to reckon with the Atlantic Ocean, the General Post-Office and the extravagant curve of the globe.

Chad had one day offered tea, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, to a chosen few, a group again including the unobscured Miss Barrace; and Strether had, on coming out, walked away with the acquaintance whom, in his letters to Mrs. Newsome, he always spoke of as the little artist-man. He had had full occasion to mention him as the other party, so oddly, to the only close personal alliance observation had as yet detected in Chad's existence. Little Bilham's way, this afternoon, was not Strether's, but he had none the less kindly come with him, and it was somehow a part of his kindness that, as, awkwardly, it had begun to rain, they suddenly found themselves seated for conversation at a café in which they had taken refuge. He had passed no more crowded hour in Chad's society than the one just ended; he had talked with Miss Barrace, who had reproached him with not having come to see her, and he had above all hit on a happy thought for causing Waymarsh's tension to relax. Something might possibly be done, for the latter, with the idea of his success with that lady, whose quick apprehension of what might amuse her had given Strether a free hand. What had she meant if not to ask whether she couldn't help him with his splendid encumbrance, and mightn't the sacred rage, at any rate, be kept a little in abeyance by thus creating for his comrade's mind, even in a world of irrelevance, the possibility of a relation? What was it but a relation to be regarded as so decorative, and, in especial, on the strength of it, to be whirled away, amid flounces and feathers, in a coupé lined, by what Strether could make out, with dark blue brocade? He himself had never been whirled away—never at least in a coupé and behind a footman; he had driven with Miss Gostrey in cabs, with Mrs. Pocock, a few times, in an open buggy, with Mrs. Newsome in a four-seated cart and, occasionally, in the mountains, on a buckboard; but his friend's actual adventure transcended his personal experience. He now showed his companion soon enough indeed how inadequate, as a general monitor, this last queer quantity could once more feel itself.

"What game, under the sun, is he playing?" He signified the

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next moment that his allusion was not to the fat gentleman immersed in dominoes on whom his eyes had begun by resting, but to their host of the previous hour, as to whom, there on the velvet bench, with a final collapse of all consistency, he treated himself to the comfort of indiscretion. "Where do you see him come out?"

Little Bilham, in meditation, looked at him with a kindness almost paternal. "Don't you like it over here?"

Strether laughed out—for the tone was indeed droll; he let himself go. "What has that to do with it? The only thing I've any business to like is to feel that I'm moving him. That's why I ask you whether you believe I *am?* Is the creature"—and he did his best to show that he simply wished to ascertain—"honest?"

His companion looked responsible, but looked it through a small dim smile. "What creature do you mean?"

It was on this that they did have, for a little, a mute interchange. "Is it untrue that he's free? How then," Strether asked wondering, "does he arrange his life?"

"Is the creature you mean Chad himself?" little Bilham said.

Strether here, with a rising hope, just thought. "We must take one of them at a time." But his coherence lapsed. "*Is* there some woman? Of whom he's really afraid, of course I mean—or who does with him what she likes?"

"It's awfully charming of you," Bilham presently remarked, "not to have asked me that before."

"Oh, I'm not fit for my job!"

The exclamation had escaped our friend, but it made little Bilham more deliberate. "Chad's a rare case!" he luminously observed. "He's awfully changed," he added.

"Then you see it too?"

"The way he has improved? Oh yes—I think every one must see it. But I'm not sure," said little Bilham, "that I didn't like him about as well in his other state."

"Then this *is* really a new state altogether?"

"Well," the young man after a moment returned, "I'm not sure he was really meant by nature to be quite so good. It's like the new edition of an old book that one has been fond of—revised and amended, brought up to date, but not quite the thing that one knew and loved. However that may be, at all events," he pursued, "I don't think, you know, that he's really playing, as you call it, any game. He really wants, I believe, to go back and take up a career. He's capable of one, you know, that will improve and enlarge him still more. He won't then," little Bilham continued to remark, "be my pleasant well-rubbed old-fashioned volume at all. But of course I'm beastly immoral. I'm afraid it would be a funny world altogether—a world with things the way I like them. I ought, I dare say, to go home and go into business myself. Only I'd simply rather die—simply. And I've not the least difficulty in making up my mind not to, and in knowing exactly why, and in

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defending my ground against all comers. All the same," he wound up, "I assure you I don't say a word against it—for himself, I mean—to Chad. I seem to see it as much the best thing for him. You see he's not happy."

"*Do* I?"—Strether stared. "I've been supposing I see just the opposite—an extraordinary case of the equilibrium arrived at and assured."

"Oh, there's a lot behind it."

"Ah, there you are!" Strether exclaimed. "That's just what I want to get at. You speak of your familiar volume altered out of recognition. Well, who's the editor?"

Little Bilham, for a minute, looked before him in silence. "He ought to get married. *That* would do it. And he wants to."

"Wants to marry her?"

"Again, for a moment, Bilham waited, and with his sense that he had information, Strether scarce knew what was coming. "He wants to be free. He isn't used, you see," the young man explained in his lucid way, "to being so good."

Strether hesitated. "Then I may take it from you that he *is* good?"

Bilham had, on his own side, a pause; but there was a quiet fulness in the way he made it up. "*Do* take it from me."

"Well then, why isn't he free? He swears to me he is, but meanwhile does nothing—except of course that he's so kind to me—to prove it; and couldn't really act much otherwise if he weren't. My question to you just now was exactly on this queer impression of his diplomacy: as if instead of really giving ground his line were to keep me on here and set me a bad example."

As the half-hour meanwhile had ebbed, Strether had paid his score, and the waiter was now in the act of counting out change. Our friend pushed back to him a fraction of it, with which, after an emphatic recognition, the personage in question retreated. "You give too much," little Bilham permitted himself benevolently to observe.

"Oh, I always give too much!" Strether helplessly sighed. "But you don't," he went on as if to get quickly away from the contemplation of that doom, "answer my question. Why isn't he free?"

Little Bilham had got up as if the transaction with the waiter had been a signal, and had already edged out between the table and the divan. The effect of this was that, a minute later, they had quitted the place, the gratified waiter alert again at the open door. Strether had found himself deferring to his companion's abruptness as to a hint that he should be answered as soon as they were more isolated. This happened when, after a few steps in the outer air, they had turned the next corner. There our friend had kept it up. "Why isn't he free if he's good?"

Little Bilham looked him full in the face, "Because it's a virtuous attachment."

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This had settled the question so effectually for the time—that is for the next few days—that it had given Strether almost a new lease of life. It must be added, however, that, thanks to his constant habit of shaking the bottle in which life handed him the wine of experience, he presently found the taste of the lees rising, as usual, into his draught. His imagination had in other words already dealt with his young friend's assertion; of which it had made something that sufficiently came out on the very next occasion of his seeing Maria Gostrey. This occasion, moreover, had been determined promptly, by a new circumstance—a circumstance he was the last man to leave her for a day in ignorance of. "When I said to him last night," he immediately began, "that without some definite word from him, now, that will enable me to speak to them over there of our sailing—or at least of mine, giving them some sort of date—my responsibility becomes uncomfortable and my situation awkward; when I said that to him, what do you think was his reply?" And then as, this time, she gave it up: "Why, that he has two particular friends, two ladies, mother and daughter, about to arrive in Paris—coming back from an absence; and that he wants me so furiously to meet them, know them and like them, that I shall oblige him by kindly not bringing our business to a crisis till he has had a chance to see them again himself. Is that," Strether inquired, "the way he's going to try to get off? These are the people," he explained, "that he must have gone down to see before I arrived. They're the best friends he has in the world, and they take more interest than any one else in what concerns him. As I'm his next best, he sees a thousand reasons why we should comfortably meet. He hasn't broached the question sooner because their return was uncertain—seemed, in fact, for the present, impossible. But he more than intimates that—if you can believe it—their desire to make my acquaintance has had to do with their surmounting difficulties."

"They're dying to see you?" Miss Gostrey asked.

"Dying. Of course," said Strether, "they're the virtuous attachment." He had already told her about that—had seen her the day after his talk with little Bilham; and they had then threshed out together the bearing of the revelation. She had helped him to put into it the logic in which little Bilham had left it slightly deficient. Strether had not pressed him as to the object of the preference so unexpectedly described; feeling in the presence of it, with one of his irrepressible scruples, a delicacy from which he had, in the quest of the quite other article, worked himself sufficiently free. He had held off, as on a small principle of pride, from permitting his young friend to mention a name; feeling he made the great point, with this, that Chad's virtuous attachments were none of his business. He had not wanted, from the first, to think too much of his dignity; but that was not a reason for not allowing it any little benefit that might turn up. He had often enough wondered

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to what degree his interference might pass for interested; so that there was no want of luxury in letting it be seen whenever he could that he didn't interfere. That had of course, at the same time, not deprived him of the further luxury of much private astonishment; which, however, he had reduced to some order before communicating his knowledge. When he had done this, at last, it was with the remark that, surprised as Miss Gostrey might, like himself, at first be, she would probably agree with him on reflection that such an account of the matter did, after all, fit the confirmed appearances. Nothing, certainly, on all the indications, could have been a greater change for him than a virtuous attachment, and since they had been in search of the "word" as the French called it, of that change, little Bilham's announcement—though so long and so oddly delayed—would serve as well as another. She had assured Strether in fact, after a pause, that the more she thought of it the more it did serve; and yet her assurance had not so weighed with him as that, before they parted, he had not ventured to challenge her sincerity. Didn't she believe the attachment *was* virtuous?—he had made sure of her again with the aid of that question. The tidings he brought her on this second occasion were, moreover, such as would help him to make surer still. She showed at first, none the less, as only amused.

"You say there are two? An attachment to them both then would, I suppose, almost necessarily be innocent."

Our friend took the point, but he had his clue. "Mayn't he be still in the stage of not quite knowing which of them, mother or daughter, he likes best?"

She gave it more thought. "Oh, it must be the daughter—at his age."

"Possibly. Yet what do we know," Strether asked, "about hers? She may be old enough."

"Old enough for what?"

"Why, to marry Chad. That may be, you know, what they want. And if Chad wants it too, and little Bilham wants it, and even *we*, at a pinch, could do with it—that is if she doesn't prevent repatriation—why, it may be plain sailing yet."

It was always the case for him in these counsels that each of his remarks, as it came, seemed to drop into a deeper well. He had at all events to wait a moment to hear the slight splash of this one. "I don't see why if Mr. Newsome wants to marry the young lady, he hasn't already done it, or hasn't been prepared with some statement to you about it. And if he wants both to marry her and is on good terms with them, why isn't he 'free'?"

Strether, responsively, wondered indeed. "Perhaps the girl herself doesn't like him."

"Then why does he speak of them to you as he does?"

Strether's mind echoed the question, but also again met it. "Perhaps it's with the mother that he's on good terms."

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"As against the daughter?"

"Well, if she's trying to persuade the daughter to consent to him, what could make him like the mother more? Only," Strether threw out, "why shouldn't the daughter consent to him?"

"Oh," said Miss Gostrey, "mayn't it be that every one else isn't quite so struck with him as you?"

"Doesn't regard him, you mean, as such an 'eligible' young man? *Is* that what I've come to?" he audibly and rather gravely wondered. "However," he went on, "his marriage is what his mother most desires—that is if it will help. And oughtn't *any* marriage to help? They must want him"—he had already worked it out—"to be better off. Almost any girl he may marry will have a direct interest in his taking up his chances. It won't suit *her* at least that he shall miss them."

Miss Gostrey debated. "No—you reason well! But of course, on the other hand, there's always dear old Woollett itself."

"Oh yes," he mused—"there's always dear old Woollett itself."

She waited a moment. "The young lady mayn't find herself able to swallow *that* quantity. She may think it's paying too much; she may weigh one thing against another."

Strether, ever restless in these councils, took a turn about. "It will all depend on who she is. That of course—the proved ability to deal with dear old Woollett, since I'm sure she does deal with it!—is what makes so strongly for Mamie."

"Mamie?"

He stopped short, at her tone, before her; then, though seeing that it represented not vagueness, but a momentary embarrassed fulness, he let his exclamation come. "You surely haven't forgotten about Mamie!"

"No, I haven't forgotten about Mamie," she smiled. "There's no doubt whatever that there's ever so much to be said for her. Mamie's *my* girl!" she roundly declared.

Strether resumed for a minute his walk. "She's really perfectly lovely, you know; far prettier than any girl I've seen over here yet."

"That's precisely on what I perhaps most build." And she mused a moment in her friend's way. "I should positively like to take her in hand!"

He humored the fancy, though indeed finally to deprecate it. "Oh, but don't, in your zeal, go over to her! I need you most and can't, you know, be left."

But she kept it up. "I wish they'd send her out to me!"

"If they knew you," he returned, "they would."

"Ah, but don't they?—after all that, as I've understood you, you've told them about me?"

He had paused before her again, but he continued his course. "They *will*—before, as you say, I've done." Then he came out with the point he had wished, after all, most to make. "It seems

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to give away, now, his game. This is what he has been doing—keeping me along for. He has been waiting for them."

Miss Gostrey drew in her lips. "You see a good deal in it!"

"I doubt if I see as much as you. Do you pretend," he went on, "that you don't see—?"

"Well, what?"—she pressed him as he paused.

"Why, that there must be a lot between them—and that it has been going on from the first, even from before I came."

She took a minute to answer. "Who are they then—if it's so grave?"

"It may not be grave—it may be gay. But at any rate it's marked. Only I don't know," Strether had to confess, "anything about them. Their name, for instance, was a thing that, after little Bilham's information, I found it a kind of refreshment not to feel obliged to follow up."

"Oh," she returned, "if you think you've got off—!"

Her laugh produced in him a momentary gloom. "I don't think I've got off. I only think I'm breathing for about five minutes. I dare say I *shall* have, at the best, still to get on." A look, over it all, passed between them, and the next minute he had come back to good-humor. "I don't, meanwhile, take the smallest interest in their name."

"Nor in their nationality?—American, French, English, Polish?"

"I don't care the least little 'hang,'" he smiled, "for their nationality. It would be nice if they're Polish!" he almost immediately added.

"Very nice indeed." The transition kept up her spirits. "So you see you do care."

He did this contention a modified justice. "I think I should if they *were* Polish. Yes," he thought—"there might be joy in *that*."

"Let us then hope for it." But she came, after this, nearer to the question. "If the girl's of the right age, of course the mother can't be. I mean for the virtuous attachment. If the girl's twenty—and she can't be less—the mother must be at least forty. So it puts the mother out. *She's* too old for him."

Strether, arrested again, considered and demurred. "Do you think so? Do you think *any one* would be too old for him? *I'm* eighty, and I'm too young. But perhaps the girl," he continued, "*isn't* twenty. Perhaps she's only ten—but such a little dear that Chad finds himself counting her in as an attraction of the acquaintance. Perhaps she's only five. Perhaps the mother's but five-and-twenty—a charming young widow."

Miss Gostrey entertained the suggestion. "She *is* a widow then?"

"I haven't the least idea!" They once more, in spite of this vagueness, exchanged a look—a look that was perhaps the longest yet. It seemed in fact, the next thing, to require to explain itself; which it did as it could. "I only feel what I've told you—that he has some reason."

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Miss Gostrey's imagination had taken its own flight. "Perhaps she's *not* a widow."

Strether seemed to accept the possibility with reserve. Still, he accepted it. "Then that's why the attachment—if it's to her—is virtuous."

But she looked as if she scarce followed. "Why is it virtuous if —since she's free—there's nothing to impose on it any condition?"

He laughed at her question. "Oh, I perhaps don't mean as virtuous as *that!* Your idea is that it can be virtuous—in any sense worthy of the name—only if she's *not* free? But what does it become then," he asked, "for *her?*"

"Ah, that's another matter." He said nothing for a moment, and she soon went on. "I dare say you're right, at any rate, about Mr. Newsome's little plan. He *has* been trying you—has been reporting on you to these friends."

Strether, meanwhile, had had time to think more. "Then where's his straightness?"

"Well, as we say, it's struggling up, breaking out, asserting itself as it can. We can be on the side, you see, of his straightness. We can help him. But he has made out," said Miss Gostrey, "that you'll do."

"Do for what?"

"Why, for *them*—for *ces dames.* He has watched you, studied you, liked you—and recognized that *they* must. It's a great compliment to you my dear man; for I'm sure they're particular. You came out for a success. Well," she gayly declared, "you're having it!"

He took it from her with momentary patience, and then turned abruptly away. It was always convenient to him that there were so many fine things in her room to look at. But the examination of two or three of them appeared soon to have determined a speech that had little to do with them. "You don't believe in it!"

"In what?"

"In the character of the attachment. In its innocence."

But she defended herself. "I don't pretend to know anything about it. Everything's possible. We must see."

"See?" he echoed with a groan. "Haven't we seen enough?"

"I haven't," she smiled.

"But do you suppose then little Bilham has lied?"

"You must find out."

It made him almost turn pale. "Find out any *more?*"

He had dropped on a sofa for dismay; but she seemed, as she stood over him, to have the last word. "Wasn't what you came out for to find out *all?*"

To be Continued.

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